FOREST AND STREAM.

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THEN AND NOW.

"THE good old days," a phrase so often uttered with tenderness and regret, appeals to nearly every hearer who has arrived on the middle ground of life, where work is earnest and pleasure-seeking is only for times often far between. The good old days, associated with the hopes and pleasures of youth and mellowed in memory by the passage of time, seem better than all other days.

Then, as pictured in memory, everything was rose-colored. Friends were truer, hospitality was greater and more genuine, human nature was better, and the game birds, animals and fishes were more abundant. The sun shone brighter, the birds had sweeter songs and the flowers were more beautiful. There were no irate land-owners who rudely ordered the wandering shooter off their grounds, nor were there fears of the more methodical ones who posted up notices tersely proclaiming that all hunting was forbidden on their premises, and that trespass would be followed by prosecution to the extent of the law.

The shooter with gun and dog simply sauntered forth at pleasure. Sport then seemed to have a zest which is absent from the changed conditions of later years. The times seemed more pleasurable and life was more worth the living. And yet no legend is more deceiving than that of "the good old times."

In youth or early manhood everything is comparatively new and novel. Life is accepted for all it appears to be on its face, and the future seems to be a perspective of pleasure, success and happiness. In youth everything seems to reflect one's own faith in the beautiful, the good and the useful. The cares, labors and responsibilities which accumulate as the years pass by, and the hard lessons which life teaches to all, are unknown. When they do come, greater knowledge comes with them, and the individual is prone to think that the world is changing when the change is in himself.

Sportsmanship is no exception in the estimate in respect to things of the good old days. Regrets for the pleasures and better ways in the sportsmanship of times gone by are not uncommon.

And yet what we are pleased to call the old ways and old methods are not old when measured by the lapse of time. The muzzleloader with its percussion cap is now considered obsolete. The flint-lock gun is now a relic whose associations and uses seem to be far back in the vague and ancient past. Yet it is but a few years since the muzzleloader was in common use, and elderly sportsmen are still living who have shot many days afield with the flint-lock gun. Changes have followed changes in such rapid succession that the transformation process has left a great distinction between the so-called old and the new. The practice of sportsmanship has been revolutionized. The improvement in sporting implements and their uses has taken place so gradually and so naturally that they have been accepted as a matter of course. The innumerable intermediary stages between the practical sportsmanship of to-day and that which obtained twenty-five years ago have been stages of incessant improvement. The lapse of time between the old and the new has been within the lives of men who are yet active hunters. The old methods were once their methods. The old ideas were then the best. They were in the good old days. In reverting to those days, who would really care to be thrust back a quarter of a century in the world's progress?

In those days the hunter was forced to rely on his own ingenuity, skill and industry from the time he resolved on a hunting trip till its realization. Did he need gun wadding, he must use his judgment in selecting it from such refuse material as had incidentally such texture as would serve his purpose, hence the common use then of old newspapers, hornets' nests, etc. Old cardboard boxes and old shoes were approved by the more painstaking hunter, who with mallet and wad cutter laboriously punched out one by one his supply of wadding. He was venerated as a man of exact science, for did not his tight-fitting wads drive the air through the nipples with a sharp hissing, and was not his loading done so quickly as to appear marvelous?

The hunter then carried his powder in bulk, sometimes loose in his pocket, or in the original brown paper package as it came from the store, or in a bottle or tin spice box; and it was much the same with the shot. The perfect equipment was a metal powder flask with fantastic hunting scenes stamped in relief on the sides and a leathern shot pouch, both of which were carried slung over the shoulder. In loading, all was left to individual judgment. The powder was poured into the palm of the hand till the shooter's eye was satisfied. The same measure served for the shot.

Did the hunter use a rifle, he cast his own bullets, cut his own patches, and had his own personal theories as to the best loads and the best twist to make the bullet "hold up." For success, it was necessary that he should know the habits and haunts of the game; in short, he must have a knowledge of woodcraft. He had to rely on his own efforts. Gossip with his neighbors and local comparison of methods were his sources of improvement.

How changed is the new order of things. The hunter of to-day, in an age where specialties have made rapid action and enhanced the value of time, determines to take an outing or "go on a hunt." He consults FOREST AND STREAM for the whereabouts of the best game country and finds information covering the ground from ocean to ocean. He consults the Game Laws in Brief and finds the laws of all the States. He takes a parlor car and rides swiftly to the very middle of his game country. He employs a guide who furnishes all the lore of the woods. He takes a rifle or shotgun using fixed ammunition. To reload he has but to push a lever. In short, he is brought directly to the game with no cumbersome detail to delay him, and to enjoy his sport he has but to aim and pull the trigger. As between the bang of the gun in the old times and the bang of the gun in the new, there is a difference.

THE NATIONAL PARK BUFFALO.

THE testimony taken in the case against Courtenay, the buffalo killer tried last December in the Yellowstone Park, shows very clearly how weak the case against him was. While it may very probably be that Courtenay killed these buffalo in the Park, it is yet within the bounds of possibility that they may have been killed in Idaho, and the Government evidence contained nothing which directly connected Courtenay with the Park. The testimony for the defense was direct, and though some of it appears to have been flat perjury, yet the burden of the evidence could not be disregarded.

The arrest and trial of the man Courtenay can hardly fail to have a good effect on the Idaho poachers, who from it have learned that Capt. Anderson is well acquainted with their methods. He has had detectives living right among them for a long time, and their reports have taught him not only what men he must look out for, but how and when they perform their wicked work.

It must not be forgotten that it is the great State of Idaho that is responsible for this most recent slaughter among this diminished herd of buffalo. A few years since the Idaho statutes protected the buffalo, but a new law—passed, we believe, in 1893—repealed the protective clause and left any one who wished to do so free to kill these animals in Idaho. There are not a few well-informed people who assert that this repeal was passed at the request and for the benefit of the Henry's Lake poachers, who were sharp enough to see that the repeal would give them free license to prey on the Park herd. For at that time there was no Federal law protecting the Park and its game. It is hoped that before the last buffalo shall have been killed the State of Idaho—though so late—will pass a law protecting these animals.

At a meeting of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution held recently in Washington, it was proposed to capture the Yellowstone Park buffalo *en bloc*, and to transfer them to the National Zoölogical Park at Washington. Here is a proposition for the lawful extinction of the wild buffalo in the United States which is most extraordinary, and could have been made only by people who are ill-informed respecting the animal in question and of the regions which this herd inhabits. We believe it to be true that no adult buffalo captured and closely confined has ever lived more than a few hours. At all events we have personal knowledge of many cases in which buffalo have been caught and tied up for transportation, but most of the individuals died within an hour and all within a day. The capture and close confinement of the adult buffalo of this herd would mean to them death as certain as the bullet of the poacher could bring. If such a capture could be made the Smithsonian Institution would have a lot of heads and hides, but the buffalo would be extinct indeed.

However, the rough, broken and wooded character of the country where the buffalo inhabit makes it quite certain that no attempt at wholesale capture can be made. Probably none will be attempted, but if it be attempted it is foredoomed to failure. A few animals may be captured in Captain Anderson's buffalo trap, and in course of time may be so gentled that it may be possible to ship them, but even this cannot be done without great risk.

The Yellowstone Park buffalo should be protected and allowed to increase. It will not be time to try fool experiments with them until after they have become more numerous than they are at present.

SNAP SHOTS.

The non-resident license system for visiting sportsmen came up for consideration in the recent meeting of the Maine State Sportsmen's Association. The plan of such a tax was suggested as a remedy for out-of-season game killing in the woods. Violators of the law, it was alleged, were principally sportsmen from other States; and to put an end to their killing game in September a tax of $10 was advocated for the license to take moose in season, and $5 for deer. The convention did not indorse the proposition; and even if it had done so, we question if the Maine Legislature would have followed the recommendation.

Just how the purchased privilege of hunting in the open season was to prevent illicit slaughter in the close season was not explained. It is something which we have never yet seen clearly explained by those who recommend the non-resident tax system. Neither has it been demonstrated in actual practice where non-resident restrictions have prevailed. So far as our observation goes the demand for non-resident tax licenses comes from quarters where the game has been cleaned out by residents and non-residents working together in season and out, killing for sport and killing for the market; and the proposed recourse to a non-resident law is to provide something new in the way of legislation, where there is already quite sufficient legal restriction if it were half-way enforced.

Our estimate of these non-resident discriminations as being un-American in spirit has been expressed frequently and freely. Such considerations aside, would it be good business for Maine to impose a penalty upon her visiting sportsmen? There is no other State in the Union whose fish and game interests constitute such an important natural resource. Sportsmen visitors leave in the State hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. The revenue is increasing annually with the growing hosts of tourists. No one questions that if the game supply shall be maintained the revenue will continue. As a business proposition, then, the policy to be adopted by Maine would appear to be this: Encourage the coming of sportsmen and keep up the supply of game to bring them into the State. That is the system to bring money into Maine pockets. It is a system which is perfectly practicable with the laws already on the statute books.

Our correspondent H. W. DeL. alleges that sportsmen are actuated by selfishness in their discussion of the various phases of game legislation and game protection. What if they are? Personal interest is an impelling motive in most walks of life, where it is recognized as perfectly natural and altogether commendable. Why should it not obtain in the activities of sportsmanship and game protection? The fact that one is a sportsman does not eradicate his human nature. More than this, self-interest or selfishness is the impelling motive to the active agency of which we must look for the accomplishment of whatever is attained in these fields as in all others. If it had not been for the alertness of the multitude of sportsmen, each individual prompted by his personal self-interest, and so all together working for the common good, we should have been in a much worse condition as to game supply than we are.

We are informed by a sportsman who resides in the deer district of Long Island that there are constant violations of the law protecting deer. Since the death of Mr. Benjamin some weeks ago, there has been no one to take proper interest in the law's enforcement.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—X.

Le Feu Follet.

THE northern horizon was glowing with the pulsating flame of the aurora, and the dark forest of the eastern shore echoed at intervals with the solemn challenges of the horned owls, remotely answered by their brethren who held sway over the somber realm of the Porterboro woods that stretched their dark expanse along the west bank of the South Slang and beyond the sluggish rivulets of its source.

"'Cordin' tu the signs we're a-goin' tu git some sort o' fallin' weather," Uncle Lisha remarked as he gave an eye and ear to these prognostics of a storm.

"The north'n lights is shinin' tol'lable bright," said Joseph, peeping through the trees at the celestial display. "If the sun hain't crawled 'raoun' an' sot back side o' Canerdy. 'Roarer Borer Alice,' Solon calls it."

Antoine rolled himself off his seat onto all fours, and in that position intently regarded such glimpses of the flickering arch as could be seen between the tree trunks that stood in black relief against it.

"Wal, Ah'll a'n't hear it roar, me, but Ah'll can see it bore some in de sky. Dat was what Solon prob'ly call it de borer Alice for, a'n't he? But Ah do' know what for he'll call it roarer, hein."

"Wal, the fact on 't is, Solon val'es words 'cordin' tu the bigness more 'n the meanin', seems 's 'ough," Joseph explained, while Antoine, turning his searching gaze to the creek, descried a light moving about in the black shadows of the further shore.

"Look, see dar!" he said in a suppressed tone of alarm, as he pointed to the moving light. "Dat was de feu follet!"

"Few follies is better 'n many, Ann Twine," said Uncle Lisha; "but that 'ere hain't nothin' but someb'dy nuther wi' a lantern."

"O, no, no, no, Onc' Lasha, dat a'n't be lamprin, sah; dat was feu follet! Ah do' know haow you call it in Angleesh, but he was very bat t'ing, Ah tol' you."

"What is 't, Ann Twine?" Joseph inquired; "sort of a one-eyed low grew critter seeh as you was a-tellin' us on oncte?"

The Canadian watched the light till it vanished in fitful gleams among the woods, and then heaving a sigh of relief he turned and stooped to the camp-fire to rekindle his neglected pipe before he answered.

"No, seh, Zhozeff, he'll a'n't so hugly for keel someboddy lak de loup garou; he more kan' o' funny for foolish somebody. Ah'll had some experiments of it mahse'f, an' Ah'll goin' tol' you of it, me."

Before seating himself at the fire he looked again in the direction where the light had disappeared. If he had been given the vision of an owl he might have seen a boat with two figures in it stealthily landing at the further shore; but the faint light of the aurora, that barely defined in dimmed silver the course of the channel, revealed nothing to him.

"W'en Ah'll was leeve in Canada," he began, as his pipe responded satisfactorily to his energetic drafts, each ending in a smack like the stroke of a paddle blade upon the water, "one tam, w'en Ah'll han't more hol' as 20 year an' was goin' for see de gal one naght—he a'n't Ursule, but nudder one dat Ah tink more of as ev'rybody dat tam," he paused a moment in dreamy retrospect of long past days when eyes were bright and cheeks were rosy that now were dim and faded, and then resumed, "wal, seh, Ah'll was rode 'long on mah leetly mare. Oh, he was good one, Ah'll tol' you, for draw, for rode, for go fas'—ev'ryt'ing 'cep' t'rashin' machine, dey a'n't gat it den, an' it was kan' o' daks in de naght, an' Ah'll see lit over in mah fader, hees farm where dey was be some swamp side of de meader. Ah'll a'n't know if he was somebody steal de hay or what he was do, but Ah'll t'ink he a'n't gat some beesiness dar, an' Ah'll go see what he was do. So Ah hitch mah hoss—dat was, mah mare—on de fence an' gat on de lot for see what Ah'll see.

"Ah'll go very softie as leetly maouses, but more furder Ah'll go de more furder de lit was go. Den Ah'll begin for run fas', but he run more fastes' as Ah was, an' den Ah'll gat mad an' run more an' more faster, an' de more Ah run de more Ah'll gat mad, an' de more Ah'll gat mad de more Ah'll run an' holler sco'ndrel name to it an' tol' it for stop, an' what beesiness he got, go to diab' for see his Onc'—ev'ryt'ing Ah can tink me, but he jus' jomp raoun' dis way, dat way on de swamp an' say not'ing, only mek motion, an' dat mek me so mad Ah'll run on de swamp at it.

"Ah'll fregit Ah'll gat on all mah bes' clos'. Ah'll gat mah new moccasin, mah bes' tow traowser, mah han'some shirt mah mudder weave pruppus, an' seh, fus' Ah'll stubble mah toe an' sloop! Ah'll go all over raght on de black mud an' water. Den Ah peek up mahse'f careful, an' w'en Ah scoop de mud off mah heye, Ah'll see de lit go dance 'way off 'cross de swamp where somebody can never go, an' den Ah'll know it was de feu follet, an' Ah feel 'f Ah'll a'n't wort' much, me.

"Wal, Ah go back where mah mare was, spluck, spluck, in my wet moccasin, an' seh, mah mare he a'nt dar. He gat scare an' run home, an' Ah gat for go 'foot all de way; spluck, spluck, all de way. My clos' all sp'il up so Ah'll can' go for see de gal dat naght, an' sem naght nudder feller go an' see it an' cut me all off, so Ah'll lose it. Dat was pooty bad lucky for me, but not so very bad, for den Ah'll go marry Ursule, an' she more as feefty paoun' bigger as dat gal."

"Why, man alive, what you was a skivin' raoun' in the maash arter wan't nothin' but a jack o' lantern. I s'pose it's fox-fire 'at's broke loose from rotten wood an' sich, an' goes fluripin' an' driftin' 'raoun'. But what you seen over yonder was jest someb'dy wi' a lantern, Samwil's niggers a fishin', like 's not. I wonder what's come o' Samwil," and Uncle Lisha got up and moved restlessly about, peering out upon the creek and toward the landing. "Good airth an' seas! I don't see what in tunket he wants to be a rarin' 'raoun' nights for, when honest folks ort tu be abed. I wouldn't never ha' come here with him 'f I'd s'posed he was goin' tu cut up so. I'm a dum good min' tu go tu bed an' let him go tu thunder, I snum I be!"

Preparatory to the execution of this threat he retired into the tent and spread his blankets, but presently came forth, sat down by the fire and lighted his pipe, emitting snorts of impatience between silent intervals of listening. The owls had quit their dismal calling and not a sound was to be heard from the woods nor waters save the occasional splash of a fish or a waterfowl or a muskrat busy with its nightly labors.

"What ye s'pose has become o' that 'ere tormented boy?" Uncle Lisha demanded sharply, after some inward fuming at the apparent apathy of his companions, "or don' ye car' whet'er he's draownded or lost in the maash? Why don't ye say suthin'?"

"Wal, Ah guess Sam gat hol' 'nough for took care hees'f of it, prob'ly," Antoine answered with some sharpness. "He'll a'n't leetly boy, a'n't it?"

"I was kinder meditatin' it over in my mind," Joseph said apologetically, "an' I don't seem tu feel r'al'y oneasy 'baout Samwil, ner yet ezackly easy, it don't seem 's 'ough. It's a-gittin' consid'able kinder late, an' then ag'in it hain't so late as it might be."

"I wish't I hed a rope hitched 'raoun' his neck, I'd fetch him almighty quick. I don't see what in tunket's come o' him," and Uncle Lisha stumped about, making the circuit of the fire, and gazed out into the surrounding darkness. "Wal, it's high time honest folks was abed, and I'm a-goin' right stret off."

Again he retired within the tent, where he could be heard laboriously pulling off his boots, and with deep-drawn sighs disposing his stout form upon his low couch. But not many moments elapsed before he reappeared in his stockings. Uncle Lisha deigned no reply to the Canadian, but asked anxiously:

"Wal, Onc' Lasha, you a'n't so hones' you t'ink you was, a'n't it? Hain't that 'ere tarnal boy come back yit? Wal, I swan." Then after a moment of intent listening, "Wal, I'm a dumbed good min' to holler, anyway. I c'n make him hear if he's alive within a mild o' here."

As he drew in his breath for a mighty shout they heard disturbed waterfowl, one after another, nearer and nearer, taking sudden flight, the flutter of uprising and cries of alarm continually drawing nearer, till at last the thump of a paddle was heard at the landing, and then the lantern began to sway and undulate, now hidden behind a tree or knoll, now shining brighter till it's sprinkled light disclosed Sam's illuminated legs quite close at hand.

"Wal, folks, here I be," he announced as he let the full light of the candle upon his face through the open door and then extinguished it with a puff.

"An' high time 'at you was," and Uncle Lisha spent his hoarded breath in a growl. "What ye be'n shoolin 'raound these 'ere ma'ches for, a ketchin' the fever 'n' aig an' freezin' tu death? I'm a tarnal good min' ter shake ye, so I be. Sed daown there by the fire an' warm ye whilst I put on some more wood. An' say, Ann Twine, hain't ye got a col' duck for him an' a hunk o' bread? I know he's hungry."

"I hain't a mite hungry, ner cold nuther," Sam declared, seating himself by the fire and preparing for a restful smoke. "On'y a leetle mite tired. I staid tu Mr. Bartlett's longer'n what I meant tu an' it's kinder slow poky work a-keepin' the channel in the dark 'specerly in the Slang. I'm sorry you got worried."

"Sho, I wan't worryin' none, but I was a leetle riled," said the old man as he ran his hand down Sam's long shank. "Why, your laigs is kinder damp. You want to dry 'em good 'fore you go tu bed! I'm a goin' naow, tu stay."

"Ho! a'n't worry!" Antoine scoffed. "Bah gosh, seh, he was be fusster, fusster raoun' more as one hol' sheekin wid one hen."

"Yah, if you ever tol' the truth folks 'ould b'lieve you oncte in a while," Uncle Lisha growled back from the depths of the tent, where, after a prelude of sighs and yawns, there came a regular succession of sounds wherewith he was wont to proclaim his presence in dreamland.

"Wal," said Joseph sleepily, "I s'pose if I don't never go tu bed I shan't never git up, an' it's the wust o' goin' tu bed 'at you du hafter git up some time er nuther," and he went to join Uncle Lisha.

"Say, Sam," Antoine whispered cautiously, "Where you was, hein?"

Sam cast a scrutinizing glance upon him as he answered, "Why, up to Mr. Bartlett's. Where d'ye s'pose. Le's go tu bed."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE TALKING PINE.—III.

The Wind Dance.

"COME, T'solo the wanderer, when the wind is strong in the southwest, and see the wind dance and hear the wind song of the pines." So said my friend, the Talking Pine, when we parted the last time.

This wise pine, which is so old that it can remember the first white man's coming, had promised to tell me the secrets of the woods and this was to be the first lesson, so when the wind came from the southwest I got in my canoe and journeyed across the Lake of the Mountains until I came to the place where the wise one lives.

The Talking Pine and all his large family and all their relations were dancing the wind dance and singing the wind song when the canoe scraped the sand.

The Talking Pine saw me and nodded his head, but did not stop dancing, for you must know that when the pines once begin dancing they will sing and dance the wind dance just as long as they can get the wind to help them with the music. They love to swing and sway with the wind that comes from the sea to help them sing, and you know the pines cannot sing alone and they always sleep when the wind goes away.

I came to the foot of the Talking Pine so he could talk as he danced, and he told me why the pines dance the wind dance and sing always when the wind is in the southwest. This the Talking Pine said about the wind dance:

"Many, many years ago, before I was born, or my father or my father's father was born, when the Wind was still a little boy, there were many strange and horrible creatures in the world and they were always at war.

"Far away to the southwest was a Skall-lal-a-toot that the wind loved to play tricks on.

"This Skall-lal-a-toot had a daughter about the same age as the Wind, and the Wind loved the little one for her winning ways and pretty face, for you know they are all this way. The old Skall-lal-a-toot loved his daughter very much too, and hated the Wind because he was always traveling and playing tricks, and had a bad temper. When the Wind got old enough to marry he went to this girl and wanted her to go away with him to his lodge. She was willing, but the old Skall-lal-a-toot was very angry and hid his daughter.

"Now, you know the Wind can make himself very small and invisible too, so he came in the night and took the Skall-lal-a-toot's daughter in his arms and started away across the big water to take her to his lodge. Soon the old Skall-lal-a-toot missed his daughter and went to find the Wind and get his daughter back, and at the same time to punish the Wind for the trick he had played on him.

"After a long journey he overtook the Wind, and while the Wind slept he took his daughter and then struck the Wind so hard on the head that he was like a dead man for a long time.

"Then the old Skall-lal-a-toot took his daughter and started for home again.

"When the Wind woke up he was pelton in his head, crazy the white men call it, and he could not remember anything, and had lost the power to change himself back to his visible shape again, so now you can only hear him sing, but can never see him.

"After a long time the Wind remembered that the Skall-lal-a-toot's daughter was with him, and he thought she had been stolen, so he went to look for her.

"The Wind was very strong in his body because he was wrong in his head, and he traveled very fast and got very angry when he thought of the old Skall-lal-a-toot, and at last he overtook the old man with his daughter and fought him a great battle, away out over the big water. Soon the Skall-lal-a-toot was forced to drop his daughter and take care of himself, and when her father let go of her the girl fell down into the big water and was drowned.

"Then the Tah-mah-na-wis took her up in the sky so the Wind could not see her always.

"The white men call her the Moon, but they do not know why her face is white like the face of a drowned person or why you can always see the ghost of the moon in the water when you look on moonlight nights. That is because she was drowned in the big water, and now she must always stay there until the Wind finds her, and the Wind is crazy and does not know her face, but travels always and looks for his wife and sings to call her from the woods.

"The Wind thinks the pines know where his wife is, and he is always singing to them to tell him, then he gets crazy again and thinks she is with him, and he goes away laughing and singing.

"The Wind loves to dance and to sing, and the pines always help the poor fellow and he tells them many things that he sees in his travels.

"He is not always crazy and then he moans and cries for his wife and looks everywhere, but soon he gets crazy again and sings and shrieks, and rushes along looking for the old Skall-lal-a-toot again.

"The Tah-mah-na-wis changed the wicked old Skall-lal-a-toot into the sun and put him in the sky, and now he is always running away from his daughter and she is always following him."

This the Talking Pine told me as he danced the wind dance and sung the wind song.

"I would sleep now, T'solo the wanderer," said the Pine when the Wind went away.

"When there is more to know I will tell you by a message and you will come then, T'solo the wanderer, and we will see more."

Then the pine slept and I came again to my lodge.

EL COMANCHO.

BEE HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication on bee hunting in your columns has stirred my old memory box clear down to the bottom. Next to hunting and fishing, "bee lining" was the pride and joy of my boyhood days. When the boy grew to manhood it was a toss up as to which of the three sports afforded greater pleasure.

You say in your pleasant editorial on the subject, "Who shall say that bee hunting may not become a fine art among sports, and that in the increasing dearth of fish and fowls and beasts of venery the wild honey bee may not come to be legitimate game, and the hunting thereof the contemplative man's recreation?"

I say amen to this sentiment, and would add: That the lover of sports who has never enjoyed the pleasure of bee hunting has missed one of the most enjoyable things of this life.

It would be useless for any one to attempt to "line" bees without some knowledge of the manner in which the sport is conducted. For the benefit of those who may desire instructions, I will give the method followed in the State of Maine, where "bee lining" is reduced to a fine art.

First, let us start right. The sport is not called bee hunting for the same reason that trout fishing is not called trout hunting. "Bee lining" is the term used.

The first requisite is a bee box. The dimensions are usually as follows: Length 6in., width 4in., depth 3½in. The box is in two parts, connected by brass hinges. The lower part, or bottom, is 1½in. in depth. The upper part is fitted with a slide at the bottom and glass at the top. The slide should be the full width of the box, and when closed should project about 4in. The projection can be whittled down into a convenient handle. Fit a piece of empty honeycomb into the lower half of the box if you can get it, otherwise use a block of wood filled with shallow holes. Your box is now ready to take into the field.

You will have to procure some strained honey, the pure article; made honey don't go. Dilute your honey with water—about one-third water. The pure honey is too thick to run well when you are filling the empty comb, and it takes the bees too long to load up. Besides the bees daub themselves and are worthless while they are cleaning their wings and bodies. Do not mix over one-half pint of honey and water at a time, as the mixture sours in warm weather.

The next requisite is a slender staff about 4ft. in length. Whittle one end to a point and nail a shingle or small piece of thin board on the other end.

A light axe and a compass should be added to the outfit and then you are ready for business.

When you find a locality which you think will afford wild bees thrust the staff into the ground and you have a handy stand for your bee box. Take the empty piece of comb out of the box and go in search of bees. When you

find a bee on a flower open your box and thrust it over him, immediately closing it. Turn your box glass up, pull out the slide and the bee will come to the light; close the slide and you have your first prisoner. Follow this up until you have the required number. Most "bee liners" catch only odd numbers—three, five or seven. Seven is usually the limit. It takes so much time to catch a larger number that the first bees caught grow restless and will not "line."

One might think that trapping bees was unskilled work, and that the amateur could equal the expert, but this is not the fact. In any locality where wild bees abound tame ones will also be found. The amateur would not know one from the other, while the expert would seldom make a mistake. He would know the wild from the tame bees not by any distinguishing mark, but by their actions. The tame bee is acquainted with man, and when approached will drop off the flower, swing to and fro before the intruder, as if scolding him for his intrusion, but finding he will not go away concludes to seek other flowers. The expert would not follow him, but the amateur would probably chase him till caught. The wild bee will usually cling to a flower till brushed off. The expert knows the bees apart because the tame bees are wild and the wild bees are tame.

You will now take your bees to the stand. Put the comb in the lower part of the bee box and turn on the honey. Now close the box and pull out the slide. Exclude the light with your coat or a soft hat and the bees will soon find the honey. After the bees get to work gently open the box. The first bee to load will rise 1ft. or more above the box, swing to and fro, examining the whole outfit, until he is satisfied that he can find the spot when he shall return. He will then commence to fly in circles, the circles increasing in size as he rises higher and higher. The other bees will follow the same line of action.

The bee evidently finds the way to the hive through his keen sight. In the "bee lining" affair he is carried in a box until he is bewildered and lost. The only course open to him is to rise and circle, that he may see some familiar landmark by which he may shape his course to the hive.

The bee will circle the second and sometimes the third trip, after which he will drop off the box and go directly to the hive. It would seem that a bee is very much like a human being, and must become familiar with a path to be assured of the right direction.

It takes a bee anywhere from ten to thirty minutes to make a trip, owing not so much to the distance as to other things, one of which is a long crawl into and out of the tree.

It will take three hours or more to get the bees to work in any great number. You need not wait so long, but can commence work so soon as some of the bees give you the course. Do not expect a "bee line." You will have to look in the books for that. While a bee keeps to a general course, he swings a good 50ft. each side of a straight line.

You will now be guided by circumstances. If the line is to a narrow strip of woodland, and you know there are open fields beyond, you must imprison a few of your bees, pull up the stand, and with your whole outfit remove to the other side of the woodland. Set up your stand and handle the bees just as you did before. If you find the bees take the back track you know the hive is in that belt of woodland. If the bees go the other way you have saved yourself the useless work of searching the trees on or near your line in said woodland. Some of FOREST AND STREAM's correspondents claim that the bee will not return if carried by the hive or tree. I have carried bees by the hive scores of times, and I can remember but one time when they refused to "line," and it was my fault then. I had let the bees have access to the honey while carrying them, and when loaded they made frantic efforts to escape, daubing themselves with honey meantime. When I released them they dropped into the grass and spent an hour or more cleaning up. Under such circumstances bees will not "line."

When you desire to take bees to a new spot turn your box cover over them before they have time to load. Shake or rap the box and they will fly up to the glass, when you can shove in the slide and keep them away from the honey. Bees so caught will "line" no matter where you carry them, if not over four miles.

We will now suppose that your first line leads into the forest, with no fields beyond. In such case you must imprison a few bees. Leave the honeycomb on the stand and take your box, with another piece of comb, one-half mile to the right or left of the first line. Place the box on a rock or stump and bait your bees as at first. Stay there until the bees "line." Then if you are on high land you may form an idea as to where in the forest the two lines intersect. Take your box and return to the first stand, leaving some honey for the bees to work on. Place your compass on the stand and get the course of the first line. Follow this line into the woods, cutting enough brush so that you can use your compass.

Do not make an extensive search for the bee tree. Content yourself with examining the trees near your line. When you are satisfied that you are beyond the hive, leave this line and go to your second line and follow it into the woods. If your first line extends beyond the hive or bee tree the second line will intersect it, and you can feel assured that you have your bees corralled near where the lines intersect.

Don't imagine that the bees swarm in and out of the tree and that you cannot miss them. If you will take notice of a hive of tame bees you will find that they come and go, while at work, singly. Wild bees follow the same law and you must search every tree with great care. An opera glass is an excellent aid when searching lofty pine trees. If you fail to find the tree after a diligent search, go to the stand and trap a half dozen bees and take them into the woods and set up your stand where the two lines intersect. You will not have much trouble after this. The bees will be so near home that they will arouse the whole hive and you will have them all about your ears. Watch the loaded bees and they will direct you to the bee tree.

There are two methods of "taking up" the bees when found. One is to kill the bees with brimstone and the other to cut down the tree while the bees are very much alive.

Most bee trees are hollow or rotten from the ground up. By cutting into the tree you can introduce the fumes of burning brimstone which will rise and kill the bees. The tree is left a few days so the honey may cool off. The honey can be handled, when cool, much better and a saving is made. The "bee liners" for revenue almost always follow this method.

I did not take kindly to the brimstone method in my "bee lining" days. First, I did not care to add murder to robbery, and second, I rather enjoyed the excitement of "taking up" a hive of wild bees.

The killing with brimstone must be done toward night, when the bees are all in the hive. If possible the hole used by the bees should be plugged.

When "taking up" a live swarm you will need a hat with a wide stiff brim. A veil made of netting should be tied about the crown of the hat and buttoned under the coat. It is necessary to have this netting bee-proof, or you will want your life insured. Thick gloves that button over your coat sleeves are also desirable. If the bees are in the top of a high tree you will not need the veil until the tree is down. Do not fell the tree on the bare ground. Chop down several small trees for "bedding." This will break the fall of the tree and save the honey from being wrecked. After your tree is down put on your veil and gloves and chop out the honey. The first blow will bring two or three quarts of red hot bees onto your veil and hat. Tell about your buck fever. It never commenced with bee fever. The angry onslaught, the spiteful determination, will usually demoralize an amateur, and he will often drop his axe and run away.

When the honey is uncovered a singular thing happens. The bees, realizing that they are to be robbed, cease fighting and commence to load themselves with honey. Now you may take off your veil and gloves, take off your coat and roll up your sleeves and work in comfort. The bees are harmless. The fierce warriors of a few minutes ago are now peaceful and earnest workers.

A wasp, after his nest is destroyed, will chase you all over a ten-acre lot to get revenge. A bee is too wise to fight over a "lost cause."

There are yet other ways to "line" bees. After you capture your first swarm you will have on hand dark and broken comb. To get the honey from this you must resort to straining through a thin cloth. This strained comb can be used to "line" bees. A basketful (about four quarts) placed near your stand will soon attract the bees. You can carry the basket into the woods along the line, if you stop now and then to give the returning bees a chance to find the comb. I have carried a basket of comb, with not less than a quart of bees at work, directly to the tree.

There is one other method, called "matching bees." This is never engaged in until the weather is too cold to allow the bees to work on flowers.

To "match bees" you go into the woods where you think there is a swarm and kindle a fire. Heat a flat rock and burn honeycomb on it, at the same time have your stand with honeycomb near by. If there are bees outside the tree they will scent the burning comb and you will quickly have a "line."

You must choose a sunny day. Do not try this method early, when the weather is warm. The bees will then seek the flowers and too you would "match" hornets, wasps and flies until you would be reminded of Egypt's plague.

HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Jan. 9.

WITH A SURVEYING PARTY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY FRANK WINCHESTER, ONE OF ITS GUESTS.

Part II.

WHILE enjoying for our supper the juicy roast pigs secured in the Judge's improved Russian style of hunting, he expressed his regrets that all the comforts of civilized life could not give such delight as it was our good luck to find encamped in the woods, 150 miles from any town or city; and while he had enjoyed canvasback and terrapin with champagne, etc., in some of the famous Eastern clubs, yet for a good supper he had never seen anything to equal ours of roasted pig, roasted venison, and fat quail spitted and broiled over the coals, and he did not believe anything known could better it. To this Cap replied by inquiring, "Judge, have you ever tried roasted possum or coon, stuffed with sweet potatoes?"

"No," was the answer; "and I would as soon eat a muskrat as eat a possum."

Cap's reply was to turn to the darkies and ask, "Boys, how would roast possum and coon and sweet potatoes compare with this supper?"

With staring eyes they looked at each other without replying.

"Speak up, boys; don't lie about it," said the Judge. And the cook replied:

"Oh, golly, Massa Judge, you and Son git me some coons and possums, and you'll say dis supper hain't nowhere."

The manner of the cook in saying this brought a hearty laugh from all the party, and the Judge, with shaking side, said: "Boys, I'm beat; but if we get the coons and possums, where will you get your sweet taters, Jim?"

"Oh, I'se been keeping half a bushel sweet taters for de coons and possums," said Jim, whose eyes fairly shone with the delight of expectation.

"Well, King, I guess Son and I will have to get Jim the coons and possums, if you will tell us how it is done," said he Judge.

"Find a good 'simmon grove and there 'll be no trouble, and there are a good many close here; and I'll bet Son found one this afternoon and got three turkeys near it."

"How do you know?" was my surprised reply.

"Oh, I saw the turkeys' crops were full of 'simmons when Jim drawed them, and that you had your coat pockets full," was the reply.

"Son, have you got a private 'simmon and turkey farm that you are hiding from me?" asked the Judge.

"I have not been hiding it, for I only found it this afternoon, and intended to tell about it after I had my pipe lighted. All there is to it is that while out on the prairie after grouse and chickens this afternoon, about three miles from camp, I marked some chickens down near a grove in a large swale, and not knowing but I might start a deer out of it I put in some heavy shot, and when I got close to the grove a large flock of turkeys ran out to take wing and I dropped two on the ground with one barrel, and one on the wing with the other one, and on examination I found the grove was nearly all persimmon trees, and that it ran down to the timber land, and while the ground was littered with ripe fruit, the trees were still covered with bushels of perfect fruit, well ripened and frost cured," and emptying the pockets of my hunting coat, the persimmons were passed around for dessert. They were pronounced most excellent by every one, and Cap ordered Jim to be sure and keep a good supply on hand for every meal as long as possible.

When we had our pipes all lighted after supper the Judge asked King, "When will we go for possums and coons?"

"There is a full moon and if you all ain't too tired we'll go to-night."

Every one in camp volunteered to form a party and start at once, but the Judge said, "Boys, a possum hunt is a darky's private snap. They ought to go, and who will keep camp? It was finally settled that the two darkies, Sam and Jim, two axemen, King, Cap and the Judge and I should form the party, and at 8:30 we left camp with Carlo and the Indian dogs, King carrying his rifle, while Cap, the Judge and I carried our 10-gauge shotguns, as King had said, "We won't need our guns for possums and coons, but we are liable to run on to bigger game on a night trip like this one." Under my lead the three miles were quickly passed over, but as we approached the grove King took the lead and commanded perfect silence. When we reached the junction of the grove with the timber land, King by a wave of his hand started his two dogs into the grove, from which in a few minutes there came the sounds of snarling, growling and the yelps of the dogs. "More razorbacks," said the Judge.

"No, bear," said King, as he hurried toward the sounds of the conflict, which suddenly ceased except some short barks from the dogs. "Treed," said King, as he ran to the foot of a large pecan tree, which the dogs were trying to run up. Some large animal could easily be seen near the upper portion of the tree in a fork of the tree.

"Put in your heaviest loads," said King, as he walked from the tree toward the moon for a short distance; then turning he took careful aim with his rifle and fired, seemingly without having any effect.

"You've missed him," said the Judge.

"No, I've killed him, and he won't move as long as he can hang on to the tree, but when he drops he'll drop dead," said King, and in a minute or so a dead body fell from the tree, which proved to be that of a young black bear "about 3 years old," as King said, "and fat as butter."

Sending the axemen back to camp for a team and wagon we started up the grove, when King called our attention to some balls upon the limbs of the persimmon trees and said, "Possum." Cutting a green pole while Jim climbed the tree, he handed it up to him, and a smart blow upon each ball caused it to fall to the ground, where a shake from one of the dogs converted each ball into a dead possum.

When one tree had been cleared of five the Judge said, "Enough," but Jim, the cook, said, "No, no, Massa Judge, we'se about out of lard, and hog fat hain't in it with possum fat for short'nin'," which statement King said was true, and he and the whites filled their pipes and sat down for a quiet smoke, while the darkies and dogs continued the war upon the possums, moving up the grove.

"Are there any more large trees in the grove?" asked King, and the Judge asked before I could reply, "Where will we get our coons?"

King's answer was: "If there is another large tree up the grove the noise made by the dogs and bear will have every coon in the grove treed in it, and that's why I asked Son if there were any more big trees?"

"There is one more big pecan tree near the upper end," was my reply, and King led the way up the grove.

When we came up to the darkies Cap inquired, "Boys, how many possums?"

Jim's reply was, "Nearly a hundred, but we hain't warmed up yet," and they followed up to the foot of a large pecan tree near the upper end of the grove.

"Coons!" said King, as Judge, Cap and I each aimed and fired our guns, each bringing one to the ground.

"Stop that shooting; it's no fun for the dogs, and a coon fight always does dogs lots of good," said King. Sam then volunteered to climb the tree and knock the coons down. "No, no knocking down, stamp limbs and coons will come down in fighting shape," said King.

Two good fights were the result of Sam's stamping upon the limbs, in which the dogs were easy victors, but when Sam had stepped upon the third limb and stamped once he called out: "Oh, Massa King! dis coon's eyes shine like de debble!" when to our surprise the creature made a spring and Sam and it came tumbling down among the limbs, Sam catching upon a lower limb. The animal struck the ground upon its feet near one of King's dogs, which it whipped in an instant, and then sprang at the other dog, which turned and ran. "Shoot! shoot! wildcat!" yelled King, and Cap's gun and mine instantly spoke, putting a quietus upon it, and upon examination it proved to be a bobcat, or a short-tailed wildcat as large as a good-sized pointer dog, but very thin in flesh. On examining the dog's ears we found them cut with its claws, as if cut with a sharp knife. Sam came down to the ground, and although badly scared was uninjured in everything but his courage, which was badly shocked, as he said, "When dat debbil jumped I done forgot whar I is and fell ober backwards just as he landed on my breast, but de fust limb knocked him off; but dis chile don't clime no mo' trees for coons in dese woods."

We then returned to our bear, gathering possums as we went along, and found ourselves possessed of nineteen possums, five coons, one bobcat and one bear. While waiting for the team King asked Cap, "Will the three turkeys Sam brought in to-day be enough for all of us for one meal?" To which Cap replied, "Not if the Judge's appetite keeps on growing, for he told me to-day if it kept on he would yet be able to eat a whole deer for one meal."

After the laugh was over, in which the Judge joined loudest, King said: "While we are waiting for the team we can go to a big roost about a mile from here that I found the other day, and get three or four more turkeys, if you fellows will be satisfied to shoot one apiece and quit at that, as it is no use to kill more than we want to eat."

Each promising to be satisfied with one shot, we had to start a fire and leave King's dogs with the scared darkies before we could leave them, and then King silently led us to the head of a ravine, in which many large oak, sycamore, walnut, pecan and cottonwood trees were standing, and conducting us in the shadows of the trees he led us beneath a large pecan tree and pointing up to what

looked like squirrel nests, he said in low tones, "Turkeys; take sure aim and all fire when I say shoot." Each one took aim and as King gave the word there seemed to be but one report. Then King said, "Sit down and keep still" in the same low tones, and he and Carlo left us for a few minutes. When they returned he gave each one of us a turkey, and carrying one himself he silently led us away from the roost. When we were nearing the fire he stated that the roost was a very large one, and by keeping quiet and only shooting once we would not break up the roost, but could "get turkeys whenever we wanted them." When the Judge expressed wonder how he could aim a rifle by moonlight, he said it was easy, "Turn your back to the moon, get your end sight, draw it down to your hind sight and then draw it on the game and you can shoot nearly as well as by daylight." (We were surprised at the result of our subsequent trials of moonlight rifle practice by this method.) Reaching the grove we found the wagons waiting and we soon ended our triumphant march to camp.

As the Judge and I had adopted and were rigid adherents of the rule of only killing game when we could make use of it, we spent the next day in lounging about camp cleaning guns, loading shells and watching King and the darkies dress the game and prepare it for the table. While our bear was fat and in prime condition, I must award the prize of fatness to the opossums; I have never yet seen anything that would compare with them.

After the game was all dressed King left camp with a basket for about an hour to return with a basketful of tubers, which bore some resemblance to artichokes and were called truffles by the Judge, but King called them camas roots. As we afterward learned, they were the tuberous roots of a kind of lotus or pond lily.

When the game was prepared for the roasting the 'coons, possums and turkeys were filled and heaped over with sweet potatoes mixed with these camas roots, some persimmons and some boiled acorns of a small sweet variety; King and Sam each striving to make our supper a feast to long be remembered. While I will not attempt to estimate the number of pounds of roasted meat that graced our rude table that night, there was yet sufficient for all of every kind—bear, raccoon, possum and wild turkey—and the charm of the flavoring imparted by the filling made it one whose pleasant recollections yet imparts a relish to an appetite whenever memory lingers upon that supper, accompanied as it was with pure spring water and strong black coffee, free from trimmings.

Feasted at the clubs of famous epicures of the East as the Judge had been, he awarded the honor to that supper, it was the richest and rarest feast he had ever enjoyed; and while we had frequent repetitions of it during our camp life, subsequent feasts lacked the charm of the novelty of the first one. Yet neither of us could ever find anything in the game line to compare with the flavor of an acorn and persimmon fattened turkey and an opossum. When we were smoking about the camp-fire that evening, the "possum" was voted by a unanimous vote *par excellence* the game of all game for a table luxury. As we kept adding new persimmon groves weekly to our domain, we always had a dozen or more possums festooning the trees about the camp. As the Judge said, "Like the Dutchman who put up thirteen barrels of sauerkraut for family use, 'we had sbust a little kraut (possum) on hand to use to keep off sickness.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH THE BOBO BEAR PACK.—I.

A Goodly Party.

THEY went into camp with the Bobo bear pack, after bears, in the Delta of the Mississippi. The party was a goodly one, and embraced Capt. R. E. Bobo and son Fincher, and Mr. Felix Payne, of Bobo Station, Miss.; Messrs. T. A. Divine and L. J. Lockwood, of Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. R. W. Foster, of New Orleans, La.; Col. Dick Payne, of the Yazoo Valley, Miss.; Capt. N. L. Leavell, of Clarksdale, Miss.; Col. Bob Edwards, Mr. James Dunn and Mr. James Dailey, of Coahoma county, Miss.; Mr. Noel Money, of the E. C. Powder Co., Oakland, N. J., and others to the number of a dozen or more, who joined the party when they moved in from the railroad or after they had gone into camp. These, with their servants, made quite an extensive body for operations against the bears of the Delta. The total number of the pack at the beginning of the hunt was fifty-three dogs, and the famous pack of the famous bear hunter had never been in better fighting shape.

Nov. 17 had been set by Messrs. Bobo, Foster and Divine as the date for going into camp, and promptly at the appointed hour, as the society reporter says, the high contracting parties moved down the aisle. All was merry as a marriage bell—in camp. Here in Chicago it wasn't. An unexpected crowd of business had kept me from joining my friends on the date mentioned, and I was made the more unhappy by telegrams from them. At last I concluded the business very nicely by pitching it in a heap and taking the Illinois Central train South. The hunt had then been in progress four days.

At Memphis I was met at the train by Tom Divine, whom I had supposed to be down in the woods killing bears. It seemed that he and Mr. Lockwood had both been called home by business. Mr. Divine calmly told me that the party had killed six bears before he left. "Go on down in there and kill yourself a few bears for your winter meat," he said. "They're thicker'n rabbits." Then he told me where to go and I went.

"Right Here."

I am not at liberty to say where Mr. Divine told me to go. "Right here let me say," as the amateur writer always remarks. Yes, right here let me stop the story of the Bobo bear pack and say something important.

Last fall, as I related in the "Sunny South" articles in FOREST AND STREAM, I was the guest of Capt. Bobo, who took me out with him and gave me a royal hunt in which we killed three bears in four days. In describing this hunt I took pains to say that the country was not open country for the public, that non-residents could not hunt without invitation in Coahoma county, and that Capt. Bobo was not a hunter nor a guide, but a gentleman planter who hunted only for his own pleasure. Reference to those issues will show that while I did not wish to keep such pleasant experiences altogether secret, I deprecated attempts on the part of strangers, who did not understand the ways of the country, to duplicate such experiences in toto. I was afraid then that some annoyance would ensue to the kindly man who had been my host, and who had still left near his home one of the rarest of all possessions in America—a bit of good game country. In speaking enthusiastically over this country and over Capt. Bobo's prowess as a hunter—for beyond doubt America never at any time saw his equal as a hunter of bears, nor one who approaches him in the number of bears killed—I had no thought of injuring that country or that man. I had some uneasiness when I found I had to ignore some bold requests from strangers to be "put into" that country with Capt. Bobo. Still it never occurred to me that strangers would write to Capt. Bobo and ask to be invited to his house, any more than they would write and ask Mr. Vanderbilt to invite them to his house. The right would be equal in either case. I would rather be asked to Capt. Bobo's house because I think he sets a better table than Mr. Vanderbilt does; but if they both didn't want me, I think I would rather ask Mr. Vanderbilt for an invitation. As politely and as fairly as I could, I tried to make everybody see this, and yet tried to give FOREST AND STREAM the news.

The News of One Year.

I gave FOREST AND STREAM the news in 1894. Now, one short year afterward, I want to give it the news again. Then people can draw their own conclusions about certain things, and can incidentally draw some conclusions about the game supply of America, and the scramble to get at the remnants of it.

Capt. Bobo told me that since the publication of the articles above mentioned he had letters from almost every country in Europe and from all over the United States—actually hundreds of letters and from all kinds of men, offering all sorts of things, wanting all sorts of things, inquiring all sorts of things. He told me that he had a great stock of these letters all left unanswered. Surprised and mortified at learning of so unexpected a result of my happy chronicle of last fall's sport, I begged to be allowed to answer these letters for him in FOREST AND STREAM, and so to make what reparation I could. He deepened my chagrin into painfulness with the sadness of his voice as he replied, "It is too late now."

Of the details of this, of the remedy which is proposed for immediate application by the men of the Delta I shall have more to say elsewhere. What I must say here is that Capt. Bobo, anxious to please his friends Mr. Divine and Mr. Foster and their friends, set out to locate the bears before pitching the camp. He went out into the country where we had had such sport last fall—the country where all his life he has had such abundant sport—and he tried to find the game which heretofore had always been so accessible. He found no bears; but he found over 100 campers, who in some way had gotten into the region. There were five parties from different parts of Illinois and two from Kentucky. They had actually cut trails into the cane and were camped all over the old Bobo bear grounds. A few of them had dogs. Not one of them had killed a bear, nor were they apt to kill one; but they had been shooting at everything that moved, from a squirrel to a deer, and they had tramped and burned the country off, and frightened the game entirely away. In one season it was ruined. Capt. Bobo pressed on down into another part of the Delta, trying to get below the camps of still-hunters and trying to locate the bears. He did locate them and killed two before the main party came in. But all through this hunt there was sadness in Bob Bobo's heart. To rob him of his sport of bear hunting is to rob him of his comfort and pleasure in life.

I am telling the news of 1895 when I say that in one year this country has been ruined over a large portion, and that in two years it will be ruined entirely unless swift measures are taken to prevent it—wiped out, depopulated, done for. The bears can not be killed in numbers in that country, but they can be disturbed and troubled until they cease to breed, as is always the case with big game when harassed.

When Bobo saw this state of things he consigned all newspapers to perdition, and when he saw me he said, "I wish I had killed you last fall instead of the bear." Then he invited me to sit down and talk it over.

This, frankly, is the statement which covers the situation in that part of the Delta. It is the news. I regret that I must write it so. Alas! that the influence of a great sporting journal should be in some respects what it is—not through its own fault, but because human nature is what it is. Next to the game markets a great sporting journal is the greatest of all factors in the destruction of game. I know that in my work—and I was born with an honest desire to see the game of this country preserved—I get the fewest of responses to the records of efforts at game protection. But if by innocent good fortune I speak of a good game country, as I always like to do, behold the results in Capt. Bobo's desk full of letters.

I do not blame a good fellow for wanting to spend his week or so of vacation in a place where he can get some shooting (or thinks he can), and I do not blame any fellow for wanting as good sport as he can get; and I am sure I would like to see both these fellows, and all the other fellows, have all sorts of fun in God's free, open world, away from the houses. But I do say to both these fellows, and all the other fellows, You see how it is. Here is the news. You can't be always running a little further and a little further away from your own homes to get at the good game countries. The game countries do not last, they soon will be gone. You must begin to improve your own game countries.

On with the Dance.

It may be seen that the sentiment of the country where our hunt took place quite forbids my naming the locality. But now on with the dance. I am going to tell my story now of the hunt, albeit somewhat sadly since the situation is so embarrassing a one, and all the more sadly because of the death (since the hunt) of Mr. Felix Payne, which event I have mentioned earlier in these columns.

Tom Divine told me where to go, and I went. I came at last to the railroad station, and there I chartered what in New York is called an Afro-American, and what in Mississippi is called a "nigger" (negro), and embarking in a rickety buggy preceded by a sort of horse, headed for the camp. The driver didn't know the road and was plenty scared, but we headed into the wilderness just the same, and when we couldn't find any trail we followed bayous, and at last, to make a long ride short, just before dark we crossed the river, and a blast of my horn brought out a roaring chorus from apparently a thousand dogs.

The camp I found to consist of two old buildings once used as a timber camp. And there was a rousing fire. And there was Bob Bobo himself, smiling; and there was Mr. Foster, as pleasant as if he had not just awakened from a profound slumber. And there was Noel Money leaning over the fence. And there were some gentlemen I knew and some I did not know. But I knew Jim, the colored cook who had presided over the camp at the mouth of the Mississippi last winter, and so I knew that all was well in the shanty where the cook stove was.

I soon found that Mr. Divine's statement of the number of bears killed, large as it was, was not large enough. The party had killed eight bears in six days! Two had been killed the day after Mr. Divine and Mr. Lockwood left. Capt. Bobo assured me that the bears were fat as hogs and really "thick as rabbits" on a fine piece of mast they had found, about six miles away. "You ought to have been here with us," he said. "The dogs are crippled up a good deal by this time—we've got eleven tied up now—bit up too bad to go, and there are about six or eight more that are nearly as bad off. You've missed a heap of fun by being so late."

I explained the reason of my delay, and then calmly told Capt. Bobo I had come to stay till February but what I killed a bear; which he said was much better than our four days' trip last year.

It may be urged by many that to kill so many bears in so short a time was indulging in too much killing, and that the meat must have been wasted. In regard to the latter point, I must say that the objection could not hold, for none of the meat was wasted. Almost as soon as I got into camp I asked Capt. Bobo for a piece of bear meat, which I wished to send out to the railroad by my driver, to be shipped North to my friends who might like a taste of bear. Much to Capt. Bobo's surprise, he was unable to find any bear left around the camp except one small one, which was inside one of the sleeping rooms. In accordance with the customs of the country, those of the party who had gone home, all the visitors and all the departing servants had helped themselves each in accordance with his own ideas. The dogs were fed very little meat, except at the skinning of the bear after the kill. But around the Bobo camps there are always a great many hanging who can use up a good deal of meat, and these, with the members of the party and their friends, could and actually did get away with a bear a day and more, to say nothing of the skins. It was a lavishly generous host and an abundance of supply which obtained here in this rich and generous land. It was sport on a great scale, though not sport to which actual waste of meat was attached.

The Record of the Week.

That night in camp we sat up late around the fire and discussed the events of the day—that is to say, some of us did. Mr. Foster had soon after my arrival put in practice his theory of a vacation, and had peacefully dropped off to sleep, with his boots on. At midnight we roused him up and told him he would sleep better with his boots off; whereupon he woke up fresh and bright, and told stories to the rest of us until daybreak. You could never tell what Mr. Foster's methods of taking rest might mean. As for Col. Dick Payne and Capt. Leavell, they both sat astride of a bench, facing each other, and fought the war all over again from start to finish, and then fell into a sociable game of poker, in which a white chip was won worth a plantation. These two gentlemen had never met before this hunt, but at once struck up a great friendship and were inseparable throughout the stay.

Inquiry as to the details of the hunting done in the past week showed that the sport had been almost too abundant and easy to be exciting. On Thursday, just a week and one day before my arrival, Capt. Bobo killed the first bear. On Thursday it rained and they did not hunt. On Friday Capt. Bobo killed another bear. On Saturday and Sunday they did not hunt. On Monday following Mr. Felix Payne killed one and on Tuesday Capt. Bobo killed another. On Tuesday a hunter belonging with another party from an adjoining timber camp killed one, and on that day Noel Money got his first shot. This was at a bear that had treed, and Money aimed to shoot it through the brain, but struck it a little too far forward, on the jaw, the bullet ranging down and not dropping the bear, which went higher up the tree, Money and others firing several shots at once, which tumbled him out dead. On Wednesday a very large bear was started, weighing at least 500lbs., and was fired at by Bobo early in the chase. This bear went to the "Hurricane," a very bad piece of windfall and cane, and fought the dogs savagely, killing one fine dog and crippling five more. Pressing into the dense cover, Fincher Bobo found this bear lying down, as if hurt, and put a bullet through his head. No other bullet mark was found on this bear. On Thursday a bear was treed, and Mr. Foster was told to come up and kill it, Felix Payne sitting meantime on his horse watching the bear to keep it up the tree.

Here Mr. Foster's kindheartedness lost him his shot. Bill, one of the colored bear hunters of the party, was having trouble with his mule, which had slipped its bridle, and Mr. Foster stopped an instant to help him. While he was occupied there the bear slipped down the tree and made off again. It passed by Bobo and Money, who both made into the cane to head it. Bobo lost his hat a time or two, and when he stopped to get it the last time Money passed him and was first to shoot. He knocked the bear down, but it got up, and a moment later Bobo knocked it down with a second shot, and I understand one of the colored hunters also shot into it. It was a very big bear and would not quit easily, but went on eating dogs. Both Bobo and Money started in to kill it with their knives, when Bobo tripped and fell almost in the bear's mouth. Money stabbed the bear in the back with his knife (a handsome East Indian weapon of fine steel, inlaid with gold, which was given him by an East Indian dignitary whose life he once saved in a pig-sticking expedition or some close call of the kind, I believe). He plunged the narrow blade into the furry hide once or twice, though not at once dropping the bear. Bobo at the next instant was up and stabbed the animal with his huge bear knife, and at last the bear gave it up. So nearly as I could learn, this was the best fun of the whole trip. Ordinarily, the killing of a black bear is a very tame performance, and the chief sport consists in the riding and the music of the chase. Of these bears, two were big ones. The others were mostly about the average size. The one killed out of the tree was small. The number of hunters had been so large that it was sometimes pretty

hard to tell who was the lucky man. On the last day there were thirteen hunters out in the party.

This brought the proceedings up to the time I struck camp. At that time the party was temporarily smaller, Messrs. Divine, Lockwood, Dailey and Edwards having gone home with one or two of the servants. We still had eight men and seven servants in the camp. Capt. Bobo had sent out to the railroad for more dogs, and on the whole it looked as though the bear industry could be kept up for a little while longer if the luck held.

A Walled City.

The camp as it was arranged was well adapted to the requirements of a large party. There were two good-sized houses of one room each, built of upright boards and connected by a roof and back wall. The front side of the space between was left open, except for a low fence and gate, the latter intended as a barrier to the swarm of bear dogs which always was fighting for place beside the fire. The fire itself, always the center and chief comfort of any camp, was built in this space between the two buildings—a glorious big fire of oak and ash and hickory slabs, so comforting that it is no wonder it needed a walled city to keep the dogs away from it. Indeed, they could not be kept away, but eluded all attempt thereto and made a continuous ring of fur about the fire, lying in the hot ashes, crouching, standing or sitting as near as possible to the comfortable warmth, each dog's contiguity being determined by his ability to lick a series of other dogs.

The Life of the Bear Dog.

The life of the bear dog is one of war and tumult. His training is of the rudest, consisting mostly of a half-killing with a club when he is caught running anything but bear, and an entire killing when he is afraid to run that. In the bear chase it is his duty to fight the bear, and if he be not wary as well as bold he gets killed or crippled there. After the bear is dead he gets his reward—if he can lick all the other dogs which jump on to him as soon as he gets a mouthful of liver or other tidbit in his jaws. At the camp his wounds have small attention and he must fight in spite of wounds. He will not be fed too highly there, be sure, for cornmeal bread is thought enough for him to run on. For this also he must fight and for place at the fire he must fight, being ware the whiles that he escape a swift and nimble foot if he gets in the road of the human beings who engineer his destinies for him. There are few such caresses for the bear dog as there are for the bird dog. He knows no kindnesses and no comforts. He grows up rough, unkempt, shaggy, surly, suspicious and highly belligerent. He will fight anything on earth with the greatest of pleasure, from a buzz saw up, and if he gets a gruelling you never will hear him complain. His life is short, but full of action, as that of the warrior should be, and while he lives he walks through his daily round of activity with a continual chip on his shoulder. The only thing he fears is man and for him he bears the odd foxhound reverence. Some of the best bear dogs in the pack would yell most dolefully if one but reached for a long cane and threatened with it. Others, however, for instance old Rock, had a cross of bull or other sterner breed in him and would resent condign punishment at once. Old Rock would not hasten when told to get away from the fire, and if one made advance to poke him in the ribs would stand with lowered head and bared teeth awaiting the onslaught very calmly. Rock usually slept pretty close to the fire. All around him and back of him raged the continuous conflict for precedence among the other dogs, but this disturbed him not, for he had fought himself up to his bad eminence, and the rest of the pack knew he was entitled to the hottest ashes in the place.

The pack presented the usual mixed appearance. There were a few straight foxhounds, or nearly so, and the rest were a varied lot, with some big terrier cross—apparently the Irish terrier—or of staghound or pointer; almost anything in the way of a dog would do, it seemed, and the Lady Clara Vere de Vere idea was evidently buried in the mist of antiquity which enveloped the history of the bear pack's pedigree. As I saw the Bobo pack now, it had not over a half dozen of the dogs which composed it one short year before. Raphael, our best strike dog then, or one of the best, was gone, killed by a bear on the field of honor. The little pointer-looking dog called New York was still alive, and so was a shaggy-headed little nondescript called Texas. Old Henry, the aristocrat of the pack, was also still living, as haughty and notional as ever, and still refusing to eat unless served in a clean dish by himself, nor sleeping anywhere in touch of another dog. Nearly all the pack of last year had gone the final road over which bear dogs go sooner or later, and usually sooner; but the building up of the pack had gone on, as it had for the past twenty years, and the survivors stood in the tracks of those who had fallen. A look at said survivors showed them willing to take all the risks of the field on which their ancestors had been slain. There was "war" written over each rough face—a very goodly thing to see when one is afoot for war himself, and looking for able allies.

Poor Place for Still-Hunting.

In spite of Capt. Bobo's best efforts to get away from the pestilence of still-hunters, we learned that there were no less than five big parties in camp on a space not more than four miles square, comprising in all about thirty-five or forty men. Not one of these men had killed a bear. A party of ten from Illinois had been there four weeks, and killed only four deer in that time. A worse place for deer hunting or any other kind of hunting than just the sort which the Bobo bear pack made possible it would be difficult to find. The still-hunters were pretty blue, and were pulling out and going home every day, none the better for the trip except for a trifle of experience and perhaps a little chills and fever—which latter are almost a certainty for a stranger in that country even as late as the end of November, as both Money and myself can testify.

Now I have told some of the pleasant as well as some of the awkward things about the hunting of the Delta region; from this time on I shall have only the pleasant things to speak about—all the more vivid and pleasant to me, as falling under my own observation after I joined the party. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

NORTHERN IOWA.

VINTON, Ia., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I remember a few years ago reading in FOREST AND STREAM a series of articles written by Mr. Orin Belknap as to the early trapping days in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. I was greatly interested and pleased, and I always think of Mr. Belknap when I am in that section of the State, and wonder if in his far away mountain home he forms a true picture of the country as it is now.

In 1891 I was in Emmet county. A few miles east of the West Branch of the Des Moines River it was all open country, with very few settlers. Large herds of cattle, some with several thousand head, were being summered there. The tall grass that once shaded the ground and held the moisture around the numerous sloughs has been tramped out, and what were once lakes in some cases are now sloughs, and many of the sloughs are now dried up for good. Swan Lake, once a fine body of water eight or ten miles long, as I was told, was then not much better than a frog pond. A mile or so north of this lake I put to flight a pair of sandhill cranes that were nesting there. But from every slough or water hole, with hardly an exception, there arose wild ducks, either mallards or teal. This was in July, and it did me lots of good to see the little black broods skulking away in the rushes. I rode along the south shore of Tuttle's Lake, which is the head of the East Branch of the Des Moines. It is a fine body of water, extending across the State line for several miles into Minnesota. I started up quite a number of ducks that were nesting in the grass. Small flocks were flying along the shore line. It was a bright, warm day; perhaps I didn't enjoy that ride. What would be old age without pleasant things to look back to?

I went up to Lake Okabena, thirty miles northwest of Spirit Lake, where, I believe, Mr. Belknap had a little experience with the Indians, but now on the north shore of West Okabena there nestles the busy town of Worthington. All along between Spirit Lake and Worthington there was hardly a slough close in by the track from which the train did not scare ducks.

In the fall of 1893 I was again at Worthington, and went down to Lake Ocheda and "shot at" some ducks. Over on the north bank was a tent occupied by some city sportsmen who had been there a few weeks, and twice a week sold their game in Worthington.

In 1894 I was again in eastern Emmet county. I went by the way of Forest City and a branch railroad running west into eastern Emmet county. Along this road I saw prairie chickens, northern hares, and seemingly from every slough wild ducks, as the train sped along. In a slough a mile or more north of Swan Lake a flock of eight wild geese were summering.

In the last three years Emmet county and the county east have been fast settling up, and those that love to be alone with wild life will soon have to go into the northern wilds of Minnesota. But what a country northern Iowa must have been in Mr. Belknap's day, with deer, elk and moose added to the wildfowl. MOUNT TOM.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Number One.

THROUGH the twilight haze, gathering over a section of the old buffalo range, which is fast deepening into shadow to the eastward of the low sandhills in the background, long irregular lines of deeper tint than the somber brown face of the silent prairie crawl off snake-like into the gloom beyond; and we know them for the trails of the wandering buffalo, now fast passing forever.

A few belated prairie dogs, returning to their holes at the coming of night, pause for a moment at the doors of their subterranean retreats to glance curiously at the intruding hunter, who leans idly on the muzzle of his rifle watching their little movements; while from far out over the darkened plain a little burrowing owl comes, low flitting, ghost-like, through the gathering shadows, and is suddenly lost to the eye in the deeper gloom of the entrance to his underground home.

Not a breath of air disturbs the peace of the summer evening, and the drooping eyelids of the parting day close gently down over the lonely scene, indelibly painted upon memory's tablet by the last ray of the fading light.

Number Two.

A lonely mountain side far west of the Rockies. Time, December. A tenderfoot enthusiast pauses in his eager search for the cunning whitetails, and under the shelter of a drooping fir takes his stand where, charmed for the time into forgetfulness of the very existence of the *cervidæ* by the spectacle of the first snowstorm he has ever seen in the Western mountains, watches for hours the wondrous beauty of this strange pantomime of Mother Nature as she gently sifts through the frozen fingers of the great tamaracks her wealth of crystals, which shall turn the mountain side in front and the great cañon yawning to the left into a very land of fairies; and as they eddy slowly downward through the silent air the deer sleep undisturbed in the thickets beyond, and only the gathering shadows of advancing night rouse him at last from his reverie. Small wonder if, for the time, his heart wavers in its allegiance to the goddess of the chase, and he loves dear Mother Nature with a devotion which brooks no rival!

Number Three.

An October sunset on the prairies of western Minnesota ere the coming of the white settler.

Away to the northward for miles in width stretches the level plain, bounded by low, gently rising hills, just tipped with the gilt of the sun's last rays.

Across the foreground a small rivulet furrows its way through the plain.

Looking across the little stream toward the sun-kissed hills, the hunter sees, standing grouped, a band of a hundred wapiti, just alarmed by his advance, and gazing intently backward across the 500yds. of intervening space at the motionless figure holding in the hollow of the arm his only weapon, the almost useless shotgun, and watching the beautiful creatures he is powerless to harm.

But see! Directly to the eastward of the startled game, and a quarter of a mile distant from them, come two shadowy figures, recognized instantly as Sioux Indians, trying the hazardous experiment of an open stalk upon the wary creatures, while intent in their watch upon the pale-faced intruder.

Stooping low down, and one directly in the wake of the other, they are flitting silently across the intervening space, and as the distance rapidly lessens the hunter watches expectantly for the tiny puffing smoke wreaths which shall announce the success of the bold maneuver.

Look, look! A sudden commotion in the herd, an instant's uncertain huddling closer together, and with a swinging stride, which banishes instantly all hope of pursuit, the frightened creatures, still bunched together, speed northward across the wide plain and over the distant hills like a drifting cloud; while, borne on the wings of the dying zephyr, a long thin line of dust rising steadily from their spurning hoofs floats slowly away to the eastward and is lost in the advancing shadows.

Plain pictures these, and only in neutral tints, yet they are among my treasures of value.

I have pondered over their quiet beauty a thousand times, and to me they are beautiful still.

They are without value in Wall street, yet cannot be purchased with its money.

I am willing, however, to grant to each true brother and sister of our own great family a passing glimpse. No others can see them, try as they may.

My little son at my elbow (happily more like his own practical mother than the old visionary who holds the pen), curious to know what papa is writing to FOREST AND STREAM this time, insists that its readers cannot see these things while living in the big cities, so far away. I can only explain to the juvenile Thomas that I shall depend upon the intelligence and sympathy of the reader to enable him to see the wonderful things in the pictures as I point them out. The small skeptic shakes his head and looks incredulous. ORIN BELKNAP.

A Bright Light in a Dark Place.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Came to me when I was in a strait and reviewing the past, with the future, so far as existence was concerned, in doubt, the gem number of FOREST AND STREAM for 1895—its issue of Dec. 28.

I was on a couch, uncertain whether my foe would be victor, if my visitation might compel, as a forlorn hope, the use of the surgeon's knife and resignation to be crippled for the rest of my span, or if a strong constitution and rest could win me the day, as I had phlebitis in dangerous form.

My mental faculties and critical perceptions were acute—keyed up by the crisis. I, so those who were the experts in my case said, had to be sentinel over myself to watch for symptoms which, once declared, would immediately necessitate heroic treatment. The intellectual strain was tense and I tried to relieve it by sending for all the daily newspapers and current periodical literature, whose pages I would cut and scan; and I had lapsed into dogged resolve to accept any fate in store for me when I received the Christmas number of your paper.

I need not deal circumstantially with its many excellencies, from the best written and best illustrated trouting article extant, "The Realization of a Dream," by Mr. H. N. Curtis, and the fascinating serial on "How Fur is Caught" by Mr. E. Hough—may he write forever on the subject—to the very "ads."

I have read that number of FOREST AND STREAM thrice from title page to end, and had planned to have that pleasure again, but an appreciative friend put the thumbed and dog-eared copy in his pocket when he ended his visit. But I have just procured another copy and am going to record in memory what I believe toned, soothed, encouraged and vitalized me when I stood in dire need of such ministration.

In gratitude therefore and in remembrance of a bright light in a gloomy and despondent visitation I tardily join the many who have recorded their appreciation of 1895's Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM. AMATEUR.

Natural History.

Deer and Lilypads.

AFTER seeing half a dozen deer all the season through every day eating among the lilypads and not a lily touched, ought to qualify one to speak of the subject with something like authority. But these lilypads were of the yellow variety. Near Higgins Lake, in Michigan, there are numerous small, shallow lakes, and the surface of the water is almost covered with lilypads. Deer are plenty and they frequent these lakes constantly, yet they never eat the white lilypads which are so abundant there. At Otsego Lake, in northern Michigan, there grows in abundance a lily of the pink variety, and old resident settlers in that country tell me that the deer never touch the lilypads of that variety. So it seems to me that I have well established the fact that deer do not eat some lilypads.

Mr. Roesman, of Greenville, called at my office this afternoon. He is one of the best known deer hunters of Michigan, and has hunted deer every year since boyhood. He states that he does not know whether deer eat lilypads or not. He has seen deer feeding among the lilypads and shot hundreds of them while in the water feeding among the lilypads, but he never saw a lilypad in a deer's mouth or found one in the throat or in the stomach. He never saw one nip a lilypad, but has watched them feeding for hours, when the nose is plunged into the water up to the eyes and the deer evidently feeding, but on careful examination he never in a single case found a lilypad that had been picked by the deer. JULIAN.

Golden Eagles.

CONNERSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 22.—On Jan. 8 H. Shipley, of Fayette county, killed two large eagles, which our taxidermist pronounces as the golden eagle. They measured 7ft. 6in. and 7ft. 3in. respectively from tip to tip of wings. The birds were killed with a .22 short Stevens rifle at the distance of 75yds. One was killed dead, the other flew some quarter of a mile before it fell. Is not this remarkable shooting for that size gun and that size bird? Are they not rare birds for this locality? BASS.

[The shooting was extremely good. The birds are not common in Indiana or anywhere else in the East. They are most often found in a mountain country.]

Deer Horns and Velvet.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 17—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In offering an additional suggestion to the discussion in your columns of the subject of "rubbing off the velvet," common among deer, I can but think of the old adage that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Although there has been nothing in the question to frighten the angels, and I do not admit that I am quite in the former category, I must confess that my knowledge of "venison on the hoof" has been confined to such glimpses of it as I have occasionally had when trout-fishing, and the nearest approach to the connection of a gun with a deer that I ever had is that when a boy, 60 years ago, I saw the gun with which the last deer in this region was shot!

Seriously, I wonder that none of your medical or surgical correspondents have ever suggested the true cause of this action on the part of the deer. We all know by experience probably, how a wound or sore itches when it is healing, and it seems a reasonable conclusion that the deer suffers in the same way, when the nerves and bloodvessels with which the growing antler is amply provided begin to dry up and wither. His horns itch, therefore he scratches them, as all other animals would do, without any particular intention of polishing them, or getting rid of the velvet, which comes off naturally in the operation. Is not this the simple solution of the whole problem? VON W.

A One-Eared Rabbit.

WAYNESBURG, Greene County, Pa., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I send you by mail the skin of a rabbit killed near here some time ago. It is rather a strange freak, as it had but one ear, and that one situated on top of the head. You can see by examination that it was born with but one ear.

Rabbits were plenty here this season. Quail very scarce and grouse almost extinct in our county.

An Allegheny county sportsman's association has leased a number of farms in this county and released quite a number of quail on their preserve last spring. I think but for that we would not have had a bird in the county this fall.

Squirrels are fairly plentiful, but our forests are being destroyed as fast as the industrious portable saw mill can eat them up. W. L. ALLISON.

[The specimen came to hand and is, as Mr. Allison states, a curious one-eared freak.]

An Expedition to Mashonaland.

STARTING in March next, Mr. D. G. Elliot, the eminent ornithologist, curator of the Department of Zoölogy of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, Ill., will leave for East Africa to lead an expedition from his museum for the purpose of collecting zoölogical specimens for that institution. The expedition is likely to devote itself chiefly to the collecting of the larger animals, and will probably be absent until next December. The present plans are to push directly to Mashonaland and pass westward through that country to the other side of the Zambesi River. Mr. Elliot's eminent fitness for the work he is about to undertake is well known to all who are familiar with his past career, and it can hardly be doubted that his expedition will accumulate a great mass of useful and valuable zoölogical material.

Peregrine Falcon in Massachusetts.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 16.—It is with pleasure that I have to offer for record the capture of an adult male peregrine falcon or duck hawk (*Falco peregrinus*) at West Boylston, Mass., Nov. 12, 1895. The bird has been mounted, and is now in the possession of Mr. C. K. Reed, the local taxidermist. I have been unable to learn any circumstances attending its capture. R. H. HOLMAN.

Ohio Mockingbird.

LAKEWOOD, O., Jan. 17.—I killed a fine male mockingbird which I saw feeding upon the berries of a red cedar that stands in my yard. It was not an escaped cage bird. This bird is only occasionally seen here in summer, and never before in winter. It breeds in this vicinity. I also saw to-day a small flock of crow blackbirds, those first harbingers of spring; but I fear they have come too soon. A. HALL.

A Florida Opportunity.

OXFORD, Fla.—For some poor unfortunate brother who likes to shoot and who is a sufferer from pulmonary troubles, there is a bit of forest here called the Scrub, where at a small expense ten or fifteen thousand acres could be made into a splendid shooting preserve. It is very hilly for Florida and is covered with small oak bushes, spruce pines, etc. These oaks furnish vast quantities of mast which the deer, turkeys and an occasional bear are fond of feeding on.

I was out on one hunt when we took two deer, a turkey and a very large panther. As many as twenty-five deer have been killed on it during the winter. Besides these there are quail, foxes, wild hogs, squirrels, coons, possums and a half section deep clear lake with plenty of bass in it. Besides I expect soon to turn loose on it some pheasants.

Beside the lake is a small 200 acre hammock. The balance is scrub, two or three miles wide and eight to ten long; it is very thick good cover for all kinds of game and really fit for nothing but shooting ground, and could be bought for a few cents an acre. The distance is seven miles to railroad station and fifteen to Gulf coast.

J. PIERPONT MURDOCK.

In Bear-Trap Peril.

MAKING a reconnoissance survey in Phillips county, Ark., I had dismounted and crossed Yellowbanks Bayou on a fallen tree trunk. On jumping from its end into a pile of dead leaves I was startled by a sharp "click," and discovered that I had struck my foot on a 20lb. bear trap with teeth of a tenacious length, near enough to the place where the teeth are, to spring the trap, but fortunately without getting caught.

Its owner had illegally set his trap without a proper signal to passers-by, and for fear other trap owners are sometimes as heedless of the comfort of their fellow creatures, it may be well for wanderers in the forests not to jump into piles of leaves. TRIPOD.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

SOME COMMON SENSE.

TORONTO, Can., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much pleasure the very interesting and instructive letters which have lately appeared in FOREST AND STREAM from your able correspondents on the important question of fish and game protection, and have arrived at the conclusion that the question is very imperfectly understood by the general public. The impression prevails that the game laws are for the sole benefit of wealthy sportsmen. This impression is not sustained by facts, as I shall endeavor to prove, and try to convince those opposed to efficient administration of such laws enacted in the interest of the public at large.

In the United States and Canada, unlike the European countries, the game and fish are not protected for the benefit of a special or privileged class. The poorest man here has equal rights with the richest to hunt or fish in the open season. This being an undisputed fact, it should be the duty of every man in the United States and Canada to assist the Governments of the respective countries in their efforts to prevent the destruction and extermination of these most valuable sources of food supply.

There is also another feature to be considered: supposing our Legislature had allowed the game and fish to be exterminated like the buffalo, before taking action, where would the people—either rich or poor—go for relaxation? Our game and fish supply is also a prolific source of profit to a number of people, viz.: proprietors of pleasure resorts, guides, etc.; and will so continue if these parties do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

The question for consideration is, how can the extermination of these sources of food supply be prevented? My answer is, by complying with the laws of nature and common sense. It is not in accordance with either to allow fish to be taken during the spawning season or to allow game birds to be shot *en route* to their breeding grounds. We would have grave doubts of a farmer's sanity who would kill his stock of poultry in the spring and expect to have a supply of chickens in the fall. Advocates of spring shooting lay themselves open to the charge of being both selfish and unwise.

Last, but not least, comes the question of hounding deer. From our experience in Ontario, if hounding is continued to the same extent as indulged in during the fifteen days of the open season of 1895, deer in northern Ontario will in a short time be like the wild turkeys in the southern part of the Province, things of the past. Imagine upward of 3,000 deer being slaughtered in fifteen days in about a dozen counties, and you will agree with me that it is time for the brake to be applied. Very few fawns were seen during the past season, and an immense number of barren does were killed. Does chased with hounds for two or three weeks at that season of the year cannot be expected to be prolific.

I have been amused at the many definitions of a sportsman in recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM. I have not seen one so appropriate as Dibdin's epitaph on a sportsman:

"His course was honor and correct his aim,
His bold pursuit was fair and manly game,
No sports he loved but those which could be shared,
Nought kept he which to friendship might be spared.
Let fame praise whom she will, we are free to let her,
Yet underneath this turf she'll find a better!
His placid kindness, felt where'er he went,
Arose from worth, health, exercise, content!
He 'looked before he leaped' with steady eye,
Never o'erlooking fallen adversity.
In short, as says the song, 'Like fruit that's mellow
Gently he fell, a downright honest fellow!'"

RANGER.

A HUNT IN THE SEMINOLE NATION.

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T., Jan. 5.—"Ting-a-ling-ling. Hello? Yes, this is Reed & Harper's. Is this Reed? Yes. Well, will you join us in a trip to the Seminole Nation. Who is this talking? O, A. Mitcher? And say, Reed, we have everything ready, provisions for a week, 700 shells, tent and all. And start in two hours, so tell your wife and babie's good-bye. All right, count me in. Ting-a-ling."

The above conversation was over the telephone on Dec. 25, and two hours later we loaded our traps and dogs on the Choctaw Railroad, with tickets for Shawnee. It was a party of four, Messrs. Mitcher, Cronk, Kenyon and myself. After a ride of two hours we reached the thriving little city of Shawnee and in a few minutes left overland with carriage and baggage wagon, reaching the town of Boom-De-Aye by dark. At Shawnee we struck Mr. E. E. Whittaker with his togs on, bound for a trip after the Bob Whites; and upon an invitation for him to join us, he sized up the outfit and climbed in. Upon his recommendation we employed a certain colored individual named Sambo, said to be an all-around good man and equal to a French cook. More of Sambo later on.

After a bad supper at Boom-De-Aye we retired to a worse bed, arose early to a worse breakfast and were soon on our way to camp, where we arrived about noon. Leaving Sambo to put things in shape, we hurriedly donned our regalia and started out for meat.

About 25yds. from camp our big pointer Pat froze, and we had a covey of quail, soon getting an even dozen, which Sambo said he would serve us for supper. We then started for deer, turkeys and bears. Separating, we worked up the draws and thickets. Soon two heavy reports were heard on the right nearly together; then one more, and a yell from Brother Cronk which could be heard a mile. Fearing that he had shot himself, we hastened to him, and found him dancing and waving his hat; so excited that he could not speak. He pointed to where lay a noble buck. Brother Cronk was the proudest man in the Seminole Nation. After spilling half a sack of tobacco he managed to fill his pipe, but could not steady his nerves to get a match to it. After firing up for him we hastily dressed the deer, and each taking a leg proceeded to carry him to camp, a distance of two miles. We arrived about dark with our load; four as tired men could not be found in that "neck o' woods," and with appetites as large as hay stacks.

Sambo met us with a grin and we sat down to our first camp meal. Soon a blankety-blank-blank from Brother Whittaker, and looking up we found that our French cook had forgotten to remove the insides from the quails' gizzards, and as Whittaker had eaten three before making the discovery, he became very sick, and in fact we all complained of a sort of an ill feeling. And while Whittaker's supper was coming up we sat with short appetites and glared at the "French cook."

The next five days were devoted to the speckled beauties, which were quite plentiful, with an occasional shot at a prairie chicken. Our game consisted of quail, chicken, rabbit, possum, turkey, and Brother Cronk's big buck. As my business would not permit of my remaining longer, I reluctantly left camp, hoofing it over to the railroad station, reaching Oklahoma City when the New Year was less than two hours old. FRED. H. REED.

DEER HUNTING METHODS AND ARMS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From the time I killed my first deer in 1868 I have been interested in everything pertaining to the pursuit of this wily quarry. Two points I wish particularly to touch on in this communication: the methods of pursuing deer and the caliber of rifle appropriate for the sport. I am pleased to read in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM a number of articles condemnatory of hounding deer into lakes and rivers and then butchering them in cold blood, or paddling along their mighty feeding grounds and discharging a handful of buckshot in the direction of all suspicious sounds. All this is far removed from ideal sportsmanship. It certainly affords a man of hunting mettle no satisfaction, for what is it that gives one his keenest pleasure in the pursuit of game? It is the measuring of his wits and skill against the crafty instincts and acquired cunning of his quarry. I look upon shooting a deer swimming in the water from a canoe very much as I would upon killing an animal fastened in a trap or inclosed in a corral. Though I have never tried it I should think "fire hunting" capable of affording satisfaction only to individuals of meager and lean natures.

Shooting deer in front of hounds on runways with a rifle is a totally different matter, and a practice I do not condemn. The deer is in his native element, and is in a position to use his natural means of escape. The hunter must act promptly and skillfully, and even then the chances are much in favor of the deer. Of course, pursuing deer when they can only flounder around in deep snow, without any chance of escape, goes logically in the same category as lake shooting—mere killing, not sport. This, barring runway shooting, leaves only one sportsmanlike method of pursuing this game, viz., still-hunting, a method that will afford in a surpassing degree satisfaction, both physically and mentally, to the hunter. In this instance the deer knows every rock, bush and stump in his environment. He is ever on the alert to detect the least sign of danger. Eye, ear and nose are pressed into constant service by him when feeding or moving, and fortunate is he who can discover his horned majesty unobserved by the latter. It is wit against wit, cunning against cunning, and proud may the hunter feel who under such circumstances successfully stalks his game. No undue or unfair advantage has been taken. There was a "fair field and no favor." Single-handed and alone has the game been secured, and the hunter rightfully feels a degree of genuine satisfaction denied to the followers of less sportsmanlike methods.

As to the most satisfactory calibers of rifle for deer hunting I have a pronounced opinion. My earliest experience was with the old-fashioned muzzleloader of small caliber. I then tried a Henry rifle, next a '73 model Winchester, then a .45-60 W., and now I use exclusively a .45-90 W. I have killed deer with all of these, but would as soon think of riding in the old stage coach in preference to a Pullman. I would, of course, shoot a small caliber in case it were proven that with the metal jacketed bullet with a soft lead nose it will expand to two or three times the diameter of the bullet on striking a deer. This claim, however, I am not yet convinced of.

With the weapons now available to sportsmen generally, I lay it down as a postulate that the express system is far and away the preferable one. This consists essentially of a relatively light bullet with a very strong propulsive force behind it, giving thus a very flat trajectory and ample penetration. Given an expansive soft bullet of .40 or .45cal. that will mushroom on striking, a cartridge constructed on these lines is the most satisfactory combination yet devised. Of course it must be fired out of a rifle adapted to it. I have found the Winchester satisfactory, but there are others equally good. The sights, shape of butt-plate, drop of stock, etc., would of course vary according to the varying tastes of the shooter. Personally, I consider the curved butt plate on the factory sporting rifles as an inexcusable abomination. A shotgun butt is to be preferred on every account. Sights constructed on the principle of the Lyman tang sight are a great step in advance of the old V, as not only a quicker but a more accurate sight can be thus taken. I also think a half magazine better than a full one, as the rifle balances much better, and holds enough cartridges for a careful shooter. Whence my advice to all sportsmen who can shoot and who contemplate a trip to a deer country is to take, say, a .45-90 and a .22-7-45, or a .25-20 for small game. Thus equipped, it is a very inefficient or very unlucky sportsman who cannot make a good showing as the fruits of his trip.

Though a little aside from the object of this writing, I feel impelled to say a word about marksmanship as bearing on deer hunting. Probably not one man in a dozen who goes forth to slay deer is a good rifleman. Most know just enough to point the rifle toward the game, shut their eyes and pull the trigger.

These are not sportsmen in fact, though they may be in intention. The last time I was out one of the party, who considers himself a pretty good hunter, left camp with thirty-five cartridges and his .44-40 rifle. When he returned some hours later he had only empty shells and one deer. Now, if a man has a laudable ambition to be known as a deer hunter it is his duty, and ought to be a pleasure, to develop a good degree of accuracy in his marksmanship. This is possible to nine out of every ten men of good constitution and good habits. It can not be ac-

quired by taking a few practice shots once or twice a year, but is the reward of frequent practice; and here I must put in a plea for target practice as a means of improving one's marksmanship in the field. When I hear the remark, as I often have, "Oh, I can't do anything at target shooting, but I don't take a back seat in killing deer," I don't dispute that the speaker kills deer, but I do assert that he does so by an unnecessary repetition of shots. He is the one who loads himself down with several pounds of cartridges and develops proficiency in the use of the lever for cartridge pumping, a waste of energy that ought to be employed in cultivating that nice co-ordination of eye and finger which is acquired by the practiced target shot. For more than twenty years I shot a rifle more or less at squirrels, deer, etc., and thought I was a pretty good shot; but a few years ago a friend induced me to join a target rifle club containing some of the best shots on the Pacific Coast. I soon learned that the art of rifle shooting is a great deal bigger and broader than I had imagined. One thing also very shortly impressed itself on my mind, viz., my hunting rifle began to develop an accuracy on game that I formerly never dreamt of acquiring.

The bearing of this digression on the proper caliber of rifle for deer shooting is this: You may have your .40 or .45 express accurately sighted and well fitted to you, but all this avails nothing unless you by practice and good judgment are fitted to use your weapon.

DR. L. O. RODGERS.

THE COURTENAY BUFFALO CASE.

FROM a transcript of testimony offered at the trial of James Courtenay before Commissioner John W. Meldrum for the Circuit Court of the United States of America for the Yellowstone National Park, we are enabled to give the following abstract, which is of considerable interest. The defendant was charged with violation of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to Protect the Birds and Animals in the Yellowstone National Park, etc., approved May 7, 1894.

It will be remembered that Courtenay was arrested in Butte, Mont., after he had delivered to a taxidermist named Wittich four buffalo scalps. It was charged that these buffalo had been killed by the defendant in the Yellowstone National Park, but the case was not proved against him and he was acquitted. The trial was held Dec. 26 and 27, 1895.

The first witness for the prosecution was Capt. George S. Anderson, 6th Cavalry, U. S. A., the acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. He testified that he was familiar with the territory embraced in the Yellowstone National Park and boundaries; that in October last he found in the western part of the Park, west of Summit Lake, the remains of two buffalo which had been killed within two months, the heads and hides of which had been taken away; that the place where these buffalo were found was about forty miles southeast of the town of Lake, Idaho. Capt. Anderson stated that the last remaining herd of buffalo in the country within the National Park, southern Wyoming and eastern Idaho, live almost entirely within the limits of the Park, its summer range being near its southwest corner and its winter range near its center. There are a few buffalo that range both winter and summer east of the Yellowstone River, and a small bunch near Heart Lake. He further stated that he had been studying the ranges and habits of these buffalo since the spring of 1891, and had been through these ranges every season since then, and that for the last two or three years no buffalo have ranged within or on the line of the northeast corner of the Park.

On cross-examination he testified that the western boundary of the Park was three miles west of the Wyoming line; that where trails crossed this boundary it is usually marked by stakes showing its location. He stated that in his opinion there were about fifty buffalo in the herd that range in the southwest corner of the Park, and probably not more than half a dozen in each of the others. Within the past year he had visited the range east of the Yellowstone once, that in the southwest corner once, that near Heart Lake once, and the one in the center of the Park several times. In October last he made nearly a complete detour of the Park, during which he made every effort to ascertain the location and condition of the few remaining buffalo. His investigations included the territory ten or twelve miles west of the western boundary of the Park. He testified that he believed that Island Park is from five to eight miles outside of the boundary of the Yellowstone Park.

On redirect examination Capt. Anderson testified that he saw the tracks of one or two buffalo made in the spring so close to the Park line that he could not say on which side of it they were; but that within the Park, for eight or ten miles from the line, there were abundant signs.

Lieut. Elmer Lindsley, Second Lieutenant 6th Cavalry, on duty in the Park under the command of the Superintendent, testified that he had been in the Park since the 30th of May, 1892, and during that time had traveled through it a great deal and was thoroughly familiar with portions of it. That he spent the month of October, 1895, scouting along the western boundary of the Park, between Falls River and Riverdale, and during this month saw two buffalo skeletons on the Madison Plateau, near Summit Lake. Of one of these the head only had been taken. A fire had been built close to the carcasses and a horse tied to a small bush 3yds. away. These buffalo appeared to have been killed last spring. Four or five miles southwest of Summit Lake and near the State line were found the remains of two other buffalo, the heads and part of the hides of which had been taken. What meat had been left by the bears and birds was only slightly decomposed, and the animals appeared to have been killed only about two weeks. Near them were found an empty carbine shell and a seamless sack containing half a bushel of oats. During this scouting trip Lieut. Lindsley struck the Park line about west of the Lower Geyser Basin, traveled as nearly due south as possible along the Park line to the edge of the Falls River Basin, and then scouted the country for about three miles west of that line pretty thoroughly. No buffalo were seen outside of the Park on the trip. An occasional old buffalo track was seen very close to the Park line, made when the ground was soft, probably last spring. The range of the buffalo, as personally known to Lieut. Lindsley, is in summer on the Madison Plateau about Summit Lake and on the slopes to the east and north of them. The country south of the continental divide and western edge of the Park is dry after the snow water has gone, and only one or two small springs are to be found there. All the summer sign of buffalo seen was within the Park in the neighborhood of Summit Lake, Madison Lake, the head of Bechler and the Little Fire Hole River.

Louis Eschle, a plumber in Butte, testified that he was acquainted with the defendant and had had correspondence with him about selling buffalo scalps. He had been directed to bring this correspondence with him, but averred that before he received the subpœna he had destroyed the letters. The defendant had spoken to him and also written to him about buffalo heads. He had said that he had four which he wished to sell, and inquired whether they could be sold in Butte. In a letter received in October or November, Courtenay stated that he would be up in a week or two with the heads. It was evident that the prosecution wished to show that in one of these letters Courtenay had written to the witness saying that one of the Park scouts had resigned and that everything was clear for the hunter, but the witness denied recollecting anything of that sort in the letter. He also denied that he recalled any statement by the defendant that he had the buffalo corralled where he could get them and kill them in a few days. The buffalo scalps had been brought to Butte about a month before. They had been unloaded at witness's place of business and kept there for two days. On cross-examination witness said that when he saw the heads the skins were dry and he could not tell whether they had been taken from animals recently killed.

David Miklejohn, Deputy United States Marshal, testified that he arrested the defendant, who in conversation expressed no surprise at the arrest because the people in the Park were prejudiced against him and his friends, who live near Henry's Lake. The defendant stated that he had never ventured in the Park, and that he intended to do right and not break any law. Defendant stated that he killed buffalo in Idaho, and not in the Park. The heads were found in the possession of Wittich, the Butte taxidermist. The defendant acknowledged having turned them over to Wittich.

Jas. Courtenay, the defendant, testified that he had resided for five years at Lake, Idaho; that he had buffalo scalps in Butte in the month of November, which scalps he had killed in Idaho about Oct. 10, 1894. They were killed about twenty miles southeast of the Lake, and when he was alone. He did not know where the western boundary of the Park or the western boundary of the State of Wyoming was. To the best of his judgment these buffalo were killed fifteen miles from the Park line. This was at a place not far from Island Park, perhaps twenty-five miles west of the National Park. In the two letters which he had written to Eschle he had said nothing about the discharge of one of the scouts in the Park. From the time these buffalo were killed until he took them to Butte the heads were at the house of Silas McMinn, a neighbor. He had seen buffalo feeding in Idaho outside of the boundary of the Park. He mentioned about twelve head seen last spring about June 25. These were twelve miles from and a little east of south of Henry's Lake on Big Spring, one of the heads of Snake River. He saw signs of other buffalo a year ago last October. That he had never killed or been connected with the killing of any buffalo in the Park.

On cross-examination the defendant stated that he had killed these buffalo about twenty miles southeast of Henry's Lake, and gave the distance from Henry's Lake to the Park boundary as twenty-five miles. The buffalo were killed about fifteen miles west of the boundary and ten or twelve northeast of Island Park. He said that he had killed no buffalo in 1895; that he took the scalps to McMinn's because he lived alone and had no place to take them to.

Silas McMinn testified that he had resided for eight years at Lake, Idaho. He had supported himself by hunting and fishing until the last year, when he then kept a small store. He was familiar with the territory in Idaho adjacent to the Park, remembered James Courtenay having killed some buffalo in that region and knew very nearly where the buffalo were killed; thought that it was about fifteen or twenty miles from the Park boundary. He had seen buffalo ranging in Idaho outside of the Park frequently during the last seven years. Saw some last spring and signs of two other bunches, three in one bunch and seven in another. In October, 1894, Courtenay brought some green scalps to him. They were left at his place until May, 1895. He believed Big Spring to be twelve or fifteen miles west of the Park line; had seen buffalo range there and signs of others. That in the summer and fall of 1895 Courtenay was building a house, stable, corral and wood house west of Targee.

On cross-examination witness testified that Courtenay had been at home all the past summer, that he knew this was so because witness's wife baked his bread for Courtenay, and he got his milk at witness's house. He usually came after his bread every day. He was not related to defendant until after this case began, when Courtenay married his stepdaughter.

Al. Courtenay, brother of defendant, who resides at the Lake, knew of the defendant having killed some buffalo in 1894 and where they were killed, but believed that these buffalo were killed fifteen or twenty miles west of the western boundary of Wyoming. Had seen buffalo in Idaho outside of the Park last spring, when he and another man chased a band trying to catch a calf. He had seen buffalo at Big Spring, which he believed to be twenty miles from the Park, and also at Island Park. On cross-examination stated that he had seen buffalo in the vicinity of Big Spring last June, twelve or fifteen head. That he believed these buffalo killed by the defendant were killed ten or twelve miles from Island Park. He had no knowledge of it except what his brother told him.

John Golden, who has lived at Lake, Idaho, off and on for four or five years, knew of Courtenay's having killed buffalo about October, 1894, and saw the scalps last winter at McMinn's. Did not know that Courtenay had killed any buffalo since that time. Was at Courtenay's place last October for ten days and saw no green skins brought in. On cross examination stated that in October, 1894, he stopped with McMinn at Henry's Lake, that he did not see Courtenay bring any buffalo heads there, but he saw the buffalo heads at McMinn's. He knows that Courtenay brought them in because he was at the house when he brought them in and saw him bring them in. Thus he flatly contradicted himself and could offer no explanation. Courtenay told the witness that these buffalo were killed on the head of Big Spring. He did not know just how far from the Park line, but thought fourteen or fifteen miles. Knew of no law in Idaho against killing buffalo.

On the 27th of December Wm. Ahrens, an enlisted man residing at Fort Yellowstone, testified that last season, while scouting on the western border of the Park, he saw buffalo west of Summit Lake, at a point which Burges, the Park scout, stated was two or three miles outside the Park. These were seen in the early summer and appeared to have been there during the spring. Remains of a buffalo cow and calf were seen at a point so near the line that the scout could not state whether they were in or out of the Park. They seemed to have starved to death.

Silas McMinn, recalled, gave some testimony with regard to the boundary line between Wyoming and Montana and the Park line.

MR. CLARK'S CARIBOU.

MR. CLARK, the able and courteous paying teller of the Lincoln National Bank, of this city, a keen sportsman and a cool shot, has recently returned from a very enjoyable and successful trip in New Brunswick. Mr. C. has been through the various degrees of an amateur sportsman from his boyhood days with the woodchuck and bushy tails, grouse, quail and we believe turkey; and now aspires to the sublime degree of a Master Sportsman in the big game line. Last year he journeyed westward anelking. He had had glowing promises of the sure capture of this noble animal in the region he proposed to visit. But alas! he found that the Indians had been let loose from their reservation and had scoured the country, butchering for their hides what game they could and firing the grass and brush, driving everything living away. His party found only a devastated land, with here and there half-burnt carcasses of the noble elk, killed for their hides alone. He returned agreeing most decidedly with General Sheridan as to the character and value of the noble red man—"the only good Indian is," etc.; you know the rest.

This year he went for caribou and was deservedly successful. The party secured five caribou and one 2-year-old moose, but it had no horns of any account. Two of the deer fell to Mr. Clark's gun. We had a good look at one finely-mounted caribou head that now adorns the walls of his dining room, and of which he is very proud, as this was his first caribou. The party secured several fine views with their camera of various camp scenes, the barrens as they are, the feeding grounds of the game, the road in, which is a veritable "rocky road to Dublin," and reminded us very strongly of the old road from Moose River to Arnold's below the Forge in the old Adirondacks, in the years 1848-50. Many of your old readers will remember that rough road where we used to tie and ride, as they called it.

At one time upon stealthily approaching an open spot Mr. Clark's party discovered a drove of some twenty-five or thirty caribou leisurely trotting along. While two of the men dropped each one of the young bucks, another secured as he thought two or three fine views of the drove before they were out of sight. Unlike the common deer, caribou will not take alarm at a noise only, but easily notice the movement of a body. The dropping of two of their number did not seem to startle them at all out of their gait. Alas! upon attempting to bring out the moving drove the negative proved a dead failure. The party came across several of the stamping or fighting places of the bucks, where the ground would be all cut up by the hoofs and struggles of the infuriated animals. During the rutting season the bucks are very bellicose and the weaker has to run or succumb to the stronger. One of the guides shot a buck that was very lean in flesh and the animal seemed weak. Upon removing the mask a deep suture was discovered almost entirely across the forehead; the skull had been badly fractured, so that one of the horns fell off upon removing the skin. The crack in the frontal bone had commenced to heal, but the jaw seemed to have been entirely or partially paralyzed, so that the poor thing could not take any nourishment. Could it have kept up its vitality, the broken skull would undoubtedly have healed up and have been as good as new. Some of these fights are very much in earnest and to the death, as the many pairs of locked horns found from time to time amply testify.

Mr. Clark and party will go again in the same direction next fall, but to a different part of the county, where he hopes to capture a big bull moose, the head of which he will place opposite his first caribou. Then for an elk. After that I presume he will not be satisfied until he visits Africa and bags an elephant, a lion or a hippopotamus.

JACOBSTAFF.

Three Shots, Three Ducks.

LICKING, Va., Dec. 15.—My father owns a millpond which covers an area of about fifty acres. Numerous ducks come to feed—mallards, bluewinged teal, shovelers, wood ducks, etc. One day I took my gun and started down to the pond to see if I could get a duck. I had a setter along to retrieve the game. On my way down there the setter started a wild turkey, but I did not get a shot at him.

As soon as I got to the pond up flew a flock of about eight black ducks. I turned loose on the flock, not aiming at any particular one, and a crippled one flew by and fell about 20yds. from me. I was just about to go and get the one I had killed when the flock came back over me and I dropped one more. I got these and tied a string around their necks, swung them over my shoulder and started down the pond.

I had not gone far before I saw a flock of five mallards about 50yds. from shore. Making the dog stay behind me I crept as near as I could get, picked out a fine drake, took good aim and pulled the trigger. At the crack of the gun the whole flock got up. How could I miss such a pretty shot? But as I was thinking of this I saw that one of them, instead of going with the flock, changed and went across the pond. He flew about 100yds. and fell. I went over there and picked him up. He was a beauty—a great mallard drake. With a light heart I went home. Out of three shots I had got three ducks—two of them flying.

My father also owns 100 acres of woodland right around our home. We do not allow anybody to shoot in them, and gray squirrels constantly come up in the yard.

Deer are getting abundant about here. Some time ago while I was out hunting wild turkeys an antlered deer jumped up right before me. I did not have any buckshot in my gun, or I could have killed him as dead as a hammer.

W. A. LEAKE.

AN ADIRONDACK TRAPPER.

MR. GEORGE L. BROWN, of the Elizabethtown *Post*, sends us the following interesting account of the life of Elijah Simonds, one of the last of the line of historic pioneers and trappers of the Adirondacks:

The Adirondack region is characterized by the numerous labyrinths of lakes and ponds that are scattered over it in every direction, divided from each other by mountainous ridges clothed to their summits (in many instances) with giant pine trees and the many varieties of hard woods peculiar to this latitude, originally not only giving beauty to the landscape, but affording food and shelter for every kind of Northern game. On the hillsides and extensive flat meadows that edge these lakes and ponds or form the margin of many of the numerous noble rivers in the hollows and ravines, the monster moose was found three-quarters of a century ago, his choice of quarters being regulated by the change of seasons. At that time the panther, the accepted monarch of the American wilderness, frequently intruded upon the homestead of the Adirondack settler. The howl of the wolf was then as common as the bark of the fox is to-day. Deer and bears were plenty. Otter "fished the streams" and beavers built their wonderful dams, thereby creating some of the best farming land that is tilled hereabouts to-day.

Thinking that perhaps a narrative of some of the achievements of one who hunted and trapped when the "good old days were in full bloom" might prove interesting, we have decided to chronicle some of the events in the life of a man who is the essence of modesty, but who is nevertheless as distinguished in his line as Napoleon Boneparte was in his. The subject of our article is none other than our venerable and well-known townsman, Elijah Simonds. He was born on Simonds Hill in this town Feb. 10, 1821. His father, Erastus Simonds, was one of the early settlers of Elizabethtown, his trade being that of a carpenter and joiner. The elder Simonds was fond of fishing, liked to "still-hunt deer," and occasionally caught a bear, but was not given to spending much time in the woods. However, the father of the subject of our sketch had three brothers who were passionately fond of hunting, fishing and trapping. Hence the instinct that led Elijah Simonds as a boy of 6 years to go down to the water, set a "wood trap" of that day and catch a mink. The same instinct led him to try for a fox, and when only 8 years of age he was rewarded by catching his first "yellow skin." When 10 years old his neighbor, Willis Gates, lost a horse. There were wolves on Simonds Hill, and young Elijah discovered signs in the vicinity of the dead horse. Again he tried his hand, catching a wolf the first night. When 11 years old he caught his first bear, an exploit over which many full-grown men would hasten to brag. He continued to trap around Elizabethtown until he was 17 years old, and then went West, going by canal from Whitehall to Buffalo. He went from Buffalo by way of the Great Lakes to Spring Harbor, Mich. There he worked as a carpenter and also made traps. Again his inclination led him to try his hand at trapping, even in a country which was, comparatively speaking, unknown to him. His operations were carried on at the head of the Kalamazoo River, there being no inhabitants in that section at the time except Indians, and he met with fair success, capturing several otter, mink, etc. After a while he started back East, and on his way home was commissioned captain of a lumber raft.

Shortly after his return home from Michigan he caught his first and only silver gray fox. About 1840 the late Congressman Orlando Kellogg, of this village, sent word to Elijah that a black fox had been seen in the Bouquet Valley and advised him to give chase. Accordingly Elijah got up early one clear, cold autumn morning and started out after the black fox. He had gone only a few rods when he heard footsteps behind him. It was then about 4 o'clock in the morning. He stopped and found that it was his brother William, afterward owner and proprietor of the Mansion House, who was following him. They came down into "the valley" together. Separating near where Robert Wood now resides, William went on the river side of the road and Elijah went up on the hill. Just as the first gray dawn appeared he discovered what looked like two foxes digging at the base of an old stump. He made a noise, imitating the "squeak" of a mouse. Immediately one of the foxes and, strange as it may seem, it proved to be the very black fox he was after, came up within a few feet of him. He discharged his pistol, killing the fox instantly. The other fox, a large red one, hearing the noise and not knowing just where it originated, ran up to where the black fox lay dead. Elijah took advantage of the situation, loaded his pistol, putting down a ball without any patch, and shot the fox dead within 6ft. of the first one.

About this time he decided to go to Salmon River and trap otter. He went there and caught eight of the "sleek fellows."

He next went to Long Lake, being accompanied by his brother William. There was at that time no road into that section.

He visited Saranac Lake and Tupper Lake for the first time in 1842, being accompanied by his brother William and our venerable neighbor and friend, A. McD. Finney, who will be 80 years old the 20th day of next month. They went fishing and were rewarded by catching a barrel of trout, four of which weighed 100lbs.

Elijah's father died in 1843 and the next year he again decided to go away from home to trap. He wended his way to Blue Mountain Lake, the forests around which were then in their thrifty prime, not having been disturbed by the hand of the white man. Moose were then plenty in that region, and he often heard them tramping on the ridges above where he was attending to otter traps, etc. He also went to Little Tupper Lake, where he caught several otter.

He caught his first panther near Ampersand Pond in 1850. The second panther that fell a victim to his prowess was caught near Moose Pond, between North Elba and Preston Ponds. The last-named panther had "kits," one of which, a spotted little fellow, was sent to that greatest of modern naturalists, the late Spencer F. Baird, and the specimen is, if we are rightly informed, still on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Elijah visited Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa in 1853, but shortly returned East and went to trapping in the Boreas region.

It was at this period of his career that Elijah shot and killed six deer without moving from his tracks, a feat seldom if ever performed before or since. He hunted for the New York market several years. He once took 102 deer (saddles) to New York at one time, all having been killed by him.

He visited Michigan again in 1860. This time he trapped in Michigan waters for beaver, catching twenty-six. He visited Michigan a few years since, but found that the advance of civilization had been so rapid that wild game had disappeared almost entirely from the regions which had been his favorite trapping grounds nearly half a century before and therefore he came back East and decided to spend the evening of his life under the shadow of Mount Raven in Elizabethtown.

Elijah, now on the eve of celebrating his 75th birthday, is remarkably active for a man of his years, especially when we stop to consider the hardship and privation to which he has been subjected during his long hunting and trapping career. On Tuesday of this week he walked from his residence on the east side of Mount Raven to the office of the *Post*, a distance of four miles, and did not seem a bit the worse for wear. As of old he was neatly dressed, his white starched shirt and collar being noticeable, as few of the old time hunters don such habiliments even upon extraordinary occasions. His clean shaven face, high forehead and iron gray hair surmount a form which is slightly bent with advancing age, but the eye is still as bright and the propensity for enjoying a good joke is just as prominent as ever.

Venerable and much respected friend, the last survivor of a family who loved the woods dearly, the record of your life is the reflection of forms and conditions which have ceased, in great measure, to exist! It mirrors the image of an irrevocable past. Last Tuesday we felt the friendly pressure of that right hand and looked into those venerable but bright eyes, and decided that the man who had killed 3,000 deer, 3,000 foxes, 150 bears, 7 panthers and 12 wolves, and who had without any reasonable doubt whatever caught more mink and marten than any other man living, deserved to have some of his achievements chronicled. It was nothing for you in your palmy days to kill three bears in a day, to catch two foxes in one trap between sunset and sunrise, or to kill four partridges at a single shot, and yet you are the only man living who is known to have performed the last named feat.

MAINE GAME CONDITIONS.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—Reports from the Maine big game are unusually good for the time of the year. At present there is very little snow in northern Maine, nor has there been since the close season begun. This is a condition particularly favorable for moose, deer and caribou. Not only does it allow these animals to move around freely and get at the best feeding grounds, but it also absolutely precludes crust hunting. I have heard from several of the best guides, and they express satisfaction that the chances are so good for the big game. Edgar Smith, of Round Mountain Lake fame, has been in Boston on a visit, and he says that it has so far been a particularly favorable close season for the big game, as well as the partridges. His idea is if the winter continues open the partridges will winter admirably. These birds are lost in great numbers when the snow is deep, especially from being "crusted under." Mr. Smith thinks that there are a great many more birds now in the woods for breeding stock than a year ago.

Another feature of much interest to the lovers of the gun is the fact that there is so little venison coming to Boston this winter. From the trade in the markets there goes up a wail of venison very scarce. Not only are the Maine deer not coming, but the usual "rafts" of Minnesota deer are not coming here this year. There is also a complaint that they are not to be had even in Chicago. A prominent marketman told me the other day that his partner was in Chicago with a view of buying venison to bring to this market, but that the scarcity was so great that the prices were beyond what this market would bear.

But occasionally there is a sight in the Boston markets that makes the hunter's blood boil with indignation. The head and skin of the neck of a big bull moose was carried from a Faneuil Hall Market stall yesterday, to be put into cold storage till it could be sold. The skin was fresh and could not have been taken off many days. It had come by some underground railroad out of Maine; for there are no moose in any other near State.

Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, was in Boston yesterday. Right here it may be stated that he has been reappointed for three more years by the Governor of that State, in spite of a rather vigorous fight made by one or two other men who desired the office. But the endorsement by prominent sportsmen was too great, and the work he is doing too important, for him to be set aside at this time. A number of good letters were written to the Governor of Maine in his favor, by prominent Boston sportsmen. I know of three Boston merchants, interested in fishing and shooting in Maine, and owning camps and cottages there, who have worked earnestly for Mr. Stanley's reappointment. Commissioner Oaks, who is also Commissioner of Forestry, has been reappointed.

Commissioner Stanley, who is a fox hunter, as well as a lover of the rod and line, says that he has been into the woods on several occasions and that he is perfectly surprised at the number of partridges that are wintering over; there being almost no snow whatever to trouble them. He also has a good many reports from his wardens and men in other sections of the state, all indicating a great number of ruffed grouse that are sure to winter provided deep and dangerous snows do not come later in the season. The deer also are wintering in great numbers. Mr. Stanley calculates that the deer are now far more numerous than they were a year ago. They have not yarded at all, but are ranging around just as freely as in the early winter. This he regards in a very favorable light for hunting prospects next season. Concerning the moose he is not quite as hopeful, though he says that he has reports of a good many moose still alive, since the hunting season closed; largely cows, however. He says that caribou have not been as numerous at any time the past season as moose.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have carefully prepared estimates which show that fully 4,000 deer have been killed in that State the past season by hunters, with over 200 moose, and not quite 200 caribou. What a sporting record! All this has also been without perceptible injury to the breeding stock. It is safe to conclude that their estimate is not too high, for there have been transported over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad alone, according to express Company's returns, over 1500 deer, 112 moose and 130 caribou. The commissioners and the railroad officials are daily in receipt of letters asking for information concerning the hunting and fishing in Maine. These letters are some of them from the South, some from the West, and some even from the countries of Europe, each indicating a desire to hunt big game in Maine. What the next season in that State will show remains to be seen. Thousands of hunters have been into that State the past season, the number promising to be greater next.

SPECIAL.

NEW ENGLANDERS DOWN SOUTH.

BOSTON.—Mr. Fred Rollins will leave for a two months' stay in Florida and will devote the time to the pleasures of rod and gun. J. K. Souther and S. A. Carleton are preparing to go to Altamonte Springs, Fla. Mr. Souther has been there for several years in succession, and delights in the excellent black bass fishing to be found. He gets a great many of them running to large size and fishes day after day, apparently never tiring of the sport.

Quail shooting in Georgia is the plan outlined by Mr. G. L. Bailey, and he will soon leave for a month's vacation in that State.

A party consisting of A. M. Tucker, John F. Hutchinson and Alfred Pierce, of Lexington; N. L. Chaffin, of Arlington; M. E. Tucker, of Lynn; Capt. Harrison Aldrich, of Somerville, and probably two or three others whose names are unknown to me, will leave soon for a week's trip to Salisbury, N. C. This is the tenth consecutive year that the party have made this trip, and as they have always had good shooting in the past their expectations for the coming event are running pretty high. Last year they had very cold weather during their stay in the South, but are hoping for better weather conditions this time. A comfortable hotel at Salisbury is their stopping place, and the plan is to drive off a few miles in the surrounding country for the shooting.

H. B. Stowell, of Boston, accompanied by a friend, will leave in a few days for California. They expect to be gone most of the winter and will visit principally the Southern Coast, going also to the island of Santa Catalina. Fishing and shooting will be the features of the trip, and they are looking for royal entertainment in that line.

Chas. Schworer, of Boston, and W. B. Farmer, of Arlington, returned about Jan. 1 from a two days' hunt in the vicinity of Ashby, where they killed eighteen birds. They found them very plenty indeed. William Leverett, of Dedham, has also had good luck with the birds in that region, coming back with an excellent score after a short hunt not very far from his home.

HACKLE.

HUNTING THE WILDCAT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

WE admit that the highest enjoyment the field can afford is reached in hunting the red fox of New England. There are no red foxes in Southern California, hence there is one defect and only one to make this paradise imperfect. If I had my Connecticut hounds as good as they were when I bade them a sad farewell eight years ago, I would feed them on porterhouse steak every day and let them sleep in the drawing room at night. How homesick I have been for the fox-hunting of other days and yet there was first-class sport at my very door, of which I have been as unconscious as I was of the gold of Leadville when I walked over its present site twenty-three years ago. Eight years is a long, long time to be deprived of the music, to have only in "memory bright" those perfect November mornings when Sport and Rex had reynard well warmed up by sunrise and 10 o'clock found him trying in vain to discover some material, stone wall, rail fence or traveled road, on which he could lightly tread and not leave the tell-tale scent.

But the longest night is ended by the dawn and those who have examined into the matter say "that it is a long lane which has no turn."

At last one beautiful morning in March who should ride into the yard but that litterateur, linguist and prince of good fellows Mr. Arturo Bandini, with his celebrated pack of foxhounds.

One melodious blast of his bugle and I had nearly upset the breakfast table, and as the dogs responded with their eager bay all the hunting blood of thirty years' standing began coursing through my veins like a millrace. Quick work to saddle, a short gallop and we were in the cañon of the Arroyo Seco. It was the morning of a perfect day. Can I describe the beginning of such a day in Southern California? No more can I "paint the lily." Not only the sky, the air, the trees, the grass and flowers were full of harmony and color, but the very ground was in just that perfect condition to make the scent lie fresh and warm.

Pilot headed the pack, a black and tan with a fund of information in his line as complete and up to date as the standard dictionary in two volumes. There is not a wildcat or coyote in Los Angeles county who admires the sound of his mighty voice. Besides when the cat (*Lynx maculata*) takes refuge in a live oak, with great limbs low on the trunk, he has a habit of climbing the tree very annoying to its occupant. We had gone slowly down the bed of the cañon perhaps a mile, when high up on the hillside a clear, prolonged, pure note rang out. That is Pilot. Yes, now look well to your saddle cinch, the curtain is about to rise for the opening scene. Yes, there sounds Chump and Ranger and Turk and Trilby and the rest. "Look!" shouted Mr. Bandini, "there he is, a great big red cat," and I saw him for an instant as he crawled across the face of an almost perpendicular ledge of rock and disappeared in the tall bushes.

Away go the dogs in a sweet confusion of sound echoing up and down the cañon and ringing out in the morning air like a chime of bells. You forget brush, holes and steep banks, and rushing your horse into some convenient cattle trail away you go.

Soon we come to a hilltop, and from this vantage ground we sat in our saddles maybe half an hour while the battle raged below us. Round and round they go, at each turn adding some new and rare notes to their choir. Ranger with his basso profundo, Trilby the prima donna soprano assoluto, and Turk the tenor.

We are on the hills of the San Rafael Ranch directly

west of Pasadena. Lift your eyes and look to the west. Green hills billowy in rank growth of grain, grass and flowers melt away into the verdant plain that stretches away to the surf of the Pacific thirty miles distant, and over the blue waters, Santa Catalina Island, the fisherman's earthly heaven. Turn to the east and you survey the famous valley of the San Gabriel, while your vision is at last limited by the great San Bernardino range, 11,725ft. in the clouds, white with snow and profound in majestic solitude.

Where are the dogs now? We cannot hear them. No fault of theirs. Wait a few moments. There they come up the Main Cañon, Pilot singing his sturdy baritone to as fine an accompaniment as was ever played. Mr. Bandini said that the big cat was looking for a tree. He proved a true prophet, for soon the musical train swept into a side cañon, the melody was at an end, and only the ow! ow! ow! of the excited dogs as they jumped at the body of a tall, smooth sycamore was left to indicate that the last act in the drama (it proved a tragedy) was ready for the audience.

The emotionless watch marked the chase at two hours and fifteen minutes, but had I written from unaided recollection I should have omitted the two hours.

The play demanded and received a hearty, soul-felt *encore*. The dogs drank from the brook, rolled in the sand and straightway set out, new worlds to conquer. Presently the leader gave the signal, the orchestra struck up and we were off again. This cat trusted to his superior craft, even refusing a tree of refuge at the last. Misguided lynx! his doom was sealed in his very confidence, for with his companion in defeat he too was finally strapped on behind our saddles, and we came riding into town at 1 o'clock with 75lbs. of as good cat meat as ever was brought into camp. Our homesickness is better.

BENJ. M. PAGE.

CALIFORNIA.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Around the Yellowstone.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 18.—Mr. E. Hofer writes from Gardiner, Mont., on the Park line, that the winter is passing away without much snow. The Park buffalo are not much banded up. There have been four buffalo seen in the corral built for them on Hayden Valley, and it is hoped some more will go in and get acquainted. The Yellowstone River is full of ducks.

Mr. Hofer was to come East with a lot of animals from the Park for the National Zoo, but the weather grew cold for freight car shipping, and some of the animals were sent by express, so Mr. Hofer was not lucky or unlucky enough to make the long trip as planned.

He was Surprised.

The State game warden of Colorado is said to have been surprised last week when told by a Denver dealer that the latter had lately sold thirty-five tons of Colorado game. The warden just confiscated half a ton of illegal venison himself. Chicago gets it. What Chicago is afraid to keep in stock here goes East, to the delectable 365-days' market in New York City. And would you wonder men want new shooting grounds these days?

Chicago Bear Dead.

The most popular bear the Chicago parks ever had was Old Bob, the big grizzly whose death at the teeth and claws of another bear was chronicled in these colums some years ago. The bear which killed Old Bob was known as Jake, and he was always spoken of as "the murderer." He was an ill-natured cinnamon, and is said to have killed two men before coming to the pits at Lincoln Park. This week Jake died, for no known reason except such as may have been satisfactory to himself. Jake weighed 500lbs. after death. Old Bob, his victim, was nearly twice as large as Jake.

Wisconsin Fish.

The daily dispatches give the following showing of the work of the Wisconsin Fish Commission:

"MADISON, Wis., Jan. 11.—Superintendent James Nevin, of the Wisconsin State fish hatcheries, has submitted his annual report to the State Fish Commission. It shows a largely increased distribution of fish during the year 1895 over previous years, about 2,000,000 more fish having been distributed in the State last year than in 1894. The total number distributed was 65,152,895, at a cost of about $15,000. The fish distributed during the year were as follows:

Wall-eyed pike	23,000,000	Rainbow trout	1,670,000
Lake trout	22,000,000	Black bass	116,300
Whitefish	16,000,000	White bass, full grown	2,345
Brook trout	2,556,000	Carp	8,250

"The Madison hatchery has now 3,221,000 eggs of the brook trout, and anticipates a successful hatch. At the new hatchery at Bayfield some 3,000,000 of lake trout eggs have been laid down, and there are 17,000,000 of whitefish eggs now in process of incubation at the Milwaukee hatchery. The State fish car has traveled over 23,000 miles distributing fish during the year."

Willing to Arbitrate.

The latest diplomatic advices in regard to the war situation between this country and England are at hand in the form of the opinion of a gentleman learned in international law whose home is in New York. He writes:

"In regard to Mr. Noel Money's English leather riding clothes I am disposed to think that your special message was too belligerent and likely to provoke an evasive reply. As Mr. Money had occupied the territory within the boundaries of those trousers and had exercised sovereignty over them without any dispute until the recent invasion, I think all the principles of the law of nations would maintain his claim. However, friendly arbitration might hasten a settlement, and to that end you and Mr. Divine might appoint a commission to survey and investigate the disputed territory and make due report later."

Rather than see these two countries bathed in gloom, I am entirely willing to arbitrate the matter as proposed, and hereby appoint myself one-half of the commission above mentioned and Mr. T. A. Divine the other half. When we meet Mr. Money we will sit on him, and if in our judgment he is occupying the mooted territory in contravention of the amity hitherto existent between these two powers, we will take forcible possession of the territory. It shall never be said of us that we were not willing to arbitrate.

Something about "Desperate Days."

Life is too brief and business too pressing for the most part to dispose one to pay any attention to comment on writing done in the course of newspaper business. Nothing is less conclusive or more disgusting than a newspaper controversy, for one side or the other is practically sure to try to be sarcastic or crushing, and sure to succeed in being unjust and illogical. I am so sure of this that I am reluctant to deviate from my usual custom so far as to notice recent comment of one or two anonymous parties on my statement of the Wisconsin deer situation printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21 under the heading "Desperate Days in Wisconsin."

"In FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21 I have just read Mr. E. Hough's article headed "Desperate Days in Wisconsin," in which he says that never in the history of Wisconsin have there been so many hunters from Ohio and Indiana—pot-hunters, oh yes! from Ohio and Indiana—pot-hunters because they came from outside the State. And they hunted illegally, certainly, because they came a good way to hunt.

"Well now, I know of several cases of illegal hunting in Wisconsin; and it was not done by outsiders either," etc., etc.

The above statements do well as a sample. They are all right except in one fundamental point—they are not true. In this they differ from the statements which they criticise, which were true in all regards, and which gave the news of the situation exactly. This news I gave is taken from letters and local papers from Wisconsin. If there be heat or caustic comment in those, blame those at the origin, not this writer, who reprints them. I have not entered upon any crusade against the hunters from Ohio and Indiana, or any other State.

It is of course absurd to credit all the illegal killing of Wisconsin deer to the non-resident hunters, be they from Ohio, Indiana or any other State. This is so absurd that of course I never thought of making such a statement—nor had I until now thought any one absurd enough to suppose any such absurdity. I think reference to past columns of FOREST AND STREAM will clear me of any disposition to shield illegal shooting by Wisconsin men or any other men, resident or non-resident.

It is of course absurd to charge me with making out a list of accidents and attributing them to Ohio and Indiana hunters, or to any other non-resident hunters. I charged them to the crowded condition of the Wisconsin woods, and I told the truth about it.

In short, the whole criticism of my resumé of the crowded condition of the Wisconsin woods—this "scramble of all sorts of hunters," as I called it—is equally absurd with the above misstatements. If my unknown friends will allow me to be undignified with them for a moment, I would like to say that their toes must be very sore, or they would not have imagined them stepped upon. There has been no attempt to step on anyone's toes, and no attempt to show non-resident hunting wrong when carried on with respect for the laws of the State where the hunting is done. I regret if any gentlemen are sore-toed, but I am not responsible for it. They should read twice before they criticise once—a plan simple in its nature, but one which will often save a world of chagrin. In effect, these gentlemen accuse me of stepping on their toes. In reply, I must ask them to believe that the sensation is rightly to be traced to the subjective and not the objective sense of feeling; or, to be more plain, they thought they were hurt, but were not. In the dark they struck back. In the dark one may strike a friend. I have no enmity to these unknown gentlemen.

Here is where the Enmity Is.

But I have enmity for any man or men—be they from Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin or anywhere else—who unduly hasten the clearing out of such few spots as we have left supplied with game. How few these spots are and how soon they are cleared out, I am, perhaps, in a better position to say than my unknown critics who, perhaps, do not make a business of getting at such knowledge. But I shall waste no space on them, and shall make one of my critics talk for me. He says:

"Twenty-five or thirty years ago there were a good many deer in the western part of Ohio, and hunters came from outside of the State to hunt; and they were welcome, too, as long as they hunted in season; and if they killed a deer they took it outside of the State, too, for it certainly was their property if legally obtained. But alas! the deer are nearly all killed, and Ohio hunters will have to go to wilder places to hunt."

The history of the Ohio deer is the history of the Wisconsin deer. I imagine that both residents and non-residents will combine in the latter case as they did in the first, to exterminate the game. If you look on one picture you will see the other. I have merely sought to call attention to the painting of the latter picture. In my work, do I tread on the sore toes of the pure selfishness and suspiciousness of my unknown friends?

"American" Ways.

The record of extermination being what it is, the bulk of the shooting population of the United States to-day would have no shooting if they did not shoot as non-residents. No one, so far as I am aware, has attempted to pronounce such shooting wrong when done legally and decently. We are told that it is an "American" idea for the non-resident to shoot where he likes. True, it is American. The American idea has nearly stripped this country of game. There is a scramble for what little there is left. While I am able to write of these things I shall protest at that scramble when it becomes indecent and illegal. I am an American, and my family have been Americans, I may say, for hundreds of years, but not all things "American" seem right to me. I know too well the "American" hoggishness which has meant and is meaning the annihilation of the game real Americans ought to be proud to keep alive on this continent. Be it American or un-American, there is no escape from the inevitable conclusion that unrestricted non-resident shooting means a scramble for the game of the few good game countries, a scramble too often illegal and indecent, and a scramble whose end is one part more of the same old "American" record of extinction. You pay your money and you take your choice. You can be "American" and butcher the rest of the game, or you can restrict the killing of game, and so keep it longer—keep it forever if the restrictions are correct.

The Michigan License Law.

There is no doubt that the Michigan license act drove out many non-resident hunters into Wisconsin—so many that the complaint was general and just all over the State. I do not pretend to say whether the Michigan law is constitutional or not, whether it is American or not, nor do I care. What is plain is the fact that numbers of Michigan deer were saved which otherwise would not have been saved. If Wisconsin should pass a similar law it would be her privilege, and for one I should be glad to see that or any other kind of measure which would make it harder to kill a game bird or animal by resident or non-resident shooters.

Any antagonism to this sentiment is more theoretical than practical, though it might be popular. Any such objection presupposes either a wish that the game be exterminated, or a belief that under the present system it will not be exterminated. This is *reductio ad absurdam* sufficient for any well-posted and thinking man who is also a sincere man. He can admit this and still not declare the State license act the solution sought for. One need say no word as to that. He need only point to Ohio, to Illinois, to Indiana, to Iowa, to Minnesota, to Dakota, to Wisconsin. If commentators know what the game situation there has been and is to-day they will go a trifle slow, perhaps, with their generalizations and their abstract theories. For my part, I am tired of theories. I am in favor of anything that will save the game.

A Great Subject.

This subject is a great one, and it is its greatness and its closeness which dispose me to allow myself to be carried along so far with it—much further than a wish to "set myself right" with my unknown critics would take me. I do not care for that, for I have been right with the facts, and hence could not be set wrong in any question where it could make any difference to me. But I just wish in closing to take up one of the theories of one of my unknown critics, and show him what he means when he says what he does. Perhaps he is not willing to follow this to its logical conclusion. Perhaps he is afraid to face the unwelcome truth. A great many men are. But this is what he says:

"If a man is a citizen of the United States and wants to hunt in any State of the United States in season, and kills game, it is unquestionably his, and he should certainly be allowed to take it anywhere in the United States according to the Constitution. This State right business cost this Government millions of dollars about thirty years ago. So I think if a man hunts in season he should not be legally restrained from hunting in any State of the Union."

Our friend is very wise—much wiser perhaps than the Supreme Courts of Michigan, Illinois and Ohio, which have all taken opposite grounds to the above dictum. This hypothetical citizen may be a market-hunter, and he may rob the people of an alien State of thousands of dollars' worth of their goods. If a head of game once killed by him is his, and has about it no vested police regulations which the people of that State may enact for it, then of course our "citizen" may ship it and sell it. Of course, then, he conveys title with it, and it continues to be absolute property. If it is such, the dealer who buys it has the same rights as the shooter who killed it, and the State has no right to impose police regulations here any more than where it was killed. Hence, as property, that game can be sold the year round, free of any of these odious police regulations which our friend does not like. Hence we are to have open game markets, not in some cities, as we do now, but in all cities; not open for part of the year, as they are in Chicago, but open for all the year, as they are in New York. This is what my unknown critic and my wise man means—exactly and fairly and actually what he means—when he says a non-resident should hunt where he likes without restriction, and that the game he kills is "unquestionably his."

It Unquestionably Isn't.

It unquestionably isn't. FOREST AND STREAM says it isn't when it says "Stop the sale of game." That very sentiment is the highest statement possible of the police powers of the several States over their heritage of game. FOREST AND STREAM and every man connected with it, I am sure, would like to see every man, whether he hails from Ohio, Indiana or Wisconsin, have a good time where times are best; yet would none the less like to see any fair and impartial remedy suggested which would make such non-resident shooting legal and decent, and which would yet assure the States still having game that their property was not to be hurriedly and wantonly destroyed. Perhaps one help to the attainment of such an ambition may be a continuance in the habit of printing the truth where found in regard to what is going on in the game fields. I much regret if in the effort to do this in regard to the Wisconsin deer-hunting country there was offense given in any specific quarter, for such could not be the wish. I beg my unknown friends who have wrongly thought this to be in future more careful in how they read and more thoughtful in what they say.

Early Geese.

Jan. 24.—Wild geese were reported seen this week in the Kankakee marshes of Indiana. They are said to have come as far north as Cairo, Ill. I think it more likely that many of them have never been much further south than that, as the winter has thus far been mild for most of the time, with a week of quite warm and rainy weather.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

NEW YORK GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream.

All true sportsmen who read your paper—and I take it that there are but few who do not—will be interested in the report of the proceedings of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, the annual meeting of which was held recently at Syracuse; and while they will find in the proceedings much to commend and very little to condemn, they will, I think, find matter in some of the recommendations that could have been materially bettered.

The proposals to amend the game law so as to prohibit hounding and jacking, and to wipe out the infamous Section 249, will undoubtedly receive, as they should, the unqualified indorsement of every sportsman and friend of game protection.

The same may be said of the recommendations relative to spring shooting, the shortening of the snipe and shore bird season, and that relative to the pollution of streams. The correction of an obvious error in the game law, fixing the open season for meadow hens, and several other minor recommendations are all in the right line. I believe, however, that a majority of sportsmen would prefer to have the date of opening of the deer season fixed at Sept. 15 instead of Sept. 1, as recommended, even if the time for closing was extended to Nov. 10. While we must admit that under favorable conditions a large number of deer would be killed during the first ten days of November, we would still have the satisfaction of knowing that they were in a majority of instances killed by sportsmen and in a sportsmanlike manner.

I also beg to take exception to the proposed amendment to Section 74, fixing the date of opening of the woodcock and ruffed grouse season at Sept. 1. The open season for ruffed grouse, at all events, should not begin before Sept. 15, for the reason that more half-fledged grouse are killed during the last two weeks of August and the first two weeks of September than there are shot of full-fledged grouse during the balance of the season. I know of an instance in central New York where eight partly fledged grouse were killed about Sept. 1 from two adjoining trees in a space of less than ten minutes. These grouse were driven into the trees by a cur dog that happened to be following the hunter, and sat there until they were killed. What a glorious day's sport these grouse would have furnished some sportsman a month or two later, and he would, unwillingly perhaps, have left some for seed at that.

The recommendations relative to amending Sections 72 and 73 I believe to be wholly bad and a retrograde movement of the first order. The open season for quail as fixed by the present law is quite long enough when the condition of the quail supply is taken into consideration, and the prohibiting of quail shooting until 1898 in some of the counties is the only practical means of restoring the quail to localities where it has become almost extinct by unfavorable climatic conditions and too close shooting. It will not do to say that inasmuch as the season for other birds is longer the quail would be killed anyway, for this is true only in a limited sense. The sportsman will not kill them illegally on general principles, and in four cases out of five the pot-hunter will not for fear of the penalty, at least he will not hunt for them specially, even though he may kill a few occasionally when in pursuit of other game. That portion of the present game law should be left as it is, unless we amend so as to cut off the last two weeks of the season, when the quail often have quite enough to do looking out for number one, without being harried by hunters of the genus *homo*.

M. Schenck.

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 20.

MAINE ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association in Bangor, Secretary Farrington reported that the fishing interests of the State were in a prosperous condition, and that as a result of protection and of the activity of the Commission the outlook for the next season was most promising. He recommended that the Legislature should appropriate separate funds for game protection and fishculture, and urged that the close time on beavers should be extended.

The plan was discussed of exacting a license from sportsmen coming from outside of the State, but the proposition failed to receive the convention's approval.

Officers for 1896 and committees were appointed as follows: President, P. O. Vickery, Augusta; Vice-Presidents, A. M. Spear, Gardiner; C. A. Marston, Skowhegan; E. C. Burleigh, Augusta; W. P. Frye, Portland; A. R. Nickerson, Boothbay Harbor; J. H. Kimball, Bath; F. H. Appleton, Bangor; Secretary, E. C. Farrington, Augusta; Treasurer, W. S. Choate, Augusta; Superintendent, J. A. Fairbanks, Hallowell; Consulting Attorney, W. T. Haines, Waterville; Directors, P. O. Vickery, *ex-officio;* E. M. Hersey, Bangor; J. F. Hill, Augusta; J. F. Sprague, Monson; J. H. Kimball, Bath; G. H. Fisher, Winterport; E. C. Farrington, Augusta; G. G. Gifford, Auburn; L. T. Carleton, Winthrop.

Committee on Legislation: F. E. Timberlake, J. F. Hill, J. F. Sprague, L. T. Carleton, E. C. Farrington, A. M. Spear.

Committee on Hatcheries: George G. Gifford, Auburn; E. M. Blanding, Bangor; E. E. Hastings, Fryeburg.

Committee on Protection: L. T. Carleton, E. M. Hersey, J. F. Sprague, G. H. Fisher, O. A. Dennen, Jonathan Darling.

Committee on Exhibits in the State House: Messrs. S. L. Crosby, E. C. Farrington and C. T. Crosby.

Committee on Law Enforcement: Messrs. L. T. Carleton, E. M. Hersey, O. A. Dennen, Jonathan Darling.

Bull Moose do the Hunting.

Our correspondent Prowler sends us this from the Fredericton, N. B., *Gleaner*, Jan. 8: Mr. Murray Glasier, of Lincoln, had a thrilling adventure Friday which he will remember for a long time. Several of his father's cattle had strayed away into the woods a day or two previous, and Murray was sent out yesterday to search for them. After traveling and hunting for an hour or more he espied what he took to be two cows browsing near a stream, and proceeded toward them. They turned out to be two large bull moose, and as soon as they noticed Mr. Glasier approaching they turned to attack him, bounding toward him with great speed. The young man saw the very dangerous predicament he was in and realized there was no time to lose if he wished to save his life. He ran for and climbed up a tree 10yds. distant and just succeeded in reaching the lower limb when his infuriated assailants arrived at the bottom. They shook the tree furiously and seeing they could accomplish nothing this way they began a siege. They kept the boy treed until dark and he would not have escaped them had not his parents become alarmed and sent the hired man, Mr. Murdock, to search for him. When this gentleman discovered the difficulty he returned for reinforcements in the shape of men and firearms. They put the maddened animals to flight and rescued the boy from his perilous position. His nerves were badly unstrung from the effects of the scare and it is not likely he will go cow hunting again.

New York Game Seasons.

Gloversville, Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of representative sportsmen of Fulton and Hamilton counties was held at Gloversville on the evening of Jan. 21 which was largely attended and at which, after considerable discussion of the present game laws pertaining to this and Hamilton counties, it was decided to submit to the State Legislature the following changes, which, it was decided, would be of material benefit toward the protection of the game supply:

1. That the close season on woodcock and ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge) should be from Dec. 31 to Aug. 16.

2. That the close season on rabbits and hares should be from Jan. 31 to Nov. 1.

3. That the close season on deer should be from Oct. 31 to Sept. 10; and that the hounding season be from Sept. 10 to Oct. 10 inclusive; that jacking or floating be prohibited.

It was further decided to recommend to the Fish and Game Commission the advisability of appointing special protectors—as far as practicable—in each township, to cooperate with the regular game protectors of the counties.

It was also decided to ask the Legislature to designate some special day, to be known as fox day, upon which a request be made that every sportsman in the State turn out and help exterminate foxes.

It seemed to be the general impression that if the present law on deer was more vigorously enforced any change in the same would be unnecessary.

Cayadutta.

More Frost Pictures.

Two more of Mr. A. B. Frost's artistic series of pictures of sport on land and water are now ready for distribution to the subscribers. Both treat of sport with the ducks, one being entitled "Ducks from a Blind," the other "Ducks from a Battery." They are treated in a most pleasing manner, and include all the features so dear to the duck shooter's heart—the expanse of water, the low-lying shore in the distance, the decoys reposing so realistically on the water's surface, and the gunners so alert to pit their skill with the gun against the swift wing and cunning mind of the birds. It is unfortunate that there are a few matters of detail which might not win the highest approval of those who insist on undeviating fidelity, as for instance in "Ducks from a Blind," the duck shooter in a boat is in cover all too short and thin to conceal himself or his boat, and he is wearing a highly colored coat, which could be instantly discovered by the ducks when many gun-shots away. However, overlooking such matters of detail, there is much in the spirit of the scenes and the artistic execution which will appeal to the memory and to the anticipation of every shooter who has reminiscence of good days afield or afloat and hopes for them again.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I noticed an article regarding the deer of the Adirondacks by Mr. J. C. Allen, and while admitting his assertion to be true in some respects, my experience has led me to believe that hounding is one of the most destructive methods of hunting deer now in existence.

If deer are being killed off too rapidly (I for one certainly think so) hounding should be prohibited; then, should this not remedy the evil, stop "jacking" also. Laws like these theoretically would do good, but in practice would they not be like the laws that are to protect the Armenians? Good laws, but no enforcement.

While deer driven to the water often take to other ponds than those occupied by the owners of the dogs, are there no hunters watching those ponds? Most decidedly so. There are mighty few ponds in the Adirondacks, no matter how small, that are not being watched 'most all the time during dogging, and deer once started rarely escape; at least, that is what has come under my observation, and in pretty out-of-the-way localities, too.

S. P. M. T.

Balls in Choke-Bores.

New York City, Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please give me your judgment in regard to shooting ball cartridges in a 12-bore choked. I have before now cut my cartridges and made some good shots at long distances, but always thought I would injure my gun and stopped such work. If a ball cartridge can be used without injury to the choke, it is a good thing, for one not knowing what game they will meet with can always carry some ball cartridges and feel that they have the proper load with them. I have seen these ball cartridges at Spalding's, and they claim they will not injure a choked gun.

Henry C. West.

Minnesota Game and Fish Commission.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recent decision of our Supreme Court, making it illegal for any one person to hold two State offices at the same time, has caused the resignation of A. L. Ferris from our State Game and Fish Commission, Mr. Ferris being also a member of the Legislature.

As an official compliment to the voluntary protective movement Governor Clough has appointed Mr. C. S. Benson, St. Cloud, and first vice-president of this Association, to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

Mr. Benson is thoroughly well known as a game protectionist and an honorable gentleman throughout Minnesota and his appointment gives general satisfaction.

Wm. L. Tucker, Sec'y.

Special Fares to the Sportsmen's Exposition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The past week has seen the efforts of the Sportsmen's Association crowned with success in the direction which, unquestionably, means much to the coming exposition. This has been the securing of a concession from the Trunk Line Association, embracing all of the prominent roads centering at New York, of a one and one-third fare rate, to be enjoyed by all accredited delegates to the sportsmen's convention to be held at Madison Square Garden during exposition week. By this provision accredited delegates will purchase their tickets from their homes to New York, and on having their credentials visèd here by the Trunk Line agent, and by the assistant secretary of the Sportsmen's Association, they will be sold a return ticket for one-third the regular fare, which will give them the round trip for one and one-third of the regular rate. The leading members of the Association, who are also exhibitors at the coming exposition, have heartily endorsed the project for a sportsmen's convention during exposition week, which in itself will be an educational feature of decided importance. Plans are on foot to make this convention one that will be memorable in the history of sport and sportsmen's displays. These plans will be announced a little later. Meantime leading exhibitors will see to it that among those who receive credentials as delegates to the convention will be representatives of some of the oldest and most prominent out-of-town houses in the retail sporting goods trade. An opportunity for exhibiting manufacturers to meet their customers personally, and to cement the tie of good fellowship by a little personal attention upon so memorable a visit as the coming journey to New York will prove to many of the delegates, will be improved to the utmost extent.

A Maryland Quail Country.

Stockton, Md., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have plenty of quail here now, notwithstanding the severe shooting of this last fall. Our season is not out until Feb. 1, but I know of no one doing any shooting, as all our local population are at work on their oysters in the bay. I am breaking a young dog, but seldom kill a bird, and then only to encourage the dog. I find plenty of small coveys of from three to eight birds; they are very wild and make long flights to heavy cover, or feed out only at the edge of the closest thickets. I think what are here will be well able to avoid the shot of any ordinary shooter. With a favorable season we will have as many birds and as good shooting as we did in the fall just passed. Plenty of geese here now, but ducks and brant will not be back before the middle of February, and after them will come the early flight of jacksnipe.

O. D. Foulks.

Cumberland Association.

Cumberland, Md., Jan. 16.—At a meeting called by several of the sportsmen of this city last night there were present about twenty representatives, and the following organization was perfected: Mr. Harrison Swartzwelder was called to the chair and Zack Laney appointed secretary. The name was made "The Game Protective Association of Cumberland." The following gentlemen, F. G. Luman, T. H. Hobbs and J. A. McKee, were appointed to solicit subscriptions for the purpose of purchasing birds for propagating. Also committee consisting of Messrs. Swartzwelder, P. J. Smith and Zack Laney, were appointed to draft a law to be submitted to Senator Sloan for the better protection of game in Alleghany county.

New Hampshire Deer.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Protection has done something for large game here. Two buck deer were seen within the limits of the city in one day last fall. Some three or four have been killed in Merrimac and Rockingham counties. They seem to be working down into this part of the State, where none have been seen for a great many years until lately. For the last three or four years some have been seen quite often. There ought to be protection in the southern part of New Hampshire for five or ten years. Long life to you!

J. Hodge.

A Mississippi Deer Chase.

A correspondent writes us under recent date as follows: "Major Valentine Young, of Waverly, Miss., unintentionally jumped a deer with his pack of red fox dogs the other day and had quite a race after it. It finally ran off up the river, and two young men out in the bottom shot it, but it escaped across the river. It is against the law to shoot deer in this county for five years, but the above shows how well game laws are observed. Major Young has about three fox races a week, and some of them are extra good ones."

Shooting in China.

New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friend, C. J. Ashley, of Shanghai, China (on your subscription list), writes me under date of Dec. 28, just received: "Just back from our annual shooting trip. Had fairly good weather and fine sport. Fifteen days shooting, four guns. Bagged twenty-five deer, thirty geese, about sixty duck and teal, a few hares and enough pheasants to reach a total of 1,000 head." They go up country in a boat propelled by coolies.

J. K. Draper.

The Mill at Albany.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 27.—[*Special Correspondence Forest and Stream*]: Assemblyman Alid's bill adds Chemung and Chenango to the counties in which rabbits may be hunted except from March 1 to Sept. 15. Senator Brum's bill adds Otsego county. Assemblyman Budd's bill makes it lawful to take frostfish and whitefish in Seneca Lake at any time with nets having meshes not less than 1¼in. bar. Senator Malby's bill includes bitches in the prohibition of dogs hounding deer.

Mather.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"THAT reminds me" of a day my friend W. E. M. and myself went out to see if we could locate the feeding grounds of geese which were in the habit of flying to and from the lake here and some cornfields west of town every morning and evening. We drove out around the lake, taking my .38 Winchester along in case we might get a chance shot. We drove out about three miles and tied the horse to the fence while we strolled down along a line fence between two large fields where we had an idea the geese would be apt to pass over on their way to the feeding grounds.

While we were sitting there a young lad from a neighboring farmhouse came over to see us, and while we were talking to him, giving him a little "joshing" about how far the little rifle would shoot, we heard the musical *honk* of a flock coming up from the lake. Lying down behind the fence we watched the geese approaching in a long V-shaped line, quite high up, but apparently coming directly over us. They soon got sight of our rig, standing 20 or 30 rods away, and veered off so they would pass us about 60 rods to the right. As they got nearly even with us W. E. said, with a wink in the direction of the kid, "Well, Dean, guess you better take that big one and hit him in the eye so you won't tear him up too much."

"All right," said I, raising up and taking aim at the long narrow line of birds and I let it go, with about as much hope of getting one as I had of joining them in their flight.

As the little gun cracked, the fourth goose in the line stopped suddenly and came down "heels over head," striking the soft stubble with such force as nearly to bury itself in the ground. "That's the stuff," said W. E. as he started in a run after the goose, while I kept on "turning it loose" at the flock. I fired six or seven times at the flock, but failed to get another feather.

W. E. soon came up with the goose and as he laid it down remarked, "You didn't come within 2in. of his eye. If you can't shoot better than that, I'll do the shooting myself after this." Sure enough, I had caught the goose just back of the head, cutting the top of his neck bones off and killing him instantly.

The eyes of that kid were a sight to behold. They stuck out like saucers and W. E.'s "joshing" about the poor shot seemed wonderfully out of place to him. He probably thought I was the greatest shot that ever took up a gun and W. E.'s talk probably helped the matter along. We started home well satisfied with our hour's hunt, and the kid went off to tell the folks about the wonderful shot he had seen. D. J. HOTCHKISS.

FOX LAKE, Wis.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE CASTALIA CLUB HOUSE.

MR. J. W. OSWOLD sends us this illustration of the Castalia Club House, the latest addition to the Castalia possessions. This club enjoys possession of one of the most wonderful fishing waters on the continent; it is remarkable for volume, purity and natural supply of food for the fish, and not least of all for the beauty of streams and their setting.

We are often asked for fishing club rules. Here are those by which the Castalians have agreed to be governed:

Rules and Regulations.

RULE 1. The fishing season in the waters of Cold Creek, owned or controlled by the club, shall commence on the 15th day of March and end with the 15th day of September.

RULE 2. Not more than 10lbs. of trout shall be taken from said waters by any one person in any one day.

RULE 3. No trout less than 8in. long shall be caught and taken away from said stream, except such as it may be impossible to remove from the hook without fatal injury, and all members or guests fishing in said waters shall take all possible care not to injure such undersized fish, that when accidentally caught they may be returned to the water alive.

RULE 4. No fishing shall be done in the waters of the club except with rod and line, and all angling shall be with artificial bait, no natural bait of any kind or description being allowed. The board of directors, however, may authorize the taking of fish with nets or otherwise in or out of season for the purpose of propagation, for the benefit of the club, but shall in such cases return to the stream as many of the fish so taken as possible.

RULE 5. Each member of the club shall be entitled to twenty-six days' fishing during each fishing season.

RULE 6. Each member of the club shall be entitled, during each fishing season, to extend the privileges of the club to five friends, not members of the club, providing such member shall accompany such friends in person, remaining with them during their stay, and shall charge his time with the number of days of fishing indulged in by said friends.

RULE 7. A register being furnished by the club, it shall be the duty of each and every member, upon visiting the stream, to register therein, and carefully fill out in detail the different columns of said register.

RULE 8. No member shall invite a friend to the club at the annual or semi-annual meeting.

RULE 9. No fishing is permitted on Sunday.

THE CASTALIA CLUB HOUSE.

Adirondack Lakes Set Apart.

ALBANY, Jan. 28.—Attorney-General Hancock has written an opinion in which he holds that the State Fish, Game and Forest Commission has no right to set apart two lakes in the Adirondacks for the propagation of trout. He says that the Commission has not the power to designate any lake in the State without special legislative enactment. M.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association at Young's Hotel last evening was a great success in every way. The walls of the dining hall were adorned with several specimens of Walter Brackett's high art in the way of salmon painting, a new creation, "A Leaping Grilse," being especially noticeable. His son Arthur also exhibited several of his game pictures, while scattered about the tables were fine exhibits of the taxidermist's art. The invited guests were: Gov. Frederick T. Greenhalge and Lieut.-Gov. Roger Wolcott; Hon. Winslow Warren, Collector of the Port; Judge Dunbar, of the Superior Court; Rev. E. A. Horton; A. W. Robinson, president of the Megantic Fish and Game Club; E. A. Brackett and E. D. Buffinton, Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts; Judge Shurtleff, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire; H. O. Stanley, Fish Commissioner of Maine; J. W. Titcomb, president of the Vermont Fish and Game Association; H. W. Bailey, Fish Commissioner of Vermont. Other members of the Association, with their guests, were: A. S. Adams, Benjamin F. Stevens, Loring Crocker, George A. Sears, L. D. Chapman, M. K. Churchill, C. A. W. Bartlett, Robert Read, Col. H. T. Rockwell, E. E. Small, C. J. H. Woodbury, T. B. Doolittle, of Branford, Conn.; Hon. George W. Wiggin, Dr. J. T. Stetson, John N. Roberts, Ivers W. Adams, Edward Brooks, W. H. Childs, Robert S. Gray, Geo. H. Sprague, Heber Bishop, John M. Graham, Sidney Chase, C. G. Gibson, T. H. Cooney, S. W. Rich, J. Russell Reed, W. G. Hanson, Charles Stewart, Charles Messenger, Rollin Jones, A. D. Thayer, Charles J. McKenzie, Dr. M. G. Kendall, F. M. Childs, C. F. Monroe, J. P. Bradley, Warren Hapgood, W. B. Kehoe, J. S. Duncklee, C. M. Blake, W. B. Hastings, M. G. Benedict, W. A. McLeod, S. F. Johnson, H. W. Sanborn, Myron W. Whitney, J. C. Ryder, E. C. Norton, Charles Vose, L. C. Marshall, H. F. Collins, A. H. Wright, H. P. Plimpton, Joseph Noon, N. Arnold, E. F. Lewis, J. G. Wildman, Alexander Pope, S. A. Gould, E. P. Wilbur, E. H. Clark, Secretary Kimball, A. B. Holmes.

PRESIDENT CLARK'S ADDRESS.

BRETHREN of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association: I feel great pleasure and satisfaction in having the privilege of congratulating you on this brilliant gathering on the occasion of our twenty-second annual feast, and of extending to all our guests, in your name and on your behalf, our most cordial greeting and our warmest welcome.

It is indeed good for us once a year to gather from forest and stream, from

> "the plashy brink
> Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
> Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
> On the chafed ocean side,"

from all the haunts of fish and game endeared to us by a thousand recollections, to renew old friendships and form new ones, to revive old memories and to commemorate with thankful hearts, in speech and song, what to us stand for some of the most agreeable and profitable experiences of our lives. How many of those whose days we can all recall when whether life was worth living was not a debatable question, and how bright the halo which encircles them.

I have so recently reviewed the work of the Association for the past year that it is superfluous to dwell upon it on this occasion. It may be said briefly that information relating to fish and game has been disseminated broadcast throughout the State by our efficient secretary. No party has come to us with complaints of violations of law without receiving assurance that on the presentation of the proper evidence counsel would be furnished without expense to the party complaining.

Realizing that ignorance of the law excuses no man, large numbers of posters containing an abstract of the game laws, on cloth, have been sent out, several hundred of them in Italian as well as in English, and hundreds containing the Sunday laws. We attended the hearings at the State House before the Legislative Committee on fisheries and game, and presented the views of the Association on the various matters which engaged their attention. Several new associations have been formed, and we have been glad to furnish information as to methods and work. The formation of such associations is a most encouraging feature of the times.

Reference should be made to two cases in the courts of great interest to every sportsman throughout the country. Commonwealth of Massachusetts *versus* Follett was a complaint charging the defendant, who was at the time a fish and game commissioner, with having taken from Lee Brook, in Sheffield, sixty trout with a net; he admitted the fact, but sought to justify himself under the claim that he was engaged in the artificial propagation of trout, that he owned the trout so taken, that they were taken from waters under his control; and further that after taking them he kept them until they were ready to be delivered of their spawn, that he then stripped the spawn from them and turned them back into the brook alive. He also claimed that all the trout so taken were turned by him from his own pond into Lee Brook, and he contended that, as the owner of these trout, he had a right to take them in the way he did for the use to which they were put. There were other trout in the brook, other than those which came from the defendant's hatching, to which the defendant made no claim. He was convicted at the Great Barrington District Court and fined $150, from which he appealed to the Superior Court, where he was also convicted and the fine raised to $300. He then appealed to the Supreme Court, which overruled his exceptions, thereby confirming the previous decisions, such fish not being of the class of animals which, without confining them in private waters, can become the absolute property of anybody.

The other case is that of the Commonwealth of Connecticut *versus* Geer. Geer was convicted in New London of having bought in the open markets there certain woodcock, grouse and quail, with unlawful intent to procure their transportation beyond the limits of that State, the birds being in course of shipment to New York under contract of sale. The exact question presented was, can a State, after permitting the killing of game birds, and after allowing them to be bought and sold in the markets of the State, impose the restriction that they shall not be transported beyond its limits? The Supreme Court of Errors, in Connecticut, was of the opinion that the State could do it. The case was taken to the U. S. Supreme Court and argued November 22, and its decision, not yet rendered, is awaited with interest. If I read aright the remarks of Chief Justice Field at a late public dinner, he stated that there had not been much advance in the law for the last hundred years, but the application of its principles to new questions constantly arising is certainly most interesting and instructive even to the minds of laymen.

As usual, we have not escaped criticism, which we should have welcomed had it been of a more consistent character. On the one hand, the Association has been charged with representing wealth amounting to $16,000,000 and as giving magnificent banquets and employing roundabout methods for accomplishing its ends against the desires and interests of the people; and on the other, with a lack of interest in, and neglect of, its proper duties as enjoined by its charter. These criticisms ought to be made at greater intervals, and then their inconsistency would at least be less glaring. They are about as fair as it would be to condemn popular education and Harvard University because a train robber, caught recently in the West, was proficient in several languages.

I want to say a word in relation to those gentlemen who have recently resigned their membership with us to form another organization having for its object solely the enforcing of the game laws, and leaving out the social element. Of their action we can make no complaint, and our only regret is that we lose several members whom we esteem and who have been with us for many years. Let us be thankful and proud that such good men have graduated from this old Association, and let us also remember that some of the best enterprises and movements which have blessed the world have been started by conscientious men, who, dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, have gone out to do good work in new organizations more congenial to them. If we are unable to recall any case in which our Association has refused to consider or adopt any proposed scheme having for its object the better carrying out of the purposes of our organization, or if we think that there is no better way to enforce the laws than by the machinery we have already in operation, still let us in charity rejoice to proceed in harmony and sympathy with all kindred associations, and if, embarking on a common sea, we seek divergent points, let us at least part with the friendly hail and the manly cheer. If the new club is as successful on the lines marked out for it as its originators believe, and as we hope, it will be, then we will rejoice, and if not, let us not by word, thought or deed prevent the return of our friends to their old home, but stand by ready to cordially welcome them back and give them the warmest seat by the old fireside.

Let us then resolve, on this our twenty-second Anniversary, to take up and do more faithfully than ever the work which is waiting to be done. We claim no perfection for what we have accomplished in the past. No individual or institution can do that, and when they do reach that state of complacency, they are dying at the top. I think we ought to feel as the man did who came to the end of a long life, and in reviewing it said that he was sure he had not been what he expected to be when he set out on his career; he was equally certain that he had not been what he might or ought to have been; but at the same time he thanked God that he was what he was. There will be need of this Association until the time comes when all men obey all laws as to fish and game, and until our legislators have absorbed all wisdom. When seventy-eight years from to-night, in 1974, some of the grandsons of men within the reach of my voice shall attend the 100th Anniversary of this Association, may they reap the benefit of what we have tried to do, and may our work last so long as a feather cuts the air or a fin cleaves the wave.

Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott responded for the commonwealth in a stirring speech, dwelling upon the delights to be found in true sport with the rod and gun. Hon. Winslow Warren, collector of the port, congratulated the Association upon the good work in which it was engaged. Judge Dunbar urged that there was no true sportsmanship until a man has reached the point where the rules of fair sport were strictly enforced; he is law-abiding himself, and is determined that others shall be. Rev. Dr. Horton spoke forcibly upon the pleasures of outdoor life, enforcing the idea that the man who is a good sportsman is a better citizen. Gov. Greenhalge, who arrived during Judge Dunbar's speech, was warmly greeted when introduced. He referred to the banquet from which he had just come the Fruit and Produce Exchange) as a gathering where the means of making a living were paramount interests, and said that a fish and game organization was for the purpose of making life better worth living; that restrictions were necessary in the matter of the taking of fish and game no one would deny, and it was the duty of all well-meaning

citizens to do their utmost to foster a healthy public sentiment for the enactment and then the enforcement of proper laws to that end. Other speeches were made by Arthur W. Robinson, president of the Megantic Club, Judge Shurtleff, chairman of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission; Henry O. Stanley, of the Maine Commission, and others. Tom Henry's orchestra and Callender's minstrels furnished plenty of music. Myron W. Whitney sang "I'm a Roamer Bold" and a parody on the "Three Fishers," and Dr. Bishop led the choruses, in which it was judged the entire company joined. Taken altogether, it was an evening of rare enjoyment.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

Michigan Association.

THE Michigan Fish and Game Protective League held its annual meeting at Lansing on Wednesday, Jan. 22. Judge Vance, the president, was unable to be present, but sent a written address. Among other things, President Vance said "That, while the game laws were being enforced better than formerly, as well as meager funds at the disposal of the game warden would permit, they were yet being flagrantly violated in the northern portion of the State; partly because of the hostile sentiments among residents of that portion of the State who think they ought to be permitted to shoot deer at their pleasure, and also because prosecuting attorneys and justices of the peace refuse to aid in its enforcement." He advised that charges be preferred against some of these officials, with a view to having them removed from office.

President Vance urged that the next Legislature be asked to pass measures which the last Legislature failed to pass, and also to enact a law prohibiting the use of fish nets in Detroit, St. Clair and Sault Ste. Marie rivers, Lake St. Clair and the channels about the Les Cheneaux islands, which are the great runways for food and game fish on their journeys between the great lakes.

In accordance with President Vance's recommendations, committees were appointed to take charge of needed legislation, as follows:

On game laws: H. N. Botsford, Port Huron; Mart Norris, Grand Rapids: A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo; P. T. Glassmire, Manistee; F. A. Russell, Hart.

On fish laws: A. R. Avery, Port Huron; W. S. Humphrey, Saginaw; J. H. Bissell, Detroit; H. A. Wyckoff, Pontiac; R. J. Crane, Detroit.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. W. Vance, Port Huron; Vice-Presidents: S. B. Daboll, St. Johns; Joseph Hills, Pontiac; Secretary, A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo; Treasurer, E. Crofton Fox, Grand Rapids; Executive Committee, George A. Royce, Marquette; A. R. Avery, Port Huron; Jason E. Nichols, Lansing.

How shall they be Lured?

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a small pond in the Adirondacks, about five miles by road from Euba Mills, facing west, which fairly swarms with trout of the speckled and California varieties, the latter species having been placed there by the State Fish Commissioners about ten years ago. During the day there is no sign of any fish being in the pond, but during the rising and setting of the sun the jumping and splashing of fish are incessant, and I have seen scores of them out of the water at one moment, varying in weight, I should judge, from ¼ to 4lbs. I have fished in this pond for the last five years, during June, July and August, many dozens of times, and my total catch for that long period amounts to less than forty fish of about ¾lb. average weight, including one of 3lbs. 8oz., the largest I have caught there; all of which were killed after darkness had set in or before sunrise, and by using a light-colored fly, trailing it about 2in. under water. At other times I have used grasshoppers, frogs, beetles, suckers and worms, but to no purpose. Others have fared no better than I, and I am satisfied that not 300 fish have been taken from this pond in five years. If any of your readers can suggest a more tempting bait, or can account for such poor results, after most patient and careful fishing in a small body of water that I am confident contains many thousands of fine fish, I will be greatly indebted to them.

J. E. FORBES.

201 WEST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

Wanted, a Screen for Fish Waters.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey is anxious to put a stop to the annual loss of fish sustained on account of the canals in the State. One of the feeders of the Morris Canal is Greenwood Lake; the feeder of the Delaware and Raritan Canal is the Delaware River. Every year hundreds of thousands of game fish are lost on account of these canals, and the Commission would very much like to put a stop to this loss. The difficulty which presents itself is the construction of a proper screen which will not foul too readily and which will stand the pressure of the water without materially interfering with the flow. Do you or any of your readers know of any such contrivance in existence anywhere? Any information on this subject will be very gratefully received.

CHAS. A. SHRINER.

For Manitoba Fishermen.

PORT ARTHUR, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Margher, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, some time ago was granted a permit by the Ontario Government to take with a net a limited number of speckled trout and black bass from Silver Lake, near Port Arthur, to distribute in some small lakes near Rat Portage (for the benefit of the Manitoba anglers). Mr. Margher was not successful with his catch of speckled trout, having only caught a few. He was then granted permission to take some speckled trout from the Nepigon River, which he did, taking them by train to Rat Portage. Mr. Margher was quite pleased with his success, not having lost a single fish, although the journey was near 400 miles.

J. E. N.

Florida Fishing.

MELBOURNE, Fla., Jan. 21.—Yesterday two ladies caught from a rowboat seventeen sea trout and two large channel bass. To-day they caught seven trout; and a gentleman caught ten trout and one large channel bass. They lost three very large bass on account of flaws in the minnows.

W. T. WELLS.

Pennsylvania Association.

THE officers of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association for the year are, as elected at the last meeting: President, H. O. Wilbur; Vice-Presidents (three to be elected), first, Edwin Hagert; second, Dr. Bushrod W. James; third, Howard A. Chase; Secretary, Marion G. Sellers; Corresponding Secretary, J. Penrose Collins; Treasurer, Wm. S. Hergesheimer; Executive Committee (nine to be elected), Henry C. Ford, George T. Stokes, Wm. H. Burkhardt, Dr. W. W. McClure, Wm. P. Thompson, Edw. A. Selliez, Thos. M. Longcope, Alfred Hand, S. E. Landis; Trustee (three years), Collins W. Walton.

Pennsylvania Pike-Perch.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—The total distribution of pike-perch by the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission for 1895 was 72,345,000.

M. G. SELLERS.

This is not Mr. Gill's theory, but the teaching of his actual experience.

Forest and Stream
No 318 Broadway New York

Gents
In the last six years
I have spent several hundred dollars
advertising Gill Nets Henderson
Harbor N.Y. and the results of
my Forest and Stream add are far
ahead of those of any other paper
and I cheerfully recommend its columns to
fishing and hunting resorts
Yours truly
H. H. Gill

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humffrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

CROPPING.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your editorial warfare against cropping you disagree with Dr. Foote's latest resolution to abolish all and *every mutilation*, and thereby show how inconsistent your whole standpoint is. I admire Dr. Foote's nerve to do what was the only thing to do, since so far the A. K. C. is forced to waste its time on such questions as you and all neutral logical men contend it is the business of the A. K. C. to enforce—the law of the land. I contend that Mr. Haines and his society is big enough for that, or at least should be.

Now, when the original promoter of this whole question after the first defeat comes to the only defensible point, and conforms his resolutions entirely to the law as it stands, you immediately step back and call it faulty, and, how consistent! declare docking and rounding of ears justifiable. Do you think that it makes a difference to the dogs if you go all round an inch or two or if you cut twice lengthwise to crop? Pshaw! where is your horror of cruelty then?

The American foxhounds are not rounded. They hunt in a more severe country than their English cousins, and so your utility defense falls to nothing.

No! no! Dr. Foote's resolution does honor to him, as it covers just that which the law statutes mean, although I bet dollars against doughnuts that the delegates will do with such theoretical nonsense what should be done with it—kick it sky high.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

[We differ from Mr. Arnolt on every point which he has advanced. He can hardly be serious in maintaining that the A. K. C. is wasting its time in considering a matter which interests and is important to the whole dog world. Moreover, instead of endeavoring to enforce the law the A. K. C. is endeavoring to conform to it. As for ourselves, it is difficult to imagine on what grounds Mr. Arnolt can consider FOREST AND STREAM as being "neutral." He further charges us with inconsistency where there is none. In respect to Dr. Foote's resolution he claims that it conforms to the law of the land. It does so only in part; for the rest it exacts much more than the law or necessity or humanity requires. "Justifiable mutilations" are specifically justified under the New York laws—Dr. Foote's resolution justifies no mutilation. We objected to this resolution because it is too sweeping. A dog with a torn ear, a dog with a dew claw removed, etc., would under it be ineligible. Praise for it coming from a source which would be considered as being opposed to it might be justly viewed askance. There is nothing to justify a mutilation made to gratify a whim, a fancy, a fashion. The law and common sense both provide that necessity or humanity justify some mutilations. In this, contrary to Mr. Arnolt's views, the law recognizes specifically justifiable mutilations. Thus we are not inconsistent in opposing mutilations which are a matter of fashion and defending mutilations which are a necessity, that is if we had done so. What we did really say, and this in reference to Dr. Foote's resolution, is as follows: "Rounding the ears of hounds can be defended on grounds of utility, as can also the docking of spaniels' tails," but whether successfully or not, remains to be determined.

One has but to compare this statement to Mr. Arnolt's version to perceive how mistakenly he has understood it. As the matter of docking had never been brought before the A. K. C., it was but fair to mention that the mutilation of spaniels' tails could be defended on material grounds; but is that declaring that docking is justifiable? If Mr. Arnolt will do us the justice to read what we really did say on the subject till such time as he clearly understands our plain statements, he will clearly perceive that he has a misapprehension on every point he touches upon.]

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Jan. 23.—In answer to the attack upon me by the Bull-Terrier Club, I will not at this time question the propriety of a club a member the A. K. C. making public charges against a delegate with the evident intention of influencing the vote of the associate members, but seriously, what an acknowledgment on the part of the croppers that their practice is indefensible! With no arguments to maintain their position, they seek to do so by muzzling the opposition.

My resolution that dogs be shown in a "natural condition" was not intended to interfere with any justifiable mutilation or trimming (as in the case of French poodles), but simply to meet the principal objection of an anti-cropping rule—that it would be special legislation—and there will be no difficulty in amending my resolution so that it will only do away with unnecessary cruelty in all breeds.

The removal of dew claws and the docking of spaniels used in the field may be justifiable, but docking for fashion is not justifiable, and while it entails no cruelty of consequence, its continuance, saddled with cropping, is objectionable.

At the December meeting of the A. K. C. but one delegate defended cropping, seven others voted against the amendment for its abolishment because they considered such an amendment would be special legislation.

The abolishment of unjustifiable mutilation in all breeds is unquestionably within the province of A. K. C. legislation and in five years' time will do more to perfect the various types than has a century of mutilation.

In presenting the above I do not do so with any desire to continue as an A. K. C. delegate. I trust the vote of the Associate Members upon my name will express their sentiments upon the cropping question. The vote should be a guide to the new delegates when the question again comes up for action. As a breeder of black and tan terriers and fox-terriers, and an admirer of all terriers, I have been firm in my convictions and have believed that I have acted for the best interest of all breeds in which cropping is practiced. Upon my convictions I am ready to stand or fall, and trust no Associate Member has voted my name, regardless of friendly or other reasons, who does not approve of my action on the question of cropping.

H. T. FOOTE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I quote the following from the official communication of the secretary of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, which appeared in your last issue and which was also sent to me:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the executive committee of the Bull-Terrier Club of America that Dr. H. T. Foote and Mr. H. F. Schellhass, by their persistent and unreasoning assaults on the practice of cropping and on those who practice it, have constituted themselves enemies of the bull-terrier fanciers of America."

The above, originated, sanctioned and circulated by the officers of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, is such a palpable and gross misrepresentation of the facts, and so unqualifiedly false as far as myself is concerned, that I deem it a duty to myself and the reputable kennel world to expose and refute the same and to state facts as they exist, namely:

As a member of the A. K. C. Rules Committee, I was one of the five who unanimously voted to suggest the cropping rule. At the December A. K. C. meeting I made a few remarks in which I stated why I thought the kennel interests would be benefited by passing the rule. These remarks appeared in the official minutes.

A business appointment called me from the room a short time, and on my return I was surprised and disappointed to find a vote had already been reached and the opportunity to record mine lost. Had I voted on the question the result would have been but one vote short of a two-thirds majority in favor of the rule. The above constitutes my entire public record in the matter.

I have neither even been interviewed by any newspaper nor written either private letters or letters for publication on the subject. The public can judge for themselves of the extent of my "persistent and unreasoning assaults" in the matter. On the contrary, shortly after I voted with the rules committee, as above mentioned, a member of the Bull-Terrier Club saw fit to publish in the kennel press what I think any unbiased reader would consider a virulent attack and vilification of myself. Undismayed, I expressed my views at the following meeting, I am proud to say, as my conscience dictated. The result is the resolution herein referred to.

I quote further from the same resolution: "Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Foote, Mr. Schellhass and the American Kennel Club, also to the various press mediums for publication."

In plain, every delegate to the American Kennel Club is hereby warned that no matter how inactive a part he may take in the cropping question, if he shall dare to vote on the same at the coming A. K. C. meeting or express his conscientious views contrary to the wishes of the Bull-Terrier Club, he is liable to be formally advised that he is to be paraded and advertised by misrepresentation in the kennel press throughout the country.

From the above resolutions there is therefore only one inference I can draw, and I trust that no delegate to the American Kennel Club will allow himself to be intimidated and coerced into voting otherwise than his con

science and judgment may dictate, be it either for or against the measure in question, or as for that, any other measure at any other time; for otherwise the very foundation of justice and the protection, sacred to us all, which we, the public, feel we have in the American Kennel Club would be undermined, and sooner or later the entire structure would surely fall, and the protection now possessed by us swept away. HERMANN F. SCHELLHASS.

Specialty Clubs.

PERHAPS of all the clubs the most recent and most criticised are those which are known as specialist dog clubs. To the general public, who may be unacquainted with such bodies, it may be well to state that these are clubs formed by individuals, sometimes even by a single individual, to look after any special variety or breed of the dog. This "looking after" is, unfortunately, in many cases, almost entirely confined to the supervision of personal interests; the club, or whoever runs it, taking care that not the dogs of the general public are benefited thereby, but his own dogs or those which belong to its members. Sometimes scales of points and descriptions of the animals are produced, the model from which they are taken being such as may be in the possession of the club, and not, as a rule, bearing the type and general character which the British public consider to be the correct article. The next thing is the appointment of judges. Now, with certain isolated exceptions, a specialist dog club will not employ a judge who is not one of its own members. It does not matter whether he can tell a good dog from a bad one or not; his knowledge is a secondary consideration, his payment of subscription the primary one. These clubs will on no account accept, in the usual fashion, any individual's knowledge unless he joins their ranks. And he may join them for a year or two, gaining experience during the time; then he resigns, and heigh presto! all becomes changed; he is struck off the list of judges, and in future is not considered knowledgable enough to make the awards at any show. These are ordinary dog club methods; and thus reasons are not far to seek why such bodies have become unpopular, and are in a manner more injurious than useful. In writing in this strain, we are aware that some few clubs are not carried out on such terribly conservative and greedy lines, but there is no gainsaying the fact that many of them are. Why should half a dozen individuals, Tooley street tailor like, band themselves together and tell the whole world that they alone know anything at all about a certain variety of dog? and act accordingly. Unfortunately this state of things has been carried on until it may be said to have become chronic, and thus difficult to eradicate or to cure. Some of the less independent dog show managers look to these clubs to provide them judges and to increase their prize money; others, better conducted, will have as little to do with clubs as possible. Their dictation is annoying, and, as we have said, is more for the gratification of private ends than for the good of the public or of the canine race. Something ought to be done by the Kennel Club to put a check upon their proceedings, and we are not without hopes that action may be taken in the matter, especially as the president, Mr. S. E. Shirley, quite recently expressed himself very strongly on the matter, taking pretty much the same opinions so repeatedly expressed in the columns of the *Field*.

There is no doubt that some of the earlier dog clubs had considerable influence in leading the fashion in the way of popularizing certain varieties of the canine race, but without exception such were conducted on more liberal lines than is the case with those of later establishment. The Fox-Terrier Club, the Bulldog Club, the St. Bernard Club, the Dachshund Club and the Irish Terrier Club may be mentioned as among the most successful bodies of their class. By their means the varieties they have dealt with have become popular, but whether individual specimens are better now than was the case, say a dozen years ago, is a matter of opinion. Then, as it were on the other side, instances can be adduced where valuable breeds of dogs have actually degenerated under club influence; and, again, other varieties have progressed without club influence at all. Of the latter, bloodhounds and flat-coated retrievers are excellent examples; of the former, the case of the noble mastiff is particularly apparent. We are fully aware of the difficulty there may be in dealing with these specialist dog clubs, but it is a subject which the Kennel Club ought not to avoid. In many cases the presiding body over our canine affairs has set itself against the dictatorial system as to the appointment of judges, and we think the time has now arrived when it and others may go further, and refuse to accept cups and other donations unless such are for open competition, and not confined to certain members. Exceptions could, of course, be made in the case of valuable challenge cups—but the ordinary prizes ought to be open to all. Until this is done there is no likelihood of stopping this dictatorial policy, which it was generally thought reached a climax at the late Crystal Palace show, when a certain unimportant body seriously asked if their classes might be judged over again by a person of their own appointment, and this, too, when the original judge was considered to be one of the first authorities on this special variety in the land.

We are writing solely in the interests of the dog and of dog shows, and in the belief that unless something is speedily done with regard to the matter we have alluded to, our usual canine exhibitions will cease to exist, and in their place specialist gatherings run in the interests of clubs or cliques will become the order of the day. Allusion has not been made to the various petty quarrels and asperities which are continually arising among certain of these clubs; that they are constantly taking place the columns of papers which are devoted to matters concerning dog shows plainly indicate, and such personalities as result therefrom are, to say the least, exceedingly mischievous, and by no means likely to improve either the appearance or intelligence of the canine race.—*The Field (England)*.

There will be a meeting of the executive of the Canadian Kennel Club at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Feb. 14, at 8 P. M. The business to be considered, besides matters of routine, is: Boyle vs. Trebilcock; field trial rules; incorporation; revision of constitution and by-laws; to receive and count ballots re cropping; and reception of new members.

The American Spaniel Club.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club was held at the residence of Dr. S. J. Bradbury, treasurer, on the 21st inst. Present—Messrs. E. M. Oldham, R. P. Keasbey, James Watson, S. J. Bradbury and Marcel A. Viti. Mr. Oldham in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The secretary reported that the club's sweepstakes had closed as follows: Of twenty-one dogs nominated twelve had filled, making a total of $78 received for entries. The Westminster Kennel Club and the Spaniel Club have each added $25, making a grand total of $128, to be allotted as follows: 40 per cent. to the first, 30 per cent. to the second, 20 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the fourth. For the novice sweepstakes thirteen entries had been received, which, with 50 per cent. added by the American Spaniel Club, made a total of $39 to be competed for.

Messrs. R. P. Keasbey and James Watson were appointed a committee to audit the treasurer's books.

The secretary read a letter from Miss Anabel Green offering two challenge cups, as follows: (1) The Sunning Hill Brace Challenge Cup, for the best brace of American bred black field spaniel puppies, to be won five times before becoming the property of any one member. (2) The Sunning Hill Challenge Cup for the best Irish water spaniel, to be won five times. It was resolved that the cups be accepted and the thanks of the club extended to Miss Green for her generous donation. It was resolved that the following cups be offered at the Boston Show: The American Field Cup, the Sunning Brace Cup, the Bell Paintings and the Sunning Hill Irish Water Spaniel Cup.

It was resolved that the following cups be offered at Detroit, provided that the club's classification No. 1 was adopted and a judge be engaged: The A. S. C. Cocker Cup, Bell Cup and the Saybrook Trophy.

It was moved that the club's delegate to the American Kennel Club use his own discretion in voting on the cropping question.

The M. K. C. Premium List.

THE premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club can be obtained on application. The club's address is 1102 Monadnock Building, Chicago.

The entry fee is $3. Entries close on Feb. 24. The specialty clubs' trophies and prizes are numerous and valuable. The club offers kennel prizes of $20, $15 and $10. In some challenge classes the prizes are $15, in others $10. Open classes vary from $15, $10, $5 and $3, and $10, $5 and $3, to $10 and $5. In such breeds as have puppy and novice classes the prizes are: Puppies $5 and $3. Novice classes $10, $5 and $3, and $10 and $5. The special prize list is a long one and will be augmented still more, as there are specialty clubs yet to hear from and many more private specials expected, all of which will be announced later.

Spratts Patent will bench and feed, and that skillful expert, Mr. E. M. Oldham, is engaged to superintend. The management desires photographs from exhibitors for use in press notices. To appreciate the full value of the premium list send in your address to the club and have one mailed to you. The list of judges is as follows:

Mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, spaniels, collies, poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers and Irish terriers, Mr. Chas. H. Mason, New York.

Newfoundlands, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, English, Irish and Gordon setters, Chesapeake Bay dogs, old English sheep dogs, Dalmatians, Scotch terriers, whippets, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmonts and Skye terriers, schipperkes and miscellaneous, Mr. John Davis, Monroe, Mich.

Great Danes and dachshunds, Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Bloodhounds, Boston terriers, beagles, black and tan, Yorkshire and toy terriers, pugs, King Charles, Blenheim, Prince Charles and ruby and Japanese spaniels, and Italian greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass.

Parturition and Care of Puppies.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My pointer bitch Floss died in labor. She was due to whelp on Jan. 11. On the morning of the 13th she had one fine dog puppy. On the 14th one more; then I called a veterinarian, and he treated her during the day without any good results. In the evening he operated on her. At midnight she was so much worse and seemed in so much agony we thought best to give her chloroform.

She was in good condition and had the best of care; was very heavy with litter. The first puppy removed by the surgeon was tail first. The water had run off and left it dry and hard. I am trying to raise the dog puppy on a bottle, and have some hopes of doing so. He is now 6 days old and doing well.

I thought possible some of your contributors may have had experience in this line and could give some information that would be of help in raising my puppy and also give some information as how to proceed with a bitch during pregnancy and labor, and inform me as to the cause of the trouble. Is it a common thing to have such trouble? I never knew one to die or have such difficulty.

I feed the puppy milk, one spoon lime water to six of milk, in a bottle with common nipple, and he feeds and sleeps and is really no trouble. He seems to be doing well. This may bring out some valuable correspondence on the subject. C. L. SLAYTON.

Gordon Setter Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In addition to the $320 cash prizes (same as to other setters) offered by the Westminster Kennel Club to Gordons at the coming New York show, the Gordon Setter Club offers $40 in cash prizes to dogs and bitches in open classes, belonging to members whose dues are paid up before close of entries on Feb. 4 next; also the *American Field* silver vase (cost over $100).

The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden on Thursday evening (the second night of the show), Feb. 20, at 7:30 o'clock, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may then come up. Members are requested to send in their annual dues ($5) and the names of those to be proposed for membership to L. A. Van Zandt, secretary-treasurer, 988 Prospect avenue, New York city.

W. K. C. Show.

MR. JAMES MORTIMER, superintendent of the New York show, desires that attention be called to the fact that entries positively close on Feb. 4. The following additional specials are offered:

The Boston Terrier Club offers the following special prizes: The club's breeders' trophy, value $100, for the best dog or bitch bred by the exhibitor; the club's challenge trophy, value $100, for the best dog or bitch owned by the exhibitor six months prior to the close of entries; entries to be made with the secretary of the Boston Terrier Club on or before Feb. 4, accompanied by an entry fee of $3. The owner of the best dog to receive 50 per cent. of the stake, the second best 30 per cent. and the third best 20 per cent.

The winners of the trophies will receive a silver meda in commemoration of the award.

Each trophy must be won five times before becoming the absolute property of the winner. Trophies to be competed for annually at the Westminster Kennel Club and the New England Kennel Club shows.

The American Scottish Terrier Club offers two silver challenge cups, one for the best American-bred dog puppy, and one for the best American-bred bitch puppy.

Dwight Baldwin, Esq., offers a silver bowl, value $50, to be known as the Boston Terrier Puppy Bowl, open to club members only, for the best Boston terrier between the ages of 6 and 16 months registered in the A. K. C. Stud Book. To be won five times.

George N. Phelps, Esq., offers a silver vase, value $50, for the best Boston terrier brood bitch shown with two or more of her produce, which must be entered in their regular classes, but need not be the property of the same exhibitor. To be won five times. Donor not to compete.

Kindly note that the special prize offered by Dr. C. A. Lougest for the best bloodhound sired by Alchymist, Belhus, Berry's Bradshaw, applies to dogs born after 1893.

The Westminster Kennel Club will give a special prize of $20 for the best exhibit of four spaniels over 28lbs., entered and owned by one exhibitor, and the special already announced in the premium list shall be for the best exhibit of four cocker spaniels, entered and owned by one exhibitor.

Class 106, for spaniel puppies under 12 months, is for any variety except toy spaniels.

The Westminster Kennel Club will also give a special prize of $20 for the best exhibit of four Boston terriers, entered and owned by one exhibitor.

Class 288, ruby spaniels, will be divided by sex.

U. S. F. T. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of sportsmen attending the field trials of the United States Field Trial Club at West Point, Miss., commencing on Feb. 3 next, and the Championship Field Trial, commencing on Feb. 10 at the same point, the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, running from St. Louis to Mobile, Ala., and on whose line the town of West Point is situated, have generously made a low rate as follows: At all junction points on their line and also all important towns, a one-fare round-trip ticket will be sold on Feb. 1, 2 and 3, good returning till Feb. 29; and to those sportsmen who can only attend the Championship trial, a one-fare round-trip ticket will be sold on Feb. 8, 9, and 10, good returning till Feb. 29; and also for the benefit of those sportsmen attending the trials who desire to secure some of the very fine quail shooting along the line of the Mobile & Ohio Railway, a round-trip ticket will be sold from West Point, Miss., to points within fifty miles of that place, good for twenty days. Such tickets will be sold only to persons holding return parts of tickets reading to West Point. Dogs are to be carried free in baggage cars. The prospects are that this will be the most successful trial the Club has ever held. The quality of the dogs entered in the several stakes is of the highest order. Quail are plentiful and the country open, so that ample opportunity is offered to see the dogs in their work. The Holt House will be headquarters, a reduced rate being given to sportsmen. Good saddle horses will be obtainable. W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y-Treas.

Metropolitan Kennel Club.

THE executive committee of the Metropolitan Kennel Club held a meeting at Rockwell's, New York, on Jan. 23. Present: Messrs. H. T. Foote, A. L. Lankota, A. C. Wilmerding, G. W. H. Ritchie and E. M. Oldham. Dr. H. T. Foote, president, in the chair.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved, it was resolved that the president, Dr. H. T. Foote, and the secretary, Mr. E. M. Oldham, compose a committee to select suitable rooms adjacent to Madison Square Garden for the accommodation of the club and its friends during the dog show week and to arrange for such entertainment as they may deem necessary.

It was resolved that the club should at once make application to the American Kennel Club for membership. Mr. J. H. Mathews was unanimously elected vice-president of the club.

The annual meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19, at Madison Square Garden.

Irish Setter Club Meeting.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—A meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club of America was held on Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 54 Stone street, New York.

Present: James B. Blossom, B. L. Clements and G. H. Thomson, and by proxy, Dr. G. G. Davis, W. L. Washington, F. L. Cheyney and Ray Tompkins.

George H. Thomson was elected delegate to the A. K. C.

It was decided to offer the following specials at the W. K. C. show in February, 1896: $5 for the best dog, $5 for the best bitch, $5 for the second best dog and $5 for the second best bitch; to be competed for in open class by members of the club whose dues are paid by the time of closing of entries, Feb. 4, 1896; and $5 for the Irish setter having the best field trial record made in 1895.

It was also decided to hold the annual meeting at Madison Square Garden on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 1 P. M.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y I. S. C.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The lovers of the dogs may be breezy in their expressions of opinion among themselves once in a hundred years or thereabouts, but be this as it may they are disposed to make common cause against an invader. A correspondent who objects to the kennel department being called the "dark and bloody ground" writes us as follows: "I heard recently of a dog which found fifteen bevies in three hours and pointed single birds like a hen picking up corn. If your friend Hough had only been along he would have deadened all the timber along Coonewah Creek and made the men who killed those geese in North Dakota feel as though they had fooled their time away. Still a field trial dog would not do to shoot over, and a thirst for gore such as Mr. Hough's will never be appeased shooting over meat dogs. It appears to me that a man who has lost bears, and even has the temerity to go and hunt for them, should not be allowed to allude to the kennel department as the 'dark and bloody ground'. A friend of mine who lives near where Mr. Hough killed his bear, tells of a hunter from Chicago who was with Bobo, and who killed a bear and tied it to his dugout (or rather his dugout he tied to the dead bear, as he took the tired bear to be) and then went to investigate a noise in the cane which sounded as though made by a bevy of bears. Failing to find anything, he returned for his bear, and was surprised to find both bear and dugout gone. Following the trail that seemed to have been made by his dugout being dragged off, he finally lost the trail at the foot of a very tall gum tree. Happening to look up, he espied about half his dugout sticking out of a hole in the tree 70ft. from the ground. It was some trouble to climb the tree and pull the boat and bear out of the hole, but he eventually retrieved both without danger or mutilation. I looked as though I doubted this tale, but I was convinced of its truth when the narrator offered to show me the tree."

The American Kennel Club meeting is fixed for Thursday, the second day of the New York show, an unfortunate date in so far as several clubs will hold their meetings at the same time, and thus will not have an opportunity to instruct their delegates in matters of importance in respect to the A. K. C. If it is possible to postpone the A. K. C. meeting till a day later, it would be an advantage to all concerned.

Under date of Jan. 24, the Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., write us that they have started a beagle kennel, all hunting stock and from the best lines of blood obtainable. Three of their bitches are in whelp to noted dogs. The kennel will be represented by both beagles and setters at the New York show.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., known to the fanciers by the endearing title "Uncle Dick," has begun suit against the express company for the loss of an Irish setter which was smothered in its crate *en route* to the Newburgh show. As the matter contains a principle of interest to all fanciers, and as Uncle Dick has all the pluck necessary to grapple with a big corporation, but not its resources, Mr. W. J. Higginson, Rochester, N. Y., has suggested that the brethren chip in to help Uncle Dick carry on the good fight, and as evidence of good faith he donates $5. Let the brethren hear and heed.

From Mr. W. B. Meares, Jr., we have received some sketches, abounding in pleasant humor, from the deft brush of Mrs. Meares, who, with Mr. Meares, followed and enjoyed the competition in the field trials at Newton. One portrays a misguided setter in hot pursuit of a rabbit in moments too precious to be wasted if prizes and honors are to be won. Another shows a dog ranging close to the line of the horizon and his handler is watching him with anxious expression. The third is entitled "Point, Judge," the dog pointing a bevy the wrong way for accuracy.

Mr. W. B. Meares, Jr., Hillsboro, N. C., has sold his setter dog Joyful to Mr. J. Otto Donner, of New York. Joyful favorably distinguished himself in the recent field trials at Newton, N. C.

Mr. L. W. Blankenbaker, of Louisville, is at Cherry Creek, Pontotoc county, Miss., where he has a number of dogs in training. He intends to start Lad's Lady in the trials if nothing unfavorable intervenes.

Mr. John Armstrong, we learn, is making satisfactory progress in the schooling of Mr. Gould's pointers at Pheba, Miss.

Quite a number of Pittsburg gentlemen are intending to visit the field trials at West Point. The Champion stake seems to have excited a field trial interest in a measure equal to that manifested a few years ago.

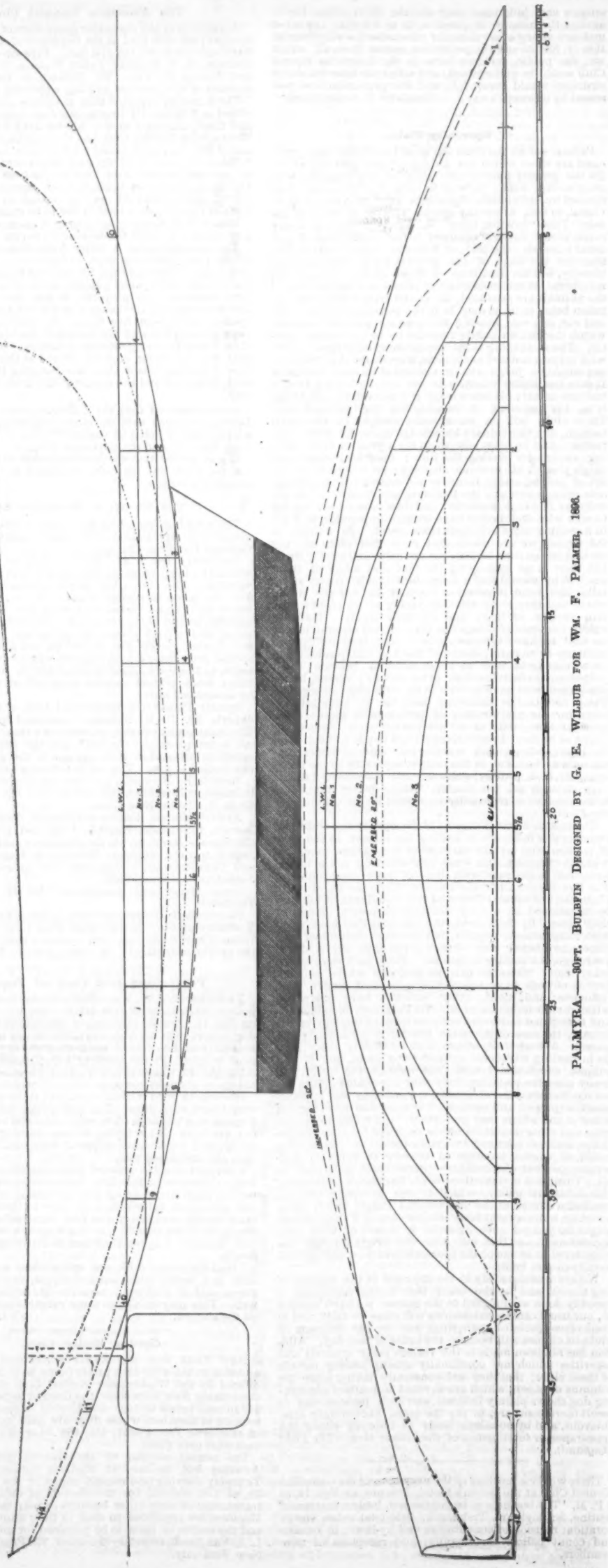
Nine couples of basket beagles arrived on the steamer Martello on Jan. 23, consigned to Mr. A. Delancy Kane. These are intended particularly for sport afoot with the tiny hounds. Mr. Kane rides quite regularly with the Quaker Ridge Kennels in their runs.

The constitution and by-laws of the Metropolitan Kennel Club can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. E. M. Oldham, care of Spratts Patent.

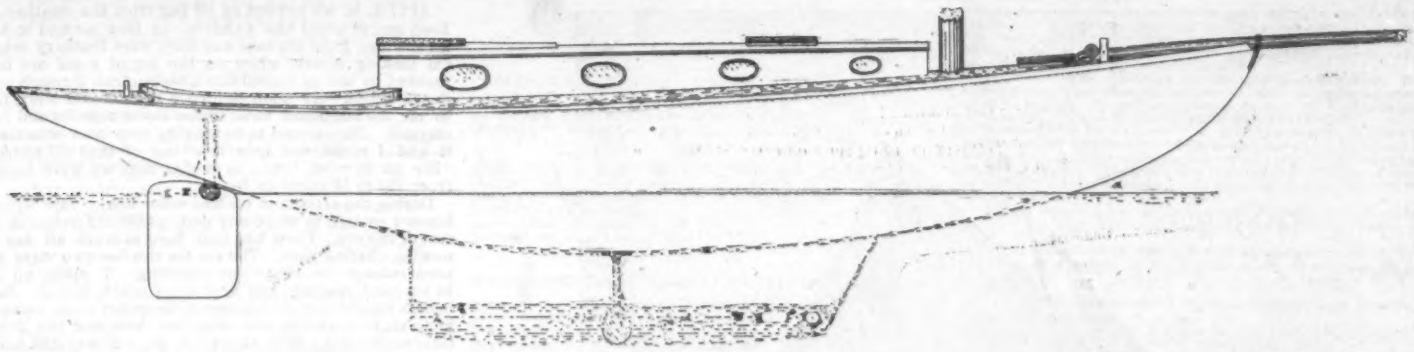
At the curling bonspiel which was concluded in Duluth last week, that sterling sportsman, Mr. Thos. Johnson, was a member of the rink which captured for the third time the Hall diamond medals, which are now the rink's property. Manitoba sent eight rinks of four men each, which were pitted against eight selected rinks made up of picked men of all American rinks, and Manitoba was victorious.

Owing to delicate health Mr. Whyte Bedford has disposed of nearly all his kennel of setters, and is considering whether to quit field trial interests entirely or not. He may remain at West Point after the trials and enjoy the shooting which there obtains and also at the same time enjoy the curative benefits of West Point's artesian water. All good dogmen like pure water and abundance of it.

We are informed that Capt. Joseph H. Dew intends to be present at the forthcoming field trials at West Point,



PALMYRA.—80FT. BULBFIN DESIGNED BY G. E. WILBUR FOR WM. F. PALMER, 1896.



PALMYRA.

Miss., and that a number of Nashville gentlemen will accompany him, among whom will be Mr. J. D. B. De Bow, assistant general counsel for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad. Mr. De Bow has an excellent puppy or two, and contemplates joining in field trial competition next season. Capt. Dew was a pioneer in field trial interests and in the improvement of the setter and pointer. His dogs and their doings hold an enviable place in the records.

In our advertising columns, J. F. Curly, Fitchburg, Mass., offers pointers; West Philadelphia Kennels, Philadelphia, offer bulldogs and terriers; J. A. Durrell, Pleasant Ridge, O., offers pointers; Seaforth Kennels, East Orange, N. J., announce the St. Bernards Melrose King and Sir Hugh in the stud.

National Beagle Club of America.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—A quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Feb. 3, at 3:30 P. M. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Yachting.

RUMORS of all sorts are flying about as to Mr. Iselin's visit to Europe. One is to the effect that he carries with him the finding of the special committee and will present it to the Royal Y. S. Another states that the main object of his trip abroad is to meet Lord Dunraven on the field of Honour. A meeting of these two noted yachtsmen on the sands of Boulogne, armed with cutlasses, boarding pikes or other appropriately nautical weapons, would give renewed interest to international yachting, which is just now in a bad way.

ONE of the leading representatives of that sort of sensational and claptrap journalism which bribes draftsmen and workmen, hires spies, sends divers under water and balloons in the air, concocts fake designs and sends eavesdroppers to the yacht clubs, has met with a severe rebuke from the special committee. Unfortunately a mere rebuke, however severe and public, has no effect whatever upon this class of offenders, and if the New York Y. C. is honest in its expressions of indignation and desirous of putting an end to such occurrences, it will take some active measures to discover the means by which the report was obtained and to punish both the paper and its tools.

WHILE we have no sympathy whatever with the dishonesty which has made public the evidence, neither have we any with the foolish and unnecessary secrecy with which the New York Y. C. has enveloped the whole matter of the foul and of Lord Dunraven's charges. The special committee, in its statement published elsewhere, gives for the first time its reasons for secrecy, as follows: "That the report and evidence being published together, all the facts and conclusions might come simultaneously before the public, whose opinion could then be formed upon the whole case without the inevitable prejudgment for or against either party consequent upon a partial hearing from day to day."

We confess that such a simple and childlike statement as this has lowered materially our opinion of the special committee. It apparently never occurred to them that this great case, in which two nations were interested, would be taken up by the newspapers to the exclusion of everything else, and that one of two things must happen: either the truth would be obtained by some fraudulent means, or the papers would print lies. The result has been a combination of these two undesirable contingencies; unable to obtain any reliable or definite information during the sessions of the committee, the mind readers of some of the larger papers have filled columns each day with the pleasing pictures of their fancy, and it is on these stories that the public has already made an "inevitable prejudgment." Further than this, the continued and apparently needless concealment of the report has placed so high a premium upon journalistic dishonesty as to defeat its own end.

We are surprised that the gentlemen of the committee did not appreciate at the very outset the fact that both the press and the public demanded news of some kind and were certain to get it; and also that the only way in which the average man could form an opinion was through the reading of the evidence from day to day in the daily papers. From what we hear of the extent of the testimony, when it is made public some time in the future there will be so much of it that no paper will be able to publish more than a *resumé*, more or less garbled and incomplete. Those who are specially interested and are able to obtain a copy of the report, may get at the truth by taking a day to read the whole evidence, but to the general public of both countries the matter is largely at an end now.

Whatever danger existed of incomplete and misleading reports being published, had the hearings been open to the press, was not to be considered alongside of the harm actually done by the futile attempts at concealment.

THE case of the testimony as to the foul in the second race is similar to that of the Dunraven charges; the examination of the witnesses should have been public and the proceedings reported from day to day. The report of the regatta committee gives none of the evidence taken by them, important as it was.

Idlewild—Constellation.

AN important case was decided in New York last week, the suit of Charles Cooper Clark, owner of the schooner yacht Idlewild, against Bayard Thayer, owner of the schooner yacht Constellation. The suit grew out of a collision between the two yachts as they were running into Newport on Aug. 4, 1892, at the end of the squadron run from New London. Idlewild was not racing, but was making for the harbor, as the big racing schooners Constellation, Merlin, Lasca and others were near the finish line of the run, off the Dumplings. All were before the wind with spinakers and all racing kites set. Idlewild had no spinaker set, and kept away as far as she could without jibing, though finally compelled to jibe. Constellation ran up on her and their spars came in collision, the main boom of Idlewild being unshipped. Mr. Clark was standing forward of the mainmast, and as the end of the boom flew forward it struck him in the head, inflicting serious injury.

Mr. Clark claimed $25,000 personal damages, $1,250 for damages to the yacht, and $1,500 for the loss of her for two months during repairs.

Concerning Mr. Clark's personal injuries, evidence was introduced to show that he had also been injured in a railway collision and a runaway accident, and that such injury as he suffered from was due in part to these. It was also shown that the damage to the yacht was comparatively trifling.

The main point of the case was whether, under the rules of the road at sea, Constellation, as the overtaking vessel, was obliged to keep clear; or whether, under the racing rules of the New York Y. C., to which both yachts belong, Idlewild, not being in the race, was obliged to keep out of the way of the racing yachts. The judge's charge favored the latter view, but the jury gave a verdict of $5,000 for Mr. Clark. Messrs. Charles Francis Adams 2d and Sigourney Butler, both expert yachtsmen, were associated with Peter B. Olney in the defense.

The Bulb-Fin Palmyra.

LOOKING at what was understood to be the original aim of its founders, the 34ft. racing length special class of the Larchmont Y. C. can hardly be called a success; though some of the boats built last year are better than others and more nearly in accordance with the letter of the requirements, in all the faster ones speed has been purchased at the cost of other important qualities. About Larchmont, the home of the class, only the centerboard type has been tried, with the single exception of Vorant II., a moderate keel cutter, the fin type being entirely passed by. The yacht whose lines are here shown, through the courtesy of her owner and her designer, was built for another locality and has never met the main class; but she is a successful study in the fin keel type under the special Larchmont rules. These, as is well known, limit the l.w.l. to 28 to 30ft., the deck length to 45ft., the racing length to 34ft., and call for not less than certain limits of headroom and floor space, the idea being to produce a yacht with some internal accommodation such as is not possessed by the racing fin-keel. One important detail of the rules is the practical limitation of the midship section coefficient to a minimum of 35 per cent.

Palmyra was designed by Mr. George B Wilbur, the well-known amateur, of Taunton, Mass., and was built for Mr. William F. Palmer, of the same place, formerly owner of the fin-keel Paralos, also designed by Mr. Wilbur. By a judicious combination of dimensions with a powerful but easy form and a long shoal fin of cast iron, a yacht has been produced which fulfills in a marked degree the requirements as to floor space, headroom etc., complying not merely with the letter, but with the spirit of the rules, and in addition has proved a fast boat in her home waters, Narragansett Bay, where a number of good 30-footers are found during the racing season. The construction and use of the yacht are both such as pertain to cruising and general sailing rather than extreme racing; but she has during the season started four times and won three firsts, being once disabled; and has shown satisfactory evidence of good speed in addition to her accommodation and light draft. The designed dimensions and calculations are as follows; but in both racing and cruising, the yacht carried 1,500lbs. of water in her tanks and 1,250lbs. of fittings, which brought her to a lwl. of just 30ft:

Length, stemhead to taffrail	43ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	30ft.
Beam, extreme	10ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	10ft. 1in.
Draft, hull	2ft.
extreme	4ft. 9in.
Freeboard, bow	4ft. 9in.
least	2ft. 9in.
stern	3ft. 2in.
Displacement, hull, long tons	6.14
fin and bulb	3.10
Headroom, cabin	6ft. 3in.
forecastle, over	5ft.
Midship section, coefficient	.35%

Palmyra was built by E. H. Brown, of the Taunton shipyard, being launched on July 17, 1895. The construction is most careful and thorough, being superintended by her owner, who has built and owned a number of yachts. The fastenings are brass screws throughout. She is handsomely finished in mahogany on deck and below, the cabin house and carlins being of mahogany, the roof of the house of Oregon cedar, and the interior of mahogany and butternut in the cabin and the latter wood alone forward.

The forecastle extends across the boat for a length of 6ft. and is fitted with a sink piped to the sea and plumbed to tanks of 180 gallons capacity, an ice box extending from ceiling to deck of 350lbs. capacity, and a china locker is built in compartments for a full dinner service. The cabin has four berths and four transoms, the berth boards of the after berths being removable, making each of these berths as wide as an ordinary bed. The headroom, 6ft. 3in. under carlins, and the raised house make a light, roomy and airy cabin, and the arrangement and fittings are all planned with a view to regular cruising service.

From a long experience with different types, having built and owned five 30ft. l.w.l. yachts, Mr. Palmer is convinced that the broad and shoal fin-keel is the ideal type for a cruiser, combining as it does the greatest amount of living room with a small displacement, fine lines, a form capable of being easily driven with a small sail area and at the same time of great sail-carrying power. As the drawings show, with all the fullness of sections and waterlines the lines are very easy and fair in spite of the contraction before alluded to. The rig is shown in the smaller cuts.

YAMPA'S VOYAGE.—I.

New York to Gibraltar, 1895.

ON the morning of Jan. 10, 1895, the seagoing tug Tarus left the harbor of Boston with the schooner yacht Yampa in tow, bound for New York. Yampa had on all her seagoing togs, and was armed and equipped for distant service, "bound foreign."

After rounding Cape Cod, and while still on the Shoals, we ran into a heavy snow squall from the S.W. and put into Vineyard Haven for the night.

Under way at daylight next morning, still blowing half a gale from the S.W., found quite a jump of a sea on in Vineyard Sound, and occasionally we would stick our jibboom into it. Everything went along nicely until we were abreast of Faulkner's Island, when the gale increased and another blinding snowstorm set in. The skipper of the tug decided to run into Morris Cove and make a harbor for the night. While rounding up to let go the hook Yampa's jibboom got afoul of the cabin house of a coal barge, and gently shifted the cabin top over the side.

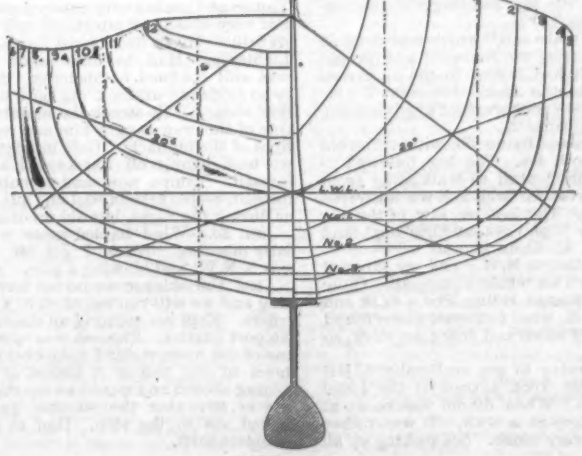
Luckily no one was injured, and it was so nicely done that not even a rope yarn on Yampa parted.

Jan. 12.—Left Morris Cove at 6 A. M.; the wind had moderated, and the sea was smooth as a mill pond. We had an uneventful trip to the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, New York, where we arrived about 3 P. M. Moored ship between the piers of Twenty-eighth and Twenty-sixth streets, then sent out stern lines and hauled her stern into the Twenty-sixth street dock, rigged out a gang plank, and then the ship was open for inspection to the numerous friends of her owner, Richard S. Palmer, New York Y. C. Yampa certainly did look rather small when compared with the school-ship St. Mary and the old line of battle ship New Hampshire, now used as headquarters for the First Naval Battalion; but after once having been aboard and explored the accommodation and room below, she gave one an idea of a much larger boat than she really is. Being built of steel, and as there are no large knees and frames to cover up with joiner work, she has great spaced below. The following are her dimensions:

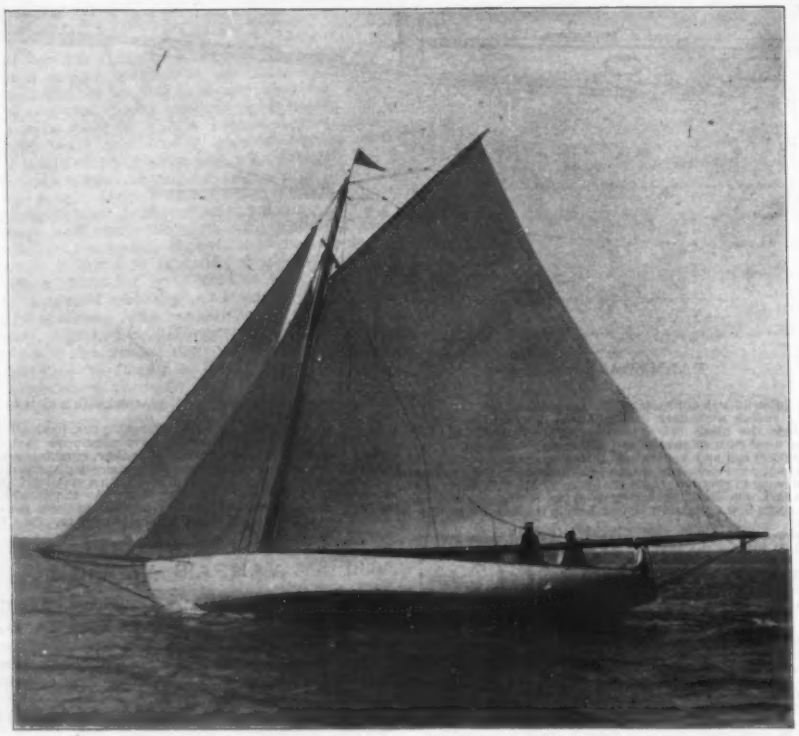
Length over all, 135ft.; l.w.l., 110ft.; extreme beam, 27ft.; depth of hold, 13ft. 3in.; draft, 14ft. She was designed by A. Cary Smith and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., Wilmington, Del., in 1887, and beyond doubt is the finest schooner in the world.

When I mentioned to my friends that my cousin and I were going to make the trip across, the comments were numerous and rather funny. They were about evenly divided and can be classed in just two sets: those who thought we were fools, and the others who thought we were lucky to have such a chance. Needless to mention that we both agreed with the latter.

Yampa was in the finest trim for a "dipsy" voyage. All sails, standing and running rigging were brand new and of the very best. Mainsail, foresail and forestaysail were made of No. 0 duck, jib of No. 1, and topsails and flying jib of No. 2. Besides the above sails we carried a square-sail on the fore. It was rigged to hoist on a wire pennant that ran from the hounds to the deck, and was set up with a turnbuckle. It was a very handy rig, and the yard could be cockbilled and used as a spinaker boom in a



BODY PLAN.



PALMYRA.

very short time. Our squaresail was made in two sections: the upper of No. 1 duck, 20ft. in hoist, and permanently attached to the yard. The sail was bent to the yard on hoops, and when not in use was tightly brailed up and furled. It hung parallel with the foremast, and was securely lashed to keep it from swinging about. The bonnet, or lower section of squaresail, was of much lighter canvas and 34ft. in length, which gave the whole sail a hoist of 54ft. when set. Six brailing lines were rove off every time the sail was set, two on the upper section and four on the bonnet. Each brail and outhaul worked independently, and as there was a tack in the center of the foot of the sail the weather side of the squaresail could be set at any time. We also had main and foretrysails, and numerous kites, such as jibtopsails, maintopmast staysails, etc.

Open house was kept on Yampa until midnight of Jan. 16, at which time all hands were ordered to report on board and stand by for an early start next morning. It was a most unpleasant night to start out on a yachting trip—raining hard and as cold as charity. After bidding farewell to all my relatives, friends, etc., and wading through the numerous ponds that are always to be found in East Twenty-sixth street on a rainy day, I must confess that I felt rather blue. However, one look at the sign ("Charities and Correction") over the pier seemed to inspire me with new life. Had quite a time rousing the watchman of the dock, as it was 1 A. M., but at last succeeded, and went aboard Yampa and reported for duty. The rest of the boys were all on board, and were going down as far as the Hook next morning to give us a good send off. Our crew consisted of nineteen men all told, to say nothing of the dog (Dapper, a fox-terrier): Capt. Edward Sherlock, First Mate John Burt and Second Mate Wm. Carrol, two cooks, two stewards and twelve men before the mast. They were all deep-sea men, and as good a crew as ever trod a vessel's deck.

Jan. 17.—Turned out at 7 A. M.; beautiful morning, but cold. Wind W. and very puffy. All hands were hard at work stowing away things and making the decks look shipshape. While we were eating breakfast about 8:30 A. M. the tug came alongside and passed us a line; we got in our stern lines and started heaving up anchors. By 9 A. M. we had both anchors catted and were moving down the East River.

It was horribly cold on the trip down the Bay, and the snow-covered hills of Staten Island did not tend to cheer us up. At 12:30 we had a light lunch and the boys drank numerous toasts to T. and me and wished us all kinds of good luck, etc. Off Scotland Lightship at 1:15 P. M. the tug dropped us and came alongside and took off Mr. Palmer and the rest of the party. Being still on crutches from a fall in riding Mr. Palmer could not make the passage, but was to join us by steamer at Gibraltar. We then manned the side and gave them three cheers, which they returned with a will, the tug assisting with numerous blasts from her whistle.

Then it was "all hands make sail," which was done in a very short time. In hoisting the mainsail and foresail large lumps of ice (which had frozen in the numerous bights of the sails) fell to the deck. I thought T.'s remark at that time—"It's —— poor weather to go yachting in"—came very near being correct.

Started under full sail except flying jib, with a fine old westerly breeze and smooth sea. The tug followed us until 2 P. M., when we commenced to walk away from her. She whistled us a sweet farewell and we answered the salute by firing a gun. The last we saw of the tug she was making tracks for New York, and the next land we expected to see was St. Michaels, Azores.

At 3 P. M. the wind hauled to N.W., and we downed foresail and forestaysail and set whole squaresail. Quite a good sea on now and Yampa riding like a duck and logging 11 knots. At 4 P. M. wind increased some; found that jib was simply slatting about and doing no work, so we downed it.

On deck all afternoon trying to get acclimatized, but found it rather cold work. Took a trick at the wheel and managed to warm up. When dinner was ready at 6 P. M. found I was hungry as a wolf. T. was rather squeamish and did not eat very much. Sea picking up all the time. On deck until 9 P. M. Wind N.W., blowing steadily. Yampa under whole mainsail and squaresail and doing 10 knots. Read until 10:30, then turned in.

Jan. 18.—Wind continued steady, and at 3 A. M. we ran into the Gulf Stream; found quite a sea on and all over the shop. Steward called us at 8 A. M. and brought some tea biscuits, which we stowed away before turning out.

On deck in a very short time, and found the weather very much warmer. Wind still N.W., and Yampa under mainsail and squaresail. Fine, clear day, and very few of the clouds that are usually seen hanging over the Stream. We are now running dead squared and the sea is cut up so that it gives her a very peculiar motion. Spent all morning reeving off life lines and putting on chafing gear.

The amount of chafing that occurs on a sailing vessel at sea would surprise one who has never seen it. Every place that a rope touches it chafes, and to quote our second mate, "A packet like this will do more chafing in two days off shore than she would in five years knocking along the beach." From what I have seen I think he is right. Drew a bucket of water about noon and found its temperature was 70°. So much warmer this afternoon that we have been knocking about without overcoats.

Took a short trick at wheel and found it rather hard work. At 6 P. M. wind backed round to west again, and we downed squaresail and set foresail, forestaysail and jib.

Breezed up all the evening, but we hung on to everything, and drove her through it until 11 P. M., then turned out all hands, double reefed mainsail and put single reef in foresail. Midnight—wind increasing and sea picking up all the time.

Jan. 19.—Kept her going all night under the same sail. On deck at 8 A. M. Blowing half a gale from the west and a howling old sea on. Going like a race horse. T. was too sick this A. M. to turn out for breakfast, and resolved to remain in his bunk and await developments. Oilskins and boots were the uniform for the day, as it rains occasionally and we are driving her. Gale increased during the morning and sea getting worse all the time. Took in double reefed mainsail at 11 A. M., and set maintrysail, which eased her up a good bit. At 11:30 set the upper part of squaresail and hoisted the yard about half-way up the foremast. We are now doing 12½ knots. Had a large and elegant appetite for luncheon and as T. was still too sick to turn out I ate both rations. We battened her down about noon, as sea was getting worse all the time. At 2 P. M. wind shifted to N.W. and blew harder than ever. Brailed up squaresail and jibed over. Took a green sea over the weather quarter that stove in the port quarter of our lifeboat.

The lifeboat was stowed on the starboard quarter of Yampa and made a very handy deck locker. Wind continued very squally all afternoon and it rained occasionally. At 6:10 P. M. we had logged just 500 miles from Scotland Lightship. Had to dine alone this evening as T. was still confined to his bunk. At 8 P. M. a flying fish (who evidently mistook our port light for the rising sun) flew aboard. He struck the maintrysail and fell on deck. One of the crew caught him and we examined him by the light of the binnacle. Gale increased about 11 P. M. and we took bonnet off forestaysail and put another reef in foresail. Yampa now under maintrysail, double reefed foresail, reefed forestaysail and jib. Several seas boarded us during the night, but did no damage.

Jan. 20.—Wind hauled more to the north during the early morning. When I got on deck at 8 A. M. wind was N.N.W. and blowing a gale. Mate wanted to heave to, but the skipper would not have it. "Keep her running and we will run out of it in a day or so"—were the orders. Kept her running all the morning with wind off the port quarter. The sea was now mountains high and one of the finest sights I have ever seen. When we were down in the hollow it looked as if the next sea was coming aboard and would sweep the deck. We did ship one or two over the weather quarter, one of which soaked me to the skin. Had to go below and make a complete shift.

At 11 A. M. we put out an oil bag from the weather cathead and it acted like a charm—in fact seemed to take all the top from the seas and they were feathery white. On looking astern when on the top of a sea our track marked by the oil looked like a beaten trail through some dense woods. At noon sighted a bark bound west, hove to on the starboard tack, under lower topsails and forestaysail. She seemed to be making very poor weather of it and I could not help thinking of that old proverb, "It's an ill wind," etc., as at that time we were logging from 13½ to 14 knots an hour.

During the afternoon we had some heavy rain squalls, but not enough to make any perceptible difference in the size of the sea. Crew had been hard at work all day renewing chafing gear. The sea for the last two days had been enough to chafe out anything. T. spent all day in his bunk reading, and now feels much better. Have had to use the companionway of the galley as an entrance and exit to the cabin ever since we battened her down. Gale moderated a little about 8 P. M., but was still rather squally. Sea also smoothing some, and we took in oil bag. Had been running all day under maintrysail, double reefed foresail, reefed forestaysail and jib. At midnight wind had become steady, so shook out one reef in foresail. Sea smoothing a bit.

Jan. 21.—Carried the same sail all early morning. On turning out at 8 A. M. found that sea had smoothed some. T. turned out for breakfast as fresh as a 2-year-old. It was a beautiful day, and as warm as toast. Sat around on deck in the sun all morning, and felt sorry for all the poor devils that were freezing in New York. Dapper (the fox-terrier) also made his appearance on deck this A. M. and looked very fit for a dog that had eaten nothing for two days. Tried to tempt him with all kinds of biscuits and at last he succumbed to some gingersnaps, which seemed to brace him right up.

At noon the skipper, T. and I took altitude of sun, and on working it out found we had run down to 33° N. Found it rather hard work at first to keep my feet and take a sight. Finally I got a brace in the lee rigging and succeeded. At 12:30 the lookout reported, "Sail ho!" dead ahead. All hands and the cook tumbled on deck to see the show. After a few minutes we made her out to be a tramp steamer bound to the westward, with mainsail, foresail and jib set.

We got our ensign out and, as mainsail was not set, we lashed it to one of the topping lifts. Also got our number, K. D. W. S., and sent it up to the maintop. The tramp passed about a quarter of a mile to leeward of us and hoisted English colors. Shortly afterward she sent up answering pennant. She was a small vessel, light and rolling like a log. The small rags of sails she was carrying did not appear to be doing her much good, for she seemed to roll as much to windward as to leeward. Wind lightened up some at 1:30 P. M. and we shook out the reef in foresail. Sea still pretty bad, but has lost all its angry look. Carried same sail until the second dog watch and then put single reef in foresail again. At 7 P. M. we had logged just 1,000 miles from Scotland Lightship. Wind steady and sea still very high. On deck until 10 P. M.

Jan. 22.—Wind shifted to N.W. about 3 A. M. and let up a bit. Sea smoothing all the time. At daylight shook out reef in foresail and put bonnet on forestaysail. On deck at 8 A. M., beautiful morning and as balmy as June. Sea smooth enough for us to take off all battens and give the cabins a chance to air. At 9:30 A. M. set foretopsail. Yampa now under maintrysail, foresail and topsail, forestaysail and jib, and doing about 10 knots.

Crew spent all morning making chafing gear and overhauling running rigging, etc. At noon took sight for latitude. 12:30 downed maintrysail and set double reefed mainsail. Spent all afternoon on deck reading, etc. Wind continued the same until 5 P. M., when it hauled more to the westward. Clewed up foretopsail and downed forestaysail and set the upper part of squaresail.

PALMYRA.

During the evening it clouded over and we had numerous rain squalls. None were very heavy. On deck until 10 P. M.; rain had knocked down the sea somewhat. Wind still west. W. IRVINE ZERREGA.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Special Committee's Report.

COM. BROWN has called a special meeting of the New York Y. C. for Jan. 31, at which the report of the committee appointed to investigate Lord Dunraven's charges against Mr. Iselin will probably be made public. A special meeting of the committee was held on Jan. 21, and the following announcement was made public:

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The evidence given before the special committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club to take action upon the statement made by Lord Dunraven covering the America Cup races having been surreptitiously obtained, and having been published by the *New York Herald*, contrary to the purposes of the committee and in advance of its report, the committee thinks it due to itself and the public to make the following statement:

In view of the feeling which had been excited and the international interest involved in a thorough investigation, the committee, with considerable reluctance and at no small personal sacrifice, undertook the duties assigned to it.

It sat with closed doors, and made every effort to keep the evidence private, in order that, the report and evidence being published together, all the facts and conclusions might come simultaneously before the public, whose opinion could then be formed on the whole case without the inevitable prejudgment for or against either party consequent on a partial hearing from day to day.

That this purpose has been defeated the public knows—and how! Important papers have been prematurely made public against the will and well-understood efforts of the persons in charge of them who were responsible for the proper discharge of an extremely delicate duty.

In what way a copy of the evidence was obtained the committee does not know; but, in its judgment, the publication under the well-known circumstances is a disgrace to the journal that made it, and the committee believes that this view can scarcely fail to be that of every respectable member of the community, conscious of the existence of an evil of which this is one of the worst instances.

EDWARD J. PHELPS,
ALFRED T. MAHAN,
J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
GEORGE L. RIVES.

Grilse and Sylph.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The FOREST AND STREAM in a recent issue reprints an article from the *Boston Globe*, which, speaking of Mr. Huckins's boat Sylph, calls her a 30-footer and easily the best boat in the bay in her class, and says that Grilse had to lower her colors on several occasions.

Now Sylph measured just under 15ft. waterline at the first races and later with a heavier mast just over 15ft. She was built especially to get round last year's measurement, while Grilse was not, and though really decidedly larger than the figures show, got a very large allowance from Grilse. The record of races where either started is given below. Sylph does not belong to the Beverly Y. C. and could not enter the championship races, but twice sailed the course and was timed by request.

June 17.—Open. Sylph dismasted just before start. Grilse won.

July 4.—Championship. Howling gale and blinding rain N.E. Sylph on hand to sail over course, but made no attempt to start. Grilse won in very fast time.

July 13.—Open race. Hard blow, squall, etc. Sylph not on hand. Grilse won easily.

Aug. 3.—Championship. Sylph sailed course in 1.57.31. Grilse in 1.53.4, which lead is more than the allowance.

Aug. 17.—Open. Fluky, boats separated. Actual time, Grilse 1.23.47; Sylph 1.23.37. Corrected: Sylph 1 07.49, Grilse 1.08.59.

Aug.—Sippican Y. C. Open to entire fleet. Grilse beat Sylph some minutes and took the cup from entire fleet.

Aug 31.—Open.	Actual.	Corrected.
Grilse	1 53 46	1 37 11
Sylph	1 55 53	1 36 49
Sept. 2.—Open race.	Actual.	Corrected.
Grilse	2 52 56	2 26 21
Sylph	3 02 19	2 43 11

Sept. 14.—Championship. Grilse wins. Sylph sailed course and was beaten about 10 minutes. X. Y. Z.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

William Judson Averill, until recently in charge of the yacht and boat department of the New York store of A. G. Spalding & Bro., died on Jan. 21 of consumption, at the age of 23 years. Mr. Averill was the youngest of four brothers, well known among the younger yachtsmen and canoeists of New York and Brooklyn, one of whom, H. R. Averill, died under very sad circumstances about two years ago. The other two are now in business in Yokohama, where they take an active part in yachting. Mr. Averill was an ardent lover of yachting, and for some years has been connected with the boat business about New York. He was a good Corinthian sailor, and from his readiness to work his passage at tiller and sheet, as well as his personal qualities, was always welcome aboard racing yachts. Within a very few years the family has been completely broken up through the deaths in succession of the father, mother and second son, and Mr. Averill has never recovered from the final shock caused by his brother's death. Last winter he visited Bermuda and returned somewhat improved in health, but during the summer he was taken seriously ill, and while on board Mr. Hoyt's Norota on the New York cruise was compelled to give up all work. Consumption developed rapidly, and he grew steadily weaker to the end. His last actual work was in connection with Ethelwynn, and his energy and perseverance, though ill at the time, contributed materially to the rapid and perfect construction of the yacht, the details of centerboard, spars, sails, fittings, etc., being prepared in advance, while the hull was building. No one connected with her was more deeply interested in her success or took more pride in her, and yet he never saw her. His thorough integrity and honesty of purpose, his earnestness in everything which he undertook, and his plain and unaffected manners endeared him to all who came in contact with him socially, in business or in yachting.

Mr. W. D. Hodge, of Sandquay, Dartmouth, who died yesterday from congestion of the lungs, was widely known all along the South coast. Mr. Hodge was the builder of small half-racing craft, notably the Picaroon, Corrinette, Semibreve and Halo. Some of his best efforts in the 1-rating class were the Nanette and Scourge, while Scaramouch, Jack o' Lanthorn and many others were built at his yard. With Capt. Bayly, of Exmouth, he jointly owned many racing craft, and few will feel his loss more than Capt. Bayly. He was an esteemed member of the committees of Dart Boat Sailing and Minima Yacht Clubs. Mr. Hodge, who was 48 years of age and only ill ten days, was a stanch Wesleyan, and had held nearly all the offices open to laymen. Much sympathy is expressed with his widow, son and daughters.—*Western Morning News, Jan. 14.*

"Steam Vessels and Marine Engines" is the title of a handsome quarto volume by G. Foster Howell, of the *American Ship Builder*, and published by that paper. Mr. Howell has collected a large number of illustrations of both sail and steam vessels, yachts, steamers, tugs, etc., with engines and boilers, the whole making a valuable and interesting book of reference in modern practice, as well as a history of marine engineering. All types are illustrated and fully described, from the original Savannah and the packet ships to the St. Paul and Lucania.

The yacht brokerage business established two years since by Ashton Lemoine will in the future be conducted under the name of Tams & Lemoine, Mr. J. Frederick Tams having joined Mr. Lemoine on the first of the year. Both of these gentlemen are very well known to yachtsmen, and Mr. Tams in particular has been prominent in the New York and Seawanhaka clubs, and in New York yachting, for more years perhaps than he would care to have us state. In addition to his thorough familiarity with sailing craft and yacht racing, he has had charge of the construction of two of the finest of American steam yachts, Mr. Vanderbilt's Alva and Mr. Morgan's Corsair. The firm will carry on a general business as yacht and ship brokers, marine constructors and insurers, and they are prepared to furnish plans, place contracts and superintend all classes of marine work. Their office is at 44 Pine street, New York, and their London agents are Messrs. Berryman & Turnbull.

The 1896 catalogue of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. is similar in size and style to that of last year, but of improved appearance, and the list of boats, canoes and yachts has been materially enlarged and improved. The success of La Gloria, Scarecrow and Ethelwynn has led the company to devote special attention to this class of small yachts, and to seek for every improvement in model, construction and rig. They have added this season a new design by W. P. Stephens, in two sizes, 19ft. and 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., to be canvased, if desired for racing, to the 30ft. and 15ft. racing length classes. In construction all of these boats have been strengthened and lightened, and the double-skin method has been worked out to a high degree of perfection.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Changes of A. C. A. Racing Rules.

THE following recommendations to the regatta committee / amendments and changes to the racing regulations were made by the executive committee meeting Nov. 11, 1895:

By Mr. O'Brien, seconded by Mr. Scott, that Rule 1 be amended by the addition after paragraph 5 of a paragraph, "Canoes for four men crews shall not exceed 20ft. in length, with minimum beam of 30in."

By Mr. Scott, seconded by Mr. McKendrick, that the regatta committee shall place a limit of not less than 30in. beam and 55lbs. weight to canoes in event 16, tandem paddling.

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Schuyler, to amend Rule 1, paragraph 2, by omitting the words "must not drop more than 18in. below the garboard."

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. McKendrick, in Rule 1, paragraph 5, to strike out down to "no standing sail shall be used."

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Quick, to add in Rule 5, paragraph 2, after the word "men," "provided ten or more finish; if less than ten finish a prize shall only be given to each two or fraction of two finishing."

By Mr. Scott, and seconded by Mr. Schuyler, to change Rule 5, paragraph 3, by striking out the words after the word "with" to the word "thereon," and substituting therefor the words "paddling, sailing or record." The letters A. C. A. and the year expressed in four figures.

By Mr. Quick, seconded by Mr. McKendrick, an amendment that in place of flags, shields or some more lasting memento be substituted.

By Mr. Sparrow, seconded by Mr. Backus, the prizes shall be allotted before the races are run.

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Quick, to change Rule 5, paragraph 6, by striking out the words "rig or."

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Quick, in Rule 5, paragraph 6, to substitute the word "trial" for "unlimited."

The above recommendations by vote were approved.

I approve of the above changes. W. C. WITHERBEE,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Backus, moved that it is the sense of this meeting that after paragraph 1, Rule 1, of rules and regulations shall be added: "Sail area shall be limited to 130sq. ft." Carried.

Mr. Butler moved, seconded by Mr. Smythe, that it is the sense of this meeting in Rule 1, lines 7 and 8, beginning with the word "except," to strike out all the remainder of the paragraph. Carried.

I approve of the above changes. W. C. WITHERBEE,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

The Canoeists' Club of New York.

A NUMBER of the members of the Canoeists' Club of New York and their friends had their customary yearly dinner at Browne's chop house on Jan. 25. The proposed camp on Lake Hopatcong on Decoration Day was discussed and much enthusiasm was shown. Members of the various committees of the Atlantic Division made remarks incidental to the occasion and the evening was enlivened by the old favorites: Australia, Allouette and "Roll a man down." Among those present were Messrs. Vaux, Smythe, Ward, Moore Nadal, W. M. and I. Brownell, Burtis and Hand, of the N. Y. C. C.; R. J. Wilkin, of the B. C. C.; W. E. Barlow and N. S. Hyatt, of Sing Sing; P. B. Rossire, Thomas Hale, Jr., and Leo Shire, of the Yonkers C. C.; L. B. Cawley, of Bound Brook; R. H. Peebles, W. T. Berry, J. P. O'Shea and W. L. Dudley, of the Knickerbocker C. C.; J. V. Dorland, of the Arlington C. C. Mr. Hand was elected President of the Canoeists' Club for the ensuing year and Mr. Hale Secretary-Treasurer. Another dinner is to be held late in February. The committee in charge were Messrs. Dorland, Hale and W. M. Brownell.

[The notices of this dinner were sent out too late last week for publication in the FOREST AND STREAM.]

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Club.*	*City.*
Edw. W. Kinsley	Lakeside Boat Club	Worcester.
H. A. Bellinger	Lakeside Boat Club	Worcester.
Nelson C. Keyes		Worcester.
Edmond J. Somers		Worcester.

Associate: Miss Alice Kirby, Miss Nellie Kirby, Miss Mabel Moser, Rochester, N. Y.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

California Riflemen.

COLUMBIA PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 12.—There was a good turn-out of the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club to-day; the firing points at Shell Mound range were patronized very freely, although the weather conditions were decidedly unfavorable to good scores. A heavy haze hung over the Berkeley shore, while the north wind blew the smoke right back into the shooter's face.

The new target invented by F. O. Young was the center of attraction. This target has been adopted by the club and will be used by the members in their competitions. In describing the target the San Francisco *Call* says:

"It is strictly an American target, and those who did not have a chance to use it during the experimental period were anxious to see what they could do upon it with rifle and pistol, for it is adapted equally to both.

"The Columbia target is a decided departure from all other targets in several particulars. In the first place the count is reversed, starting from the unit in the center, whereas in other ring targets an arbitrary number is placed in the center of the bullseye. In order to get the inch as the unit of value, the 1/16in. lines have been adopted. This makes the diameter of the inner circle, or center ring, 1in. This gives two values to the figures: the diameter value in inches and the distance from the center in half inches. On being shown by the marker a 1, 2, 3 or 4, the marksman knows that his bullet has struck within a 1, 2, 3 or 4in. circle. He also knows the distance of each bullet from the center in half inches. These circles are carried as high as 25, the outer circle being 25in. in diameter, or 13in. from the center. Thus the total of a string of shots is the approximate string measure in half inches. The total divided by the number of shots shows the average size of the circle in inches. A score of 10 shots, total 45, shows that the marksman has an average of a 4.5in. circle.

"To express Creedmoor points on the Columbia target the rule is very simple. Between 1 and 8 Columbia is 5 Creedmoor. Between 8 and 25 Columbia is 4 Creedmoor, and outside is a 3 Creedmoor, at 200yds. The same size target can be used at shorter ranges. At 100yds. the 4 Columbia is the 5 Creedmoor. At 50yds. the 2 is the 5, at 25yds. the 1 is the 5 Creedmoor. This does away with the necessity of reducing targets for shorter ranges. A 12in. black disk or bullseye is used, but its use is principally for the convenience of the eye, and not an object upon which to base computation.

"To be thoroughly American, another innovation was made. When shooting on the point target and a center or 25 was made, the marker waved a red flag. No red flag waves in front of the Columbia target when a center is announced. It is the stars and stripes."

To return to to-day's scores: The club has decided to offer cash prizes for the first and last center shots made on the pistol and rifle targets. Dr. Rodgers made the first center early in the morning, F. O. Young making the last center in the afternoon; this was on the rifle target. On the pistol target Young made the first center, C. M. Daiss making the last.

The new targets were voted a thorough success, the shooters being satisfied that they obtained full value for every shot. The scores made to-day were as below:

Unfred diamond medal and cash, 3 shots, all comers: F. O. Young 12, D. W. McLaughlin 15, Dr. Rodgers 15, W. Glinderman 18, A. B. Darrell 19, A. H. Pape 24, J. Gorman 32, E. Jacobsen 34, A. H. Gehret 31.

Champion class, 10 shots: D. W. McLaughlin 86, A. H. Pape 79, Dr. Rodgers 84, P. Behr 96.

First class, 10 shots: H. R. Crane 80, A. B. Darrell 88, A. Gehret 106, G. Schultze 109, J. E. Klein 199, F. Baumgartner 134.

Second class, 10 shots: A. H. Kennedy 94, O. A. Bremer 108, J. E. Gorman 119, E. Jacobsen 119, G. M. Barley 125, G. Manuel 126, M. J. White 160, A. H. Hesse 70, F. Dennis 167, W. F. Unfred 144.

Pistol: All comers' medal and cash prizes, 3 shots: G. M. Daiss 9, A. H. Pape 9, J. E. Gorman 10, F. O. Young 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 11, E. Jacobsen 13.

Champion class, 10 shots: A. H. Pape 43, F. O. Young 45, Ed. Hovey 49, C. M. Daiss 59, J. E. Gorman 61.

First class, 10 shots: M. J. White 49, Dr. L. O. Rogers 50, D. W. McLaughlin 59, F. Baumgartner 74, F. Dennis 84.

Second class, 10 shots: E. Jacobsen 75, G. M. Barley 85, A. Fetz 94, W. Glindermann 98, A. H. Hesse 106, L. Zimmermann 109, W. F. Unfred 110, A. H. Kennedy 119, W. E. Lawrence 142.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

Jan. 12.—The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held its opening meet of the season to-day, the occasion being the monthly medal shoot of the club. The following scores were made:

Champion class medal, W. Glindermann, 434; first class, F. P. Schuster, 410; third class, J. Thode, 395; fourth class, H. Burfeind, 299.

First best shot, W. Glindermann, 25; last best shot, J. Thode, 25.

GERMANIA SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

Jan. 12.—The first monthly shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Verein was held to-day, the following scores being made:

Champion class, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 444; first class, G. Alpers, 416, second class, H. Heilburg, 421; fourth class, W. Garmes, 344.

First best shot, F. P. Schuster, 25; last best shot, A. Mocker, 25.

NORDDEUTSCHER SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

Jan. 12.—The members of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Verein held their first monthly bullseye shoot for the season of 1896 to-day. Following are the scores:

B. Glindermann 233, H. Heilburg 240½, A. Mocker 261, J. Peters 264, E. Thode 406, G. Alpers 469, H. Huber 761, J. Gefken 909, H. Stelling 909½, D. Vondermehden 1,082, F. Schuster 1,084, A. F. Meyer 1,087.

ROEEL.

Rifle Match at Paterson.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 18.—J. Johnson and B. Maskell shot a match here recently under the following conditions: 100yds., 20-ring target, ½in. rings, 25 shots, Johnson conceding Maskell 15 shots. Both men shot poorly, especially Maskell. The scores were:

J Johnson.

18 20 17 16 15 17 15 14 18 18 19 15 19 20 17 19 16 18 16 14 18 16 17 19—418

B Maskell.

10 14 18 16 10 13 16 18 13 11 20 18 11 14 16 17 15 18 15 20 16 13 18 15 18—383

DUTCHER.

The De Lisle Rifles.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 16.—Following are the scores made by the De Lisle Rifles at their indoor range, 473 Mount Elliott avenue, this evening:

Conditions: off-hand, Winchester rifles, open sights, standard American target reduced, 3 shots per man:

R De Lisle	10 10 10—30	L De Lisle	8 10 10—28
W Threiner	10 10 10—30	M Metliner	8 7 8—23
A Collier	10 10 10—30	M Collier	10 9 0—19
J Bertrand	10 10 9—29	C Hellenberg	0 0 0— 0

J. BERTRAND, Sec'y.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The following scores were made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, at its headquarters, 219 Bowery:

R Busse	240 241 241 237 240	Dr I W Furness	235 236 237 236 240
Dr I A Boyken	242 247 245 246 244	H Holges	236 242 245 245 242
S Buzzini	232 235 231 233 242	H D Muller	243 237 239 243 241
G W Downs	231 240 236 229 233	F C Ross	243 245 240 245 243
M B Engel	229 238 247 244 242	C G Zettler	243 242 241 244 239
L Fisch	245 246 245 248 243	B Zettler	240 244 239 244 242

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 28-34.—UTICA, N. Y.—Mid-winter tournament on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; live birds and targets. J. W. Fulford, Manager.

Jan. 29.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Live-bird sweepstake at Fair Grounds; 25 birds, $25, birds included.

Jan. 30.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—100-target handicap race, $5 entrance, targets extra. Nat Astfalk, Manager.

Feb. 1.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team.

Feb. 12.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore Shooting Association Handicap; 25 birds, $25; no one allowed back of 30yds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Feb. 23.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Return match at targets between teams of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

Feb. 22.—MARION, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Feb. 22.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; morning—live birds; afternoon—targets.

Feb. 25-26.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 26-28.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Forrester Gun Club, live birds and targets, open to all comers. J. F. Kroy, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Harvey, Mgr.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 12-13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. $2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.
May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.
June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.
June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.
June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.
June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.
June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.
June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.
July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.
July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.
Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.
Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A dispatch dated Jan. 20, to the San Antonio, Texas, *Daily News*, from Austin, Texas, the home of Wallace Miller, says: "A hunting party composed of Capt. Harry Owens, Geo. Mendell, Gus Southernwood, Pat Lochridge, John Neff, Monroe Miller and Wallace Miller, of this city; O. R. Dickey, of Boston, and Tom Keller, of New York, returned last night from a week's deer hunt on the Frio River, thirty miles from Cotulla. The party had fairly good luck and killed altogether ten deer, seventeen turkeys and one large wildcat. Mr. Lochridge killed three of the deer, Capt. Owens two, and Messrs. Mendell, Monroe, Miller, Dickey, Southernwood and Wallace Miller one each. Mr. Neff killed the cat, while all the hunters had a hand in bagging the turkeys. They report a great time and are figuring on returning to the Frio at an early date to enjoy another hunt."

The most recent big match in the amateur circles of New York city, the four-handed match which was shot on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club on Jan. 22, was remarkable for the closeness of the finish rather than for the scores made, the latter being all below the average that might be expected from such shooters as Knapp, Work, Murphy and Yale Dolan. At one time, the end of the 55th round, when Work and Murphy were 5 ahead, it looked as if that team was about to run away with the match; then came a great brace on the part of Knapp and Dolan, which, coupled with a slight falling off on the part of Work and Murphy, tied the score at the end of the 74th round. The 100th round closed with Murphy going to the score and having to kill to win.

The Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club held its annual meeting on Saturday night, Jan. 18, and elected the following list of officers for 1896: President, G. T. Bell (re-elected for a fourth term); Vice-President, J. R. Eustace; Secretary, W. S. Bookwalter; Treasurer, R. N. Fay; Captain, J. F. Killits; Directors, Ed. Kottman, T. J. House, Michael Bastian, W. W. Wilson, J. F. Killits and W. E. Bell. The subject of holding its annual tournament next June was broached at the meeting and Messrs. Killits, Kottman and Bookwalter were appointed as the tournament committee to make all the necessary arrangements.

The programme for the E. C. tournament in May is now well under way and will be in the hands of the printer before long. Of course the main features will be the championship events, which will be run on the lines suggested by FOREST AND STREAM last fall, with probably a few slight deviations from the plan then outlined. The choice of grounds on which to hold the championship is still under advisement, but it is more than likely that Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., will be decided upon, if the use of the grounds for such a purpose will not interfere with the baseball season of the Paterson Baseball Club.

Note the change in the announcement of the Cleveland tournament. The change is both novel and startling: "June 17-19.—Cleveland, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free of charge; $770 in cash added to the purses." "Targets thrown free of charge" means (if 40,000 targets are thrown at the tournament) practically the same thing as $1,200 added money. In addition to the above, $770 in cash will be added to the purses. Paul North is nothing if not original. The "man from Ohio" has a great head!

The Boiling Springs-Endeavor team shoot on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 25, resulted in a good race, the Boiling Springs men winning by 7 breaks. The afternoon was delightful for target shooting; the consequence was there was a good turnout of shooters, particularly on the part of the home club—Boiling Springs. The most notable guests of the club were swarms of real Jersey mosquitoes that did their song and dance act in warm, sheltered nooks in the club's grounds, just as f it was summer, and not a bit as if zero weather had only been gone a week or so.

The Interstate Association announces that it has completed its Southern circuit by arranging to give a tournament at Natchez, Miss., as announced in a letter from Manager Shaner to us, given elsewhere. The Rose system will be given a trial at the Charleston tournament, the purses on one day being divided on that system; as a good means for testing the present system in company with the Rose system, the purses on the remaining day of the shoot will be divided the old way—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The Elliott-Morfey match will probably take place the latter part of next week. Elliott is back again from San Antonio and expects to be in form by that date. The conditions are: $100 a side, 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Elliott will shoot a Winchester, Morfey using his double gun. This will be one of the most interesting matches of the season. Both men will surely try hard to win. Morfey says Elliott will have to kill over 90 to win.

Don't forget that all entries for the Dexter Park handicap on Feb. 6 must reach H. S. Lippack, the proprietor of Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., accompanied by a forfeit of $5, not later than Feb. 4. The conditions of the shoot are: 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 26 to 31yds., 50yds. boundary; if 10 entries, $15 added to the purse; if 15 entries, $25; if 20 entries or more, $40; class shooting, 4 moneys, A. S. A. rules to govern.

The annual report of the secretary of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters League, together with an account of the proceedings at the annual meeting, appears elsewhere in these columns. The League has done a great deal in past seasons for the benefit of trap-shooting in New Jersey, and much of that good may be directly traced to the efforts of the secretary, W. R. Hobart, of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., in behalf of the League.

J. P. Knapp has added another cup to his already long list of trophies won by him at the traps. On Saturday, Jan. 25, he went down to Eddington, Pa., the home of the Philadelphia Gun Club, and carried off the cup in the 50 live-bird event by killing 45 in the sweep and 9 in the shoot-off with Macalester, who had tied him with a like score of 45.

There is gloom in the Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club. Old Hoss, one of its old stand-bys, and one of the most popular men ever seen at a tournament, threatens to give up shooting altogether because he could not break more than 75 out of 100 targets at unknown angles the other day. We don't think the boys need fear that Old Hoss will leave the field yet; he'll be on deck at Elkwood Park and will shoot for the $1,000 guaranteed in the Grand American Handicap.

E. S. Rice, general agent for the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company, located in Chicago, Ills., writes us under date of Jan. 22, that the Du Pont Company will hold a target tournament in Chicago on August 4, 5 and 6. He gives us no details, but we suppose that this tournament will be on the same lines as all the big tournaments of the present day.

The Hazard "Blue Ribbon" Powder Company is distributing among the gun clubs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the New England States individual score cards for the use of club members at their club shoots or tournaments. John L. Lequin, secretary of the company, writes us: "If we overlook any clubs, it will not be done intentionally, but because we have not their names on our list."

The Montana State Sportsmen's Association claims May 22-24 as the dates for its tournament at Missoula, Mont. The shoot will be under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

The Troy, N. Y., Gun Club has elected the following officers for 1896: President, Dr. R. S. Dinsmore; Secretary, John S. Norman; Treasurer, C. V. Shirley.

EDWARD BANKS.

Grand American Handicap.

WE have received notice from Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, that the Association will make a radical departure from its usual methods of dividing the purse in the Grand American Handicap, which event will be decided at Elkwood Park during the last week in March. The proposed change has been under advisement for some time and has taken shape as follows:

One thousand dollars is guaranteed in this event, to be divided among the three high guns as usual, in the proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. It requires forty entries to clear the management of any loss in this guarantee; forty entries at $25 a head means $1,000 in the purse. Hitherto it has been the custom to divide all the surplus among the three high guns in the same proportion, but this year the Association has determined to divide the surplus over the guarantee of $1,000 among some of the other shooters on the following plan:

If there are over 40 but not more than 50 entries, *all surplus* will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the 3 next highest guns; if over 50 but not more than 60 entries, the surplus will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. to the 5 next highest guns; if over 60 and not more than 70 entries, the surplus will be divided 25, 20, 15, 12½, 12½, 10 and 5 per cent. to the 7 next highest guns; if over 70 and not more than 100 entries, surplus to be divided 12, 12, 12, 10, 10, 10, 8, 8, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. to the 11 next highest guns. Practically the above plan may be defined thus: If 40 entries or less, $1,000 to the 3 high guns; 41 to 50, 6 moneys, high guns, the 3 high guns of course dividing $1,000; 51 to 60, 8 moneys; 61 to 70, 10 moneys; 71 to 100, 14 moneys. In all these cases the 3 highest guns divide $1,000—50, 30 and 20 per cent. It must be remembered also that this is not class shooting, but is "high guns" all the time.

In formulating this plan the Association had in its mind the idea of popularizing the greatest trap-shooting event of the year in live-bird circles, by giving others besides the three high guns a share in the purse. The idea is a good one, it seems to us, and should have the desired effect of inducing additional entries sufficient to approach the highest notch named—100 entries. There is no doubt that the high-gun plan of past grand American handicaps has had the effect of bringing the event into prominence, the possibility of winning $500 by taking first place in the handicap being a great inducement when the outlay is only a little more than $30. We think, however, that when a shooter figures that he may pull out more than even, supposing that he does drop a bird or perhaps two, he is more apt to enter an affair of this kind than he would if he felt that he had to be one of the three favored ones to get anything at all. Like all other new moves of a similar character, the actual result can only be determined by trial, but it looks very much like a go.

Trap Around Buffalo.

ROCHESTER DEFEATS THE AUDUBONS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 16.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club brought a team of 21 men to shoot to-day against a team of a similar number selected from the Audubon Gun Club. Rochester won by 31 breaks, the scores showing 404—373 in favor of that team. The full scores were as follows:

Rochester.

Byer	0011111111111111111111111—23
Glover	0111111111111111111110111—23
Hicks	1001111111111111111111101—22
Lowden	1010111111111111111111011—22
Mann	1111111101110011111111111—22
J Rissinger	1100111101011110111111111—20
Quirk	0101111111111111111011110—21
Hadley	1111111111110110110001111—20
Norton	1111110110001111110111111—20
Stewart	1011111110111110111111010—20
Tassell	1111011101111111100111011—20
Kay	0011111110111111101011110—19
Nichols	1110011101111111111001110—19
Rickman	1110101101111111111110010—19
Spriggins	1110111111111111001001101—19
Woodcock	0111010111011100101111111—18
Babcock	1110111101010110111101000—16
Jones	0101111101001110001110111—16
C Rissinger	0111000111101110101010111—16
Borst	1010001111110101011010101—15
Wride	0110111010000011001111010—13—404

Buffalo.

Andrews	0111111111111111111111100—22
Fisher	1111101011111111001111111—21
Forrester	1111101101111011110111111—21
Heinhold	0011101011111111111111111—21
Northrop	0111111111101111011101111—21
Kirkover	1001111101111111111011101—20
McArthur	1111111111111110101111000—22
Miller	1110101001111111110111111—20
E C Burkhardt	1110100110110111111110111—19
Kelsey	1011001111111111001111011—19
Swartz	0111110111011111110011101—19
Talsma	1101011110101101010111111—18
Brown	0111111011111000001101111—17
Bennett	1100111110101011010110111—17
B F Smith	1111100100011101111111010—17
C S Smith	0100111110111011011110110—17
Williams	0111111010110000100011111—15
V G Meyer	1011000111011110000110101—14
Story	0001000011010110011110111—13
Hanks	1111000100010111000000110—11
Frees	1101110101001100101011111—16—373

DE WITT.

EMOND MAKES A BIG SCORE.

Jan. 15.—The second of the series of three 100-bird races arranged between Jake Koch and W. Emond was brought off to-day at Audubon Park. To-day's race was one of the best ever seen in this city, and a large crowd was out to witness it. Emond shot wonderfully well, actually killing 99 out of his 100, eight of them dropping outside the boundary; he shot a very careful race, being particularly careful about drivers; this made him a trifle slow on some birds, as his lost birds, with the exception of two, were all drivers; one of these two was a left-quarterer that went away apparently untouched; the other was an incomer that fell dead just behind the score. Koch also shot a great race, having slightly the worst of it in the matter of luck; his gun broke down during the race and he was obliged to shoot another while it was being fixed up.

After tieing at the end of the 50th round on 46 all, Koch made a bad break, losing his 51st, 53d, 54th and 55th, thus giving Emond an advantage which he never lost, ultimately winning by three birds. At the end of the 75th round the score stood: Koch 65, Emond 69, the latter being still 4 ahead. High runs were: Emond 26, 19, 11 and 11; Koch 27, 18, 13 and 12. Score:

W Emond	1221912221121212922912112—22
	1211211112211121121121 1•22—24
	1112212 21•122012121211212—23
	11122111•121129•211112•112—22—91
J Koch	•21212220•11111221121 1021—21
	1211111211111111112111221—25
	•02•0121111 2••221111112212—19
	1021110111111112212212 2111—23—88

Jan. 18.—The members of the Audubon Gun Club held a shoot this afternoon, the main event being the badge contest, No. 1 in the table below. Bennett won the Class A badge, E. H. Rounds the Class B badge, and Miller the badge in Class C.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	*25*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*25*	*15*	*10*
E H Rounds	19	9	3	B Talsma	20	8	..
J Fisher	18	9	6	E A Fisher	17	..	..
Gifford	15	..	..	L Erb	17	..	..
Storey	18	7	5	Brown	14	11	8
Lawson	13	..	..	Reed	13	9	..
Meyers	15	10	4	Williams	16	9	..
McArthur	16	11	6	L Bennett	24	13	8
G O Miller	22	8	7	E W Smith	18	12	9
D Sweet	10	6	3	H Erb	8	..	..
Hanks	17	10	9	Woods	14	..	..
Northrup	14	14	9	A Combs	14	..	..
E C Burkhardt	17	11	6	Dr Sauer	8	7	3
Brenicke	14	10	3	O'Brien	16	11	5
Fewster	18	15	9				

After the above target sweeps had been shot, a sweep at 5 live birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys, was gotten up. It resulted as follows: E. C. Burkhardt and B. F. Smith 5, L. W. Bennett 4, Dr. Woodbury and Reed 3, Dr. Sauer, H. Williams, G. McArthur and J. P. Fisher 2.

B. F. SMITH.

Philadelphia Gun Club.

THE Philadelphia Gun Club, with grounds at Eddington, Pa., completed a two-day's shoot at live birds on Saturday afternoon last, Jan. 25. On the first day, Jan. 24, the weather was anything but pleasant, but on Saturday it was all that could be asked with the exception, perhaps, of a lack of wind to help the birds. On the previous day a strong northeasterly gale helped to make the birds very hard, its effect being only slightly reduced by a heavy downpour of rain that lasted all day.

The first day's programme consisted of three events: 10 birds, $10 entrance; 25 birds, $25 entrance, and a $5 miss-and-out. In the first event George Work carried off first money alone on 10 straight. Four men tied for second and third money; Lent winning second on the shoot off, miss-and-out, by killing 4 straight. Macalester and Dolan divided third.

The 25-bird sweep was productive of some very fine shooting, Fred Hoey, from the 30yds. mark, taking first alone with a clean score of 25 kills. Macalester and Davis tied for second and third money on 24 out of 25, Macalester losing his 23d bird, and Davis actually running straight up to the very last round when he lost his bird dead out of bounds. Work and Dale tied for fourth place on 22 out of 25. Davis's run of one-barrel kills in his score of 24 is something remarkable, his second barrel only being called into service six times, five of the six with effect.

Work and Davis won the miss-and-out on scores of 11 straight, Davis again using his first barrel with telling effect. During the day he scored 45 out of 48 shot at. Fred. Hoey shot in great form, making a run of 35 straight before he dropped his bird in the miss-and-out.

The attendance was hardly as big as had been expected; perhaps the bad weather had a great deal to do with it. The most notable absentee was J. P. Knapp, who was present on the second day and shot as usual well up to the front. The scores in to-day's events were:

	No. 1.	Ties.	No. 2.
Geo Work (30)	2222122222—10	....	2012101212222220222222212—22
C Macalester (30)	211121212•— 9	1120—3	1222212211222122122122021—24
W W Lent (28)	2222202222— 9	2222—4	000•20w — 1
J H Davis (29)	2120122121— 9	110 —2	111111121111122211121111•—24
H Yale Dolan (30)	2222021221— 9	2120—3	22202222•2202202220w —15
M B Henry (29)	1002122222— 8	....	1120•101012211201100w —12
B M Vaughan (27)	1112120210— 8	....	0•00111110w — 4
S Price (27)	1210212100— 7	....	....
E Dale (28)	2211200110— 7	....	2110101212111221012121211 1—22
Fred Hoey (30)	2222200020 — 6	....	2222222222222222222222222—25
C Vortex (26)	2101100000— 4	....	....
T E Russell (26)	....	....	2222012222222222222220001—20

In a $5 miss-and-out Work and Davis killed 11 straight and divided; The other scores were: Hoey 10, Lent 8, Dolan 4, Macalester 1, Dale 0.

Second Day.

The main event on Saturday, Jan. 25, was a 50-bird sweep, $50 entrance, 30yds. rise all, 50yds. boundary. The trophy was a cup presented by the Philadelphia Gun Club, which, with 40 per cent. of the purse (less 10 per cent. for the club), went to the winner.

This affair had only six entries, the quality of the shooters presumably scaring out several who might have en ered had the event been just half as long. As it was, it resolved itself into a New York vs. Philadelphia match—six-handed at that—three men to a side. On the New York side was a strong trio—Knapp, Work and Hoey; Philadelphia had as her representatives Charles Macalester, Junius Davis and B. Parker.

Hoey and Davis, both of whom had made excellent scores on the previous day, failed to hold up their ends on this occasion, both of them retiring before the 50th round was called. While Knapp was the favorite, naturally so from his recent form, Macalester and Work are always dangerous and were looked upon as certain to give the ultimate winner, if Knapp should bring off the good thing, a hard rub for the prize. As matters turned out, Knapp and Macalester had to shoot off a tie for the cup, both scoring 45 out of 50. On the shoot-off Knapp won by killing 9 out of 10 to Macalester's 8. The latter has thus been unfortunate enough to lose a chance of two big trophies recently, the Larchmont cup being one, after tieing for each cup and having to shoot off for the trophies. Parker gave Work a tight race up to the 45th round; he then lost his 45th bird and followed up this misfortune by losing his 49th dead out of bounds. Work took third money on 43 out of his 50. The scores made were as follows:

J P Knapp	22•2222222222222221222202—23
	•2202222222220222222222222—22—45
Chas Macalester	0202121121112211122211210—22
	2021122122101222222122212—23—45
Geo Work	2222222200222022212102220—20
	2120222222222222202222121—23—43
B Parker	2122•222102200222221222222—21
	2022100211112122211012022—20—41
J H Davis	2012102122101221112220212—21
	21•1220110211121022 2w —16—37
Fred Hoey	2220222222222•0002222001 2—19
	22222•022222002200w —13—32

The tie for the cup and first and second money were shot off at 10 birds, as below, Knapp winning the cup. Work took third money.

In a 15-bird sweep three men killed 14, tieing for the money. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Work and Macalester divided on the first round. Scores:

	Tie for cup.	No. 2, 15 birds.
Knapp	2222202222—9	....
Macalester	2202202212—8	112221222112121—14
Work		212211222022222—14
Parker		122121112122022—13
Hoey		222222122222022—14

South Side Club, of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 21.—Below are the scores made by our club at its first shoot for the season of 1896. The day was dark and windy, which accounts for some of the scores not being up to standard. The live birds were a fast lot, and being heavily feathered at this time of the year, they took a lot of stopping. Scores:

No. 1, 20 bluerocks per man: H. F. Seefeld 12, Wash. Okershauser 16, Emil Yahr 14, J. F. Burnham 17, Rock 14, John Meunier 16, St. Meunier 18, H. F. Bosworth 16, F. C. G. Brand 14, J. Weidner 13, Lewis 19.

No. 2, match, 25 live birds per man:

J P Carmichael	1111111101110111001110001—18
F C G Brand	1010111111100001011011101—18

	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Carmichael	01111—4	.....	.....	...	0111111111—9
Bosworth	11111—5	.....	.....	...	....
Lewis	.....	11100—3	11111—5	010—1	....
Yahr	.....	11111—5	11111—5	101—2	....
Burnham	.....	.....	01111—4	111—3	....
Brand	.....	.....	11101—4	111—3	0110010101—5

No. 8. This was a match at 20 bluerocks per man, the teams being: Yahr and Seefeld vs. Burnham and Lewis. The scores were: Seefeld 18, Yahr 16—total, 34; Lewis 17, Burnham 13—total, 30.

ADOLPH GROPPER, Sec'y.

Dedham Sportsmen's Club.

DEDHAM, Mass., Jan. 18.—A shoot was held to-day by members of the Dedham Sportsmen's Club on its grounds at Islington. Some excellent scores were made, Smith making 9 clean scores and breaking 126 out of 130 shot at, an average of almost 97 per cent. W. W. Bennett won the shoot for the gold medal by breaking 19 out of 20. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, regular: Smith, Leverett, Foss, 9; Blinn, Cole, 7.
No. 2, same: Smith, 10; Leverett, 9; Blinn, Foss, 8.
No. 3, 10 targets, reversed: Blinn, Smith, 10; Foss, Cole, Leverett, 7.
No. 4, same as No. 1: Leverett, 10; Cole, Smith, 9.
No. 5, 10 targets, unknown angles: Smith, Leverett, 9; Howard, Cole, 8.
No. 6, same as No. 1: Smith 10, Foss 9, Leverett 7.
No. 7, 10 targets, reversed: Blinn, Smith, 10; Cole, 9; Howard, Leverett, 8.
No. 8, same as No. 1: Cole, Smith, 10; Leverett, 8; Blinn, 7.
No. 9, 20 targets, regular: Smith, Blinn, 19; Foss, 17; Leverett, 16.
No. 10, 10 targets, unknown angles: Smith 10, Howard 9, Blinn 8.
No. 11, same as No. 1: Smith, 10; Leverett, 9; Blinn, Howard, 8.
No. 12, same as No. 1: Cole, Leverett, Smith, 10; Foss, 9; Blinn, 8.

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 17.—M. Connors and M. Higham shot at 45 live birds each to-day for practice, making the following scores:

M Connors	210222120111121011112221021111222202122211121—40
M Higham	222102111122220210222112021112012212222211122—40

Jan. 18.—The following scores were made at these grounds to-day:

J H Amberg	2211212112011022212221110 —22
Dr Miller	001211021010202112022110012012—20
Dr Shaw	201202110121211001211 0212 —19
L Kuss	2101102221021010112120021 —18
Lindberg	11011020100110110122 —13
Dr Carson	1111222020020 — 9

This afternoon also Dr. Shaw and R. Kuss shot at 100 targets each for practice, for the price of the targets. Kuss won by breaking 83 to Shaw's 78. They then shot at 25 targets more, Kuss breaking 23 to Shaw's 22. Lindberg shot at 40 targets, breaking 30. RAVELRIGG.

On Long Island.

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB.

Jan. 20.—The club shoot of the Idle Hour Gun Club, held to-day at Dexter Park, was well attended. Heimstead and Hoffman were the only two to make straight scores in the club shoot, No. 1 in the scores below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
G Heimstead	1112121—7	...	...
H Hoffman	1222122-7	...	...
J Bamburger	2112201—6	212—3	212—3
H Meyen	1120212—6	010—1	111—3
H Boemmermann	1011220—5	111—3	022—2
W R Sandiford	1110022—5	012—2	121—3
H Behms	0101•21—4	...	...
J Elfers	1110010—4	022—2	211—3
C Lakeman	0011010—3	...	...
Behman	....	012—2	001—1
Meyer	....	212—3	211—3
Rasquin	....	011—2	211—3
Heimstead	....	110—2	100—1

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Jan. 21.—The Emeralds held their monthly shoot this afternoon and a monster shoot it was for an ordinary club event. Thirty-seven members shot in the club event, which was at 10 live birds. Jim Elliott, fresh from the midwinter shoot at San Antonio, Tex., taking part in the shoot as a guest of the club and raising the total number of contestants to thirty-eight, the largest number that has ever competed in a club shoot on the Dexter Park grounds. Out of the above number only two—E. J. Clark and J. Maesel—made straight scores; eight men made scores of 9.

At the meeting of the club held in connection with the shoot, four new members were elected: Allen Willey, Benjamin E. Briet, W. Catton and J. H. Hood. The membership of the club is now forty-nine, one within the limit of fifty.

The scores made were as follows:

E J Clark (28)	2122111111—10	C Steutzle (25)	2120222201— 8
J Maesel (28)	2222111121—10	H P Fessenden (28)	222002222•— 7
B Amend (25)	2011122111— 9	Dr Hudson (28)	00•1112212— 7
G Greiff (30)	1220222222— 9	H Lemaire (28)	2002122201— 7
J H Hood (25)	2212210212— 9	M Littlefield (28)	2201220012— 7
F Lawrence (28)	0221222121— 9	C Maesel (25)	1101221010— 7
O Mulcahey (28)	1221112021— 9	E A Vroome (28)	1101222200— 7
L Schortemeier (30)	1011111112— 9	E Bell (28)	•220212010— 6
A Willey (30)	2220211122— 9	P Thiele (25)	0200210211— 6
R Woods (30)	2222022222— 9	J Woelfel (28)	02222•0220— 6
W Amend (25)	1210120221— 8	P Butz (28)	2220120000— 5
T Cody (28)	120122122•— 8	W Catton (25)	0001221002— 5
*J A R Elliott (30)	2222220022— 8	M Herrington (30)	20100221•0— 5
C Floyd (28)	0022222222— 8	N Maesel (25)	0002110202— 5
G H Loeble (28)	0211121021— 8	F W Place (25)	1022201000— 5
Dr Klein (25)	1221210201— 8	W Sands (28)	2001202001— 5
G Nowak (28)	0210222211— 8	L C Gehring (30)	0002201022— 5
R Regan (25)	2222010211— 8	J H Moore (27)	1102002000— 4
T Short (28)	0221111202— 8	B Briet (25)	0000122000— 3

* Not a member.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Jan. 22.—The postponed shoot of the New York German Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park. The attendance of members was only poor, but those who did attend had all the shooting they wanted and spent a very pleasant afternoon. Following are the scores made:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
A Schmitt	2212122110—9	10022—3	10221—4	22122—5
J Wellbrock	1102021121—8	•1011—3	11021—4	11002—3
Pye	1021110002—6	00111—3	11201—4	22221—5
Dr Hudson	....	1•110—3	11021—4	11122—5
Pop	....	00010—1	.....	.....

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
A Schmitt	10011—3	....	20201—3
J Wellbrock	12112—5	2220—3	21221—5
Pye	11212—5	1111—4	12110—4
Dr Hudson	21012—4	....	.....

BUSHWICK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 22.—The annual meeting of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club was held to-day, the following list of officers for the year being chosen: President—John F. Behrens; Vice-President—Thomas W. Rathgen; Secretary—Nicholas Schneider; Treasurer—Thomas W. Murphy; Captain—John G. Schaeffer; Board of Trustees—the above officers and Richard B. Kohler, Thomas W. Ryan, Frederick G. Van Zandt, John G. Wissner, Edward V. Boddey and Andrew W. Uirich.

The opening shoot of the club for 1896 was also held, the club event being hotly contested, George H. Maasson winning the shoot after a shoot off of the tie with two others. The event is at 7 live birds, handicap rise. The following is the score:

G. H. Maasson (26) 7, T. D. Richards (28) 7, E. V. Boddey (28) 7, J. F. Behrens (26) 6, T. W. Rathgen (26) 6, N. G. Schneider (26) 4, T. W. Murphy (25) 2, J. G. Schaeffer (26) 4, R. B. Kohler (26) 1, F. G. Van Zandt (26) 3, A. W. Uirich (26) 3.

The tie was shot off miss-and-out, Maasson winning as follows: Maasson 2, Richards 1, Boddey 0.

HUDSON GUN CLUB.

Jan. 22.—The annual meeting of the Hudson Gun Club, of Brooklyn, was held to-day at the grounds of the club, North Beach, L. I. The officers elected for the ensuing twelve months were: President—G. J. Kennedy (re-elected); Vice-President—W. J. O'Brien; Secretary—T. T. Ryan; Treasurer—S. G. Daniells; Captain—Wm. H. Floyd; Board of Trustees—A. W. Mulligan, D. G. Chambers, R. V. Wagner, C. R. Treholme, J. J. O'Brien, F. A. Davids and the officers named above.

The club shoot at 7 live birds also took place to-day, Samuel G. Daniells carrying off the honors with a clean score as follows: S. G. Daniells (28) 7, W. J. O'Brien (28) 6, H. G. Williamson (26) 6, G. J. Kennedy (26) 5, T. T. Ryan (26) 5, W. H. Floyd (26) 4, A. W. Mulligan (26) 5, D. G. Chambers (25) 3, R. V. Wagner (26) 3, C. R. Treholme (26) 3, J. J. O'Brien (25) 2, F. A. Davids (26) 2, T. W. Orton (26) 3, B. S. Fielding (26) 2.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 25.—There was a good attendance of members to-day at the Woodlawn grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Two events were set for decision this afternoon—the club shoot and the E. C. cup contest. In the club shoot G. W. Coulston won the Class A prize with 9 out of 10. J. Gaughan and Conny Furgueson tied for Class B prize on 8 out of 10. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Gaughan won by 2 to 1. The E C cup shoot was a victory for Conny Furgueson, who tied with W. F. Sykes by scoring 9 out of 10. On the shoot-off Conny killed his bird, Sykes losing his. The birds were the best that have been trapped at Woodlawn for some time, and that is saying a good deal. Scores:

	Club shoot.	E. C. cup shoot.
G W Coulston (29)	2112212011—9	2102212220—8
Conny Furgueson (27)	2202110212—8	2222122022—9
J Gaughan (28)	2211012220—8	....
W Allen (28)	2220222100—7	•002220220—5
R E Gray (28)	1•20021212—7	2120010202—6
W F Skyes (28)	2000222122—7	2221222022—9
Dr Wynn (29)	12•0211120—7	210•212112—8
Pool (27)	0212120002—6	....
C Furgueson, Jr (30)	•2022220•2—6	2022002022—6
Dr Shepard (27)	0102•20122—6	....
Dr Little		1112122220—8

Dr. Little and G. W. Coulston shot a couple of one-barrel races, loser to pay for the birds; both were 10-bird races and Coulston won both of them. Scores:

Dr Little	11101110•0—6	0010000w —1
Coulston	0101111110—7	0110110 —4

THE WORK-MURPHY COMBINATION WON.

Jan. 22.—To-day's four-handed match on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Babylon, L. I., was a direct outcome of the Larchmont amateur championship shoot held, on Jan. 10-11. It was looked upon as a purely sporting affair, and so it was, because the stakes, as such things go, were merely nominal.

The teams were: George Work and Edgar Murphy, J. P. Knapp and H. Yale Dolan. The conditions: 100 live birds per man, all 30yds., 50yds. boundary, Westminster Kennel Club rules (practically Hurlingham rules) to govern. The Work-Murphy team was the favorite, and perhaps this was only natural, more people being familiar with the capabilities of that team than with that of the other. Weighing the two teams carefully, there did not seem to be so much difference *really* as there was *apparently*. Knapp has been shooting in great shape right along, and has beaten Work very badly in two individual 100-bird races this season, one of them as recently as Jan. 15; on present public form Knapp should be a couple of birds or so better than Work in a match at 100 birds. Comparing Murphy and Dolan is a much harder matter. Murphy, although he won the cup at Larchmont on Jan. 10-11, is not doing much live-bird shooting, but there is no denying the fact that when in form he is as good as any of them. Dolan, on the other hand, is a brilliant shot when in form, but he is too erratic to be counted on; when he is once "going" he is a difficult man to stop, killing hard and soft birds with equal ease. The question was, therefore, this: Supposing both Murphy and Dolan were in form, could Murphy beat Dolan far enough to more than neutralize a possible lead of a bird or two on Knapp's part? The general opinion seemed to be that he could do so, and that therefore the Work-Murphy team ought to win by 2 or 3 birds. The scores show that the actual lead of this pair when all was over was just 1 bird, Murphy having to go to the score in the 100th round and kill to win. And that, too, in a match of 200 birds a side!

A GREAT RACE.

It was a great race all through; at no time was either team more than 5 birds ahead, while each team at one time or another took the lead. At the commencement of the 75th round the score was a tie; 7 rounds later Dolan and Knapp were 2 birds ahead, a miss by Dolan in the 89th round reducing that lead to 1 again. Then, in the 92d round, Work and Murphy went ahead, their opponents each losing a bird. The next, the 93d round, Dolan and Murphy missed, the positions of the teams being unaltered. Work's loss of his 94th bird made the race a tie once more. Dolan's 95th and 96th birds both got away, Work and Murphy thus having a lead of 2 birds. At the commencement of the 100th round Dolan killed and Knapp said to Work: "George, I don't suppose you and Murphy would be so kind as to oblige us with a miss apiece?" Work went out and politely obliged with a cipher, his bird just managing to get over the boundary. Then Knapp killed and Edgar Murphy had to go to the score with the responsibility of killing to win. He drew a good hard bird which he killed in capital shape before it had time to make much headway.

John S. Hoey refereed the match, all save about the last 14 or 15 rounds. At that time Knapp and Dolan were 2 birds ahead and both were shooting very well; in saying good-bye to Knapp, Mr. Hoey said, "I suppose I may as well congratulate you." "You'd better not," said Knapp. "You can't tell anything about it until the last shot is fired." The result showed that he was about right.

THE START WAS SENSATIONAL.

The start was at 10:50, the match being delayed as long as possible in the hopes of more breeze coming, and also to let the sun get round to the south, as owing to the way the traps face the sun in the early morning is very trying on any right-quartering bird from Nos. 4 or 5. It was a sensational start, Dolan and Murphy losing their birds, both of which fell dead out of bounds. Then Dolan lost his second bird, and almost everybody whistled. Work evened matters up by losing a fast driver from No. 2, and when Murphy lost his 8th, Knapp and his partner were 1 ahead; then both Dolan and Murphy lost their next birds, Murphy also losing his 13th, and Knapp's team was 2 in the lead. It was somebody's turn to whistle who had not even puckered when Dolan's first two misses occurred! Work and Knapp lost birds in the 14th round, and Dolan and Work scored losses in the 16th round, no change taking place in the position of the teams. Then Dolan lost his 19th bird, reducing his team's lead to 1 bird, Knapp's loss of his 24th and 25th birds placing that team 1 in the rear. The scores for the first series of 25 birds were: Work 22, Murphy 21, total 43; Knapp 22, Dolan 20, total 42.

In the 28th round Work, Murphy and Dolan all scored lost birds, the totals for each team being thus once more a tie. Then Knapp lost his 30th, Work and Murphy being temporarily in the lead by 1 bird; this lead they lost in the 33d round when both of them lost their birds, giving their opponents the lead by a single bird. The score was once more a tie when Dolan, Knapp and Murphy lost their birds in the 35th rounds. The next fifteen rounds saw Dolan and Knapp lose 8 birds to their opponents' 5, Work and Murphy entering the last half of the match three birds to the good. The scores for the first 50 birds were: Work 42, Murphy 41, total 83; Knapp 41, Dolan 39, total 80.

KNAPP MAKES A BREAK.

Knapp commenced the third series of 25 birds in a startling manner, losing his 51st, 52d and 55th birds, thus making a record of 7 lost out of his last 12 birds! Murphy's loss of his 51st bird cut down the advantage gained by his temporary going to pieces on the part of Knapp to 5 birds at the end of the 55th round. The next 20 rounds saw a grand brace on the part of Knapp, who went straight; Dolan lost his 57th, 62d and 68th birds, the pair thus scoring 37 out of their 40 birds. Against this Work and Murphy were doing a lot of missing. Work lost his 59th, 62d and 71st birds, Murphy losing his 56th, 58th, 63d, 69th and 74th birds, their total for the same 40 birds being 32, Murphy's loss of his 74th bird actually tieing the score again, after being 5 ahead at the end of the 55th round. The totals for the third series of 25 were: Work 64, Murphy 60; total 124. Knapp 63, Dolan 61; total 124.

In the 77th round Work and Dolan lost their birds dead out of bounds; then Work lost his 78th in like manner, Knapp's team going ahead until the end of the next round, when Knapp spoiled a run of 28 straight by slipping up on a fast one from No. 5 trap. The balance of the story of this last quarter of the race is told above, the finish being really very exciting. It took four minutes less than four hours to finish the match.

THE LIGHT WAS AGAINST GOOD SCORES.

The totals are poor ones considering the caliber of the shooters, but it is not hard to find some excuse for the numerous cip hers. A more tricky light it would be hard to imagine; at one time a brilliant sun shone right in the right eye of the shooter, making a towering outgoing or quartering bird from No. 4 or No. 5 trap very hard to locate. Then again while the sun was shining it seemed a difficult feat to gauge correctly birds that rose swiftly, towering slightly and bearing off to the left, with the high trees that border the dam for a background. It will be noticed also that quite a number of the birds that were clean missed or only feathered lightly were straight drivers; the majority of these were low flying swift birds that hugged the ground as they lit out for the barn.

It is a regular chestnut to say that the birds were good ones. The Westminster Kennel Club's birds are always good and to-day's pigeons were a wonderful lot. How they managed to get away as they did, considering that the breeze behind them was only a very light one, is a mystery. Of course the club pays a big price for its birds, and equally of course, the superintendent had a large number on hand from which to select his birds for to-day's match. That his choice was accurate was shown by the fact that out of a total of 400 birds trapped, only three or four at the outside besitated an instant before taking wing. What the birds would have been like, had there been a strong northwest wind blowing, is hard to tell.

The most curious incident of the whole match was the sudden break made by Knapp just when he was apparently sure of making a really good score. The loss of his 44th, 45th, 48th, 49th, 51st, 52d and 55th—7 birds out of 12—was something remarkable. Where he was shooting, neither he nor anyone else could tell. Then he settled down and killed 43 out of the last 45 shot at! You can't tell anything about a shooting match. Dolan's failure in the last 10 birds of the race was very unfortunate; he dropped 4 birds in quick succession at a critical time, and practically turned a splendid victory into a defeat. It is only fair to say that for his 92d, 93d, 95th and 96th birds he drew some very fast ones; coming, as they did, after a lot of fairly easy ones and just when the pressure was very hard, it was unfortunate, to say the least.

WORK DREW THE HARDEST BIRDS.

George Work, notwithstanding the fact that Knapp beat him by two birds on their individual scores, shot probably in the best form of anybody; he drew decidedly the hardest birds—particularly in the first 50; some of his stops of fast-driving birds were wonderful, and were generously applauded. Five of his lost birds fell dead out of bounds, three of them only just clearing the top of the 18in. wire fence that marks the boundary line of the shooting grounds. His partner, Murphy, was not in trim, and lost his time completely in the third series of 25, holding his second barrel until the bird was almost out of danger. On the 75th round Work urged him to quicken his time, even if he missed his birds. The result was soon manifest, as Murphy went to work and knocked down 24 out of the last 26.

There were no long runs made, with the solitary exception of a 28 made by Knapp. The double figure runs of each man were: Work—12, 11 and 10; Murphy—14 and 10; Knapp—28, 13 and 12; Dolan—11. The above figures show that there must have been something wrong with the light, otherwise in such a light breese there should have been some pretty long straight runs made.

HOW THE TRAPS FELL.

The traps fell as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Work	27	14	18	23	18
Murphy	21	24	18	18	19
Knapp	24	16	18	22	20
Dolan	18	23	20	18	21
	90	77	74	81	78

The rest of the story of this four-handed match, in which the winning pair only won by the narrow margin of a single bird, is best told by the trap score type and figures given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

George Work.

4 3 4 4 3 2 1 3 4 2 1 3 3 3 4 1 5 5 5 5 4 1 4 2 5
↑ ↗ ↗ ↘ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↩ ↗ ↖ ↘ ↑ ↖ ↑ ↗ ← ↓ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↑
2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

3 2 1 3 2 4 3 3 3 1 1 3 5 4 5 2 5 4 5 4 5 4 2 3 5
← ↑ ↖ ↑ ↕ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↕ ↘ ↖ → → ↑ ← ↖ ↱ ↖ ↑ → ↑ ← ↑ → ↑
2 2 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 0 2 2 2 2 0—20

3 2 4 1 5 2 1 1 1 5 4 4 2 3 4 1 1 4 3 1 2 1 2 1 1
↑ ↙ ↗ ↑ ↘ ↑ ↰ ↑ ↗ → ↠ ↗ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↰ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↰ ↗ ↓ ↖ ↗ ↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—22

5 3 1 5 1 2 4 1 5 4 1 4 4 1 4 5 5 1 1 4 1 1 3 2 1
↗ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↑ ↴ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↙ ↑ → ← ↘ ↑ → ↑ ↳ ↑ ↩ ↰ ↱ ↰ ↖ ↑
2 • • 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 •—20—84

Edgar Murphy.

2 4 1 2 1 1 3 2 2 4 2 5 4 5 5 2 2 1 5 5 2 2 2 5 1
↱ → ← ↓ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↖ ← ↗ ↘
• 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21

5 4 1 2 4 1 2 4 4 4 3 1 4 2 1 3 3 3 3 3 5 1 3 5 5
→ → ↗ ↗ ↑ ↱ ↘ → ↖ ↑ ↖ ↗ ← ↖ ↑ ↖ ↕ ↑ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↗ → ↙ ↑
2 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 •—20

1 4 2 1 2 2 1 5 1 2 3 1 1 4 1 3 3 2 2 5 5 1 4 4 3
↑ ↰ ↖ ↰ → ↑ ↓ ↗ ↙ → ↰ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↓ ↖ → ↑ ↑ ↴ ↑ → ↑ ↓
0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 • 2—19

2 3 3 3 1 5 3 2 5 5 1 5 2 5 3 4 4 3 2 1 4 4 2 5 4
↑ ← ↗ ↙ ← ↗ ↗ ↑ ↕ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↱ ↙ ↓ ↗ ↘ ↰ ↙ ↑ ↘ ↖ ↗ H ↑
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23—83

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J P Knapp.

2 4 1 1 1 2 3 2 1 5 5 5 5 5 1 1 4 1 2 5 4 4 5 2 4
↑ ↑ ↓ ↓ ↖ ↰ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↘ ↖ ↩ ↰ ↖ ↖ ↱ ↘ ↑ ↑ ↑
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0—22

4 1 5 3 5 4 5 2 4 4 1 3 4 2 2 1 1 5 4 4 4 1 1 4 3
↗ ↑ ← ↙ ↑ ↗ ↓ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↙ ↓ ↕ ↱ ← → ↑ → ↑ ⊢ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↴ ↑
2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 0 2—19

1 2 1 5 3 1 4 3 3 2 2 4 4 3 4 1 3 2 4 5 5 2 1 3 1
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0 2 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

2 1 1 5 2 5 5 3 3 2 3 5 3 4 1 3 4 4 2 1 3 3 1 5 5
↑ ↙ ↙ ↑ ↙ ↙ ↑ ↖ ↑ ↖ ↓ ↘ ↖ ↘ ← ↷ ↑ ↗ ← ↑ ↓ ↖ ↑ ↖ ↖
2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23—86

H Yale Dolan.

4 3 2 1 3 1 1 2 4 2 5 4 2 5 4 5 2 3 5 1 2 1 4 4 2
↖ ↳ ⊣ ↑ ↕ ↗ ← ↓ → ↑ ↖ ↘ ↓ T ↗ ↰ ↑ ⊢ ↴ ↓ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↙
• 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2—20

3 5 1 5 3 2 4 2 1 5 2 4 5 1 1 2 1 1 5 3 2 3 5 3 2
↑ ↑ ↩ → ↓ ↑ ↑ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↳ ↑ ↖ ↗ → ↗ ↑ ← ↕ ↑ ↖ ↑ ↑ ↘ ↗
2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—19

5 2 4 5 3 1 5 2 5 1 2 1 5 5 3 1 4 3 3 2 3 4 4 5 2
→ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↙ ← ↖ ↱ ↩ ↓ ↴ ↑ ↓ → ↖ ↓ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↑ ↕ ↓
1 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 1 2 • 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—22

3 1 2 4 1 4 5 5 5 2 3 3 4 5 2 4 3 4 3 3 2 1 3 4 2
→ ↗ ↙ ↘ ↑ ↕ ↗ ↴ ↑ T ← ← ↑ ↗ ↴ ← ↑ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↘ ↑ H ↑
2 • 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 1 2 1 2—19—80

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A couple of 5-bird sweeps, $5 entrance, were shot before the match commenced, several other sweeps and miss-and-outs being shot during the afternoon. Nos. 1 and 2 were the 5-bird sweeps; Nos. 3 to 7 were $5 miss-and-outs; Nos. 8 to 12 were individual $5 matches between Work and Dolan at 3 pairs of live birds, Dolan winning three out of the five. The scores in all these events were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
H Yale Dolan	11212—5	20211—4	0 —0	221221—6
Geo Work	12102—4	02202—3	2222—4	2210 —3
J P Knapp	01222—4	22222—5	1220—3	0 —0
P H Morris	0121 —3	01120—3	....	......
F G Moore	0022 —2	0200 —1	2220—3	221220—5

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
H Yale Dolan	212—3	20 —1	220 —2	10 11 11—5
Geo Work	20 —1	122111122—9	222111111—9	11 01 —2
F G Moore	220—2	222222220—8	222221110—8	....

	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
H Y Dolan	11 11 11—6	11 10 10 11—6	10 11 10—4	00 10 —1
Geo Work	11 01 11—5	10 11 10 10—5	10 11 11—5	11 11 11—6

EDWARD BANKS.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

THE meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League was held in the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New York, on Wednesday, Jan. 22.

There were present W. R. Hobart, South Side Gun Club; W. N. Drake, Maplewood Gun Club; Dr. T. J. Jackson, Union Gun Club; A. L. Ivins, Riverside Gun Club; P. A. Jeanneret, Boiling Springs Gun Club; C. Hebbard, Elizabeth Gun Club; C. W. McPeek, Endeavor Gun Club; Charles Smith, Climax Gun Club. The Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen, N. J., was admitted. Dr. Jackson presided. The Secretary-Treasurer's report was accepted.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President—Dr. T. J. Jackson; Secretary-Treasurer—W. R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.; Manager—W. N. Drake, South Orange, N. J.; Directors—C. W. McPeek, Jersey City, and R. E. Chetwood, Elizabeth, N. J.

The donations, ninety cans of powder, three subscriptions and one gun case, were divided, ten cans of powder to each of nine clubs, others one each to four clubs, and a cash prize of $4 to the remaining club. Messrs. Jeaneret, McPeek, Drake and Hobart discussed at length the manner of equalizing chances in the competition. It was decided finally that the shooting for 1896 shall be at known traps and known angles. Mr. W. Fred Quimby's offer of a donation—a $25 badge or $20 in cash—was accepted. After some discussion concerning Sec. 8, this section was amended to read as follows: "Prizes to be competed for by teams of six men from each club composing the League." The requirement in respect to paying in $5 before competition was abolished. For donations a vote of thanks was tendered to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., E. C. Powder Co., Von Lengerke & Detmold, American Smokeless Powder Co., King Smokeless Powder Co., *Shooting and Fishing, American Field*, W. Fred Quimby, Du Pont Powder Co. and Walsrode Smokeless Powder Co. The resignation of Mr. E. D. Miller was accepted and thanks tendered for his past services.

A committee of three, Messrs. McPeek, Smith and Jeanneret, was appointed to solicit prizes for this year's events, and to learn of the donors their wishes as to the disposal of their donations.

The drawing for dates of tournaments resulted as follows: Boiling Springs Gun Club, November; Union Hill Gun Club, August; Riverside Gun Club, September; Elizabeth Gun Club, July; Maplewood Gun Club, May; Endeavor Gun Club, October; Dunellen Gun Club, February; Union Gun Club, June; Climax Gun Club, March; South Side Gun Club, April.

A vote of thanks was extended to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. for the use of their room and the meeting adjourned.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Jan. 22.—Below is the score of our first shoot of the year, shot to-day. Of course the boys were not properly limbered up for work, but expect to be so by the time the sun gets north of the equator. I cannot say that I am ashamed to send this initiatory score, and I assure you that we can add several others to the number present to-day who would increase the average. This score shows over 70 per cent. broken of the entire number of targets thrown, including the 35 pairs of doubles, and over 74 per cent. of the entire number of singles. It also shows that in the first event, in which nine was the number of entries, the seven highest broke an average of over 77 per cent., and in the second event, in which eight men shot, seven of them averaged over 80 per cent.:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
H A Johnson	1110110111111110101111111—21	1111001111111110111111111—22
Hayes	1111101111010001110111111 19	1100101111111011110111111—20
Prenatt	0110010011111111101111011—18	1111111100111011111101110—20
Adams	1110101110101110111110110—18	1111111010111110010111001—18
Affantrang'r	0111110011001001000001100—11	1111111101111111001100101—19
Krider	0110010110111110111011111—18	....
Kelso	1111110111101001110111001—18	1001000111101100100011101—13
Clark	1111111111101111111111101 23	0101111·1111111111110011—20
Stein	0000101110110111111101011—16	0111111111011111111011111—22

CHOKE BORE.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., Jan. 19.—Owing to the fact that the Montana State tournament for '96 is to be held under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club, the club has been compelled to organize for the coming season a couple of months earlier than usual. Accordingly a meeting was called for Jan. 16, on which date a fair number of the members were present and a great deal of enthusiasm displayed over the prospects of the club for this year.

The following members were duly elected for the respective offices: Lieut. C. A. Devol, President; W. P. Brayton, Vice-President; Will Cave, Secretary and Treasurer; C. A. Searles, Field Captain; Executive Committee—J. P. Menard, chairman; J. M. Evans and Frank Woody.

The dates decided upon for the holding of the tournament will be the 22d, 23d and 24th of May, and the secretary was instructed to claim those dates for the event.

No pains will be spared by the local club to make the meet one of the most interesting in the trap-shooting history of the Northwest.

WILL CAVE,
Sec'y and Treas. Missoula R. and G. Club.

In New Jersey.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Jan. 18.—The regular weekly shoot of the South Side Gun Club was held to-day, twelve shooters putting in an appearance. In the team race Hobart's team defeated Whitehead's team by 23 breaks. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Orton	7	5	..	..	8	..	..	6	..
Hassinger	7	7	9	8	9	8	9	9	8
Dawson	8	7	5	6	6	6	..	..	..
W Smith	6	7	9	9	..	..	9	8	10
Clark	..	6	6	9	9	..	8	..	..
W M Smith	..	6	6	3	6	7	4	..	7
Whitehead	..	..	10	10	..	9	..	..	8
Thomas	..	..	..	8	6	8	8	7	10
D D Terrill	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	6	..
Hedden	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Eley	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	2

Team race:

Hobart's Team.

W Smith....1111111111100111111111110—22
Hassinger....1111111111111101111111111—24
Clark....1011111110111010111001111—19
J H Terrill....1011111111111111010111111—22
Orton....1101011111001111101001111—18
Dawson....0111011011101111001000111—16—121

Whitehead's Team.

Thomas....0011110100111111111111111—20
Hedden....1111101100101010011111111—18
Hollis....1010001000111100110100001—11
Eley....1111110101110101011111101—19
W M Smith....1001011111011110000111001—15
D D Terrill....1111101010011101010001101—15— 98

KEYPORT DEFEATS SOUTH AMBOY.

Jan. 18.—The South Amboy Gun Club were the guests of the Bayside Club, of Keyport, to-day, the occasion being a friendly contest at bluerocks between teams of 18 men from each club. It was a perfect day for shooting, and a large number of friends of the respective clubs were present. The visitors were defeated by 31 targets, although they shot a game race from start to finish. Conditions: 25 targets per man, known angles. James Van Brackle, the veteran trap shot of the Midway Gun Club, refereed the shoot. Following are the scores:

Bayside Team.

Wm Watts....1011100110111011111111111—20
J Veigne....1111111011011111111001010—19
Wm Brower....0011011110100100001110001—12
Joe Walling....1101111111100011110111111—20
J T Walling....0001101100100111001110010—12
H Bennett....0100001001010100011101111—14
J Crammer....1111111011011111101111100—20
D W Walling....1111111011010110101011111—19
A Carhart....1101011111101111111110110—20
G G Hoagland....0011100011101110010111011—15
D A Heyer....0101001110011100100000111—12
C Ackerson....1111000111110110101011011—17
W H Perrine....0111010111011011111010111—18
P M Force....0110001000010100110101100—10
T Compton....1110010100001101011111101—15
G Wainright....0010101001000000000010111— 8
E Seabrook, Jr....0001100100111011000010101—11
J Aumack....0111111000011101010111111—17—277

South Amboy.

E Applegate....1110011111110111110100011—18
Wm Dill....1100100000000101100001011— 9
B Bloodgood....0000010011100001101110111—12
Wm Walters....1110110101001011110100011—15
F Disbrow....0001011111101101101100101—15
J Edwards....1001010111111101001010010—14
B Dominick....1010000101100010011011100—11
J Narr....1110101011011010111011101—17
Ed Ivins....1101111001100000100111111—15
Harry Green....0101000000000110110101001— 9
F Jacobs....0010111000001100101000001— 9
A Alcott....1011100110101101011001111—16
C Ray....0111100010010100110010111—18
J Seaworth....1010001001111000101111100—18
J Wallace....0010110001110101011011101—14
Harry Bloodgood....1101101010100101011110101—15
John Ray....1100011111000110101110001—14
J Bloodgood....0100111011011111110011101—17—246

WIDGEON.

TRAP AT HALEDON.

Jan. 18.—A few days ago I received an invitation from George V. Spangenmacher, of the Park Hotel, Haledon, N. J., to come from Paterson and help him run a live-bird shoot. I accepted the invitation, getting to his place about 1:30 P. M. to-day, the date set for the shoot. In a very short time there were quite a number of people on hand, some to shoot and some to look on, the latter saying that they had no chance with the cracks. Garry Hopper was among the spectators, having broken a small bone in his arm on the previous evening by a fall on the ice. The birds were a capital lot, and it took all the shooters' time to stop them in bounds. We ran short of birds in the 10-bird race, but had we had birds enough to finish with it would have been too dark for shooting when it came to the last round.

Mr. Spangenmacher intends fixing up some first-class grounds in the immediate vicinity of his hotel. The grounds will not be more than one block from the street car track, so they will be quite convenient for those who may wish to attend. When once he has started he says the boys will always find plenty of live birds and targets on hand. The scores in to-day's events were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
T Morfey (32)	22022—4	1222222222—9	J Dotty (28)	1●201—3	21222●10—6
E Morgan (30)	102●2—3	1122212222—9	J Jones (30)	0211●—3	202222●10—6
Butterw. (28)	02221—4	22●222012—7	C Lee (28)	●●110—2	1●0212●2—6
A Dotty (28)	02222—4	2122222222—9	S Hill (29)	.....	1012102222—7
H Wolfe (29)	20●10—2	22222211*—8			

DUTCHER.

[* In sending us the score our correspondent marks this bird with the terse sentence, "dropped for place."]

PLEASURE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 18.—The Pleasure Rod and Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., held a target shoot to-day at its grounds, which are very conveniently located. This club is a young organization, and is composed of young men who are employed in the different shops in the city. It has made great headway and now numbers nearly thirty members. The club shoots every Saturday and on holidays. The scores in to-day's events were as follows:

C Pyle....1111111011111111110010111—21
T Mulroony....1011111001100010111110111—17
W McGuigan....1011111111111011111111110—22
B Maskell....0101011111111110011001111—18
P Brain....1111011011111111011111101—21
H Devine....1010011111111111001011011—18

DUTCHER.

AT SINGAC.

Jan. 23.—The following sweeps were shot to-day at Bunn's grounds, Singac:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Morgan	2212210—6	2212—4	2210—3	2212—4
Wright	1222122—7	2221—4	2120—3	2222—4
Griffith	●212220—5	2*20—3	....	....
C Bunn	2222201—6	22● —2	0 —0	....

No. 1 was 7 birds, $5; Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were $2 miss-and-outs:

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Jan. 22.—In the absence of George Work, J. P. Knapp and others, who were attending the Work-Murphy and Knapp-Dolan shoot at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds to-day, there was naturally a small attendance at the Carteret Club's regular weekly shoot.

It was an important day too, a contest for the $250 Knapp cup being on the programme. It requires three entries to make a contest, and the requisite number was obtained, four shooters taking part in one of the hottest races for the cup shot to date. Wright won a heat by killing 20 straight, Hoey and Duryea being right after him with 19 each, Hoey having lost his first bird and then gone straight to the end. Stafford shot well also, scoring 18 out of his 20. The grand total for the 80 birds shot at in this race showed 76 kills.

Several sweeps at 5 birds, $5 entrance, and several $5 miss-and-outs, were also decided. A couple of matches between Wright and Hoey resulted in favor of the former, who shot in good form throughout the afternoon. The scores made were as follows:

Cup shoot, 20 live birds:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H B Wright (30)....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—20
L T Duryea (31)....2 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—19
Fred Hoey (31)....0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—19
W H Stafford (30)....1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—18

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Wright	20022—3	2220 —3	1222—4	222111220—8	10221—4
Duryea	22210—4	22112—5	0 —0	222212212—9	11202—4
Hoey	22222—5	22222—5	120 —2	221120 —6	200 —2
Stafford	00122—3	2020 —2	2220—3	2220 —3	20220—3
McAlpin	22222—5	20 —1	2112—4	20 —1	22220-4
Thomas	.....	.....	....	121122111—9	21011—4

	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Wright	11222—5	21120—4	0211222—6	2212—4	221120—5
Duryea	21122—5	12212—5	0220 —2	2120—3	2210 —3
Hoey	22222—5	22220—4	20220 —3	2222—4	222222—6
Stafford	20211—4	0 —0	2122222—7	220 —2	2220 —3
McAlpin	22222—5	11222—5	212021 —5	220 —2	......
Thomas	11221—5	0 —0	0121111—6	0 —0	......

Match, 20 live birds:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H B Wright....2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 —16
Fred Hoey....2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 —14

Match, 25 live birds:

H B Wright....2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—24
Fred Hoey....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 0 —22

WILLARD PARK.

Jan. 24.—Eddie Morgan and D. Hill shot a small race to-day at Willard Park, Paterson. The conditions were: 10 birds, $10 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Hill won by 2 birds as follows:

D Hill....21●1022212—8 E Morgan....1012●02●12—6

A return match between these two at 25 birds, $25, is booked for an early date.

DUTCHER.

BRUNSWICK GUN CLUB.

Jan. 25.—The regular monthly shoot of the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, was held this afternoon. Below are the scores made:

C Oakley....1111101111111111111111111—24
E Reynolds....1110111111111111111101111—23
R McDowell....0111111101011111111111111—22
R M Pettit....1111111111111110111101101—22
V S Voorhees....1111001111011111111111111—22
M Allen....0011111111111111111101101—21
H B Smith....1101011111111111110111101—21
W E Sperling....1110111111110111111101010—20
H H Stevens....1110011111101101101111111—20
R Booth, Jr....0011111111100111010101111—18
I Hoagland....1000100011111111111101011—17
H Iredell....1110101101011011101110101—17
R C Nicholas....1101001011111100101111010—16

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

AT THE SOUTH SIDE TRAPS.

Jan. 25.—To-day's attendance at the traps of the South Side Gun Club was very fair, the weather being delightful. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Hassinger	6	9	6	8	8	9	9	8	10	9
Orton	5	8	..	..	8	2	..	..	5	..
W M Smith	6	5	7	4	7	2	6	5	..	..
Whitehead	6	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	9	5
Thomas	9	5	9	8	6	8	5	9	8	8
Dawson	6	4	6	10	..	..	9	6	8	3
Folsom	..	7	8	1	7	7	5	..	7	6
Leutheiser	..	9	4	6	7	9	7	7	..	..
Clark	..	8	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Hobart	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	9	4

Team race:

Hassinger's Team.

Hassinger....1100111111101101111110111—20
Leutheiser....1111111111111111111111111—25
J H Terrill....1101110111111101111010011—19
Orton....0001011101111010110101101—15
Hollis....1011100001101110110101111—16—95

Thomas's Team.

Thomas....0110110110011111111111000—17
Dawson....1001101111111011111011111—20
Folsom....0010011111001111011111110—17
W M Smith....1101001011110101101110011—16
Hobart....1110101111111111111101001—20—90

AT YARDVILLE.

Jan. 23.—Eddie Hill and W. Wiedmann, both of Trenton, N. J., shot a race at 25 live birds to-day at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds. The conditions were: $50 a side, Hill using a 10-gauge and standing at the 32yds. mark, Weidmann a 12-gauge and on the 25yds. mark. The day was dark and cloudy, pith a raw wind right in the faces of the shooters. The birds were a good lot, not one having to be flushed and not an incomer among the lot. Miles Johnson was referee, Zwirlein acting as scorer. The scores were:

Hill....00022 22201 12222 22212 12012—20
Weidmann....01112 22210 22222 01221 22222—22

Jan. 25.—T. J. O'Brien and Al. Baltz shot a sporting race to day at Zwirlein's grounds. The conditions were: 20 live birds, loser to pay for the birds and furnish five Dunlap hats, one for each of the shooters and one each for Zwirlein, John Rothacker and Gus Miller. The day was fine with no wind, but the birds were too much for the shooters. Scores:

O'Brien....00200 22002 02102 00201— 9
Baltz....02202 02202 10202 22202—13

Sweeps were also shot to-day as follows: Nos. 1-4, 5 birds, $3; Nos. 5 and 6, 10 birds, $5. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Gus Miller	22220—4	22020—3	00112—3	20220—3
A Baltz	22202—4	.....	.....	.....
T O'Brien	02202—3	.....	.....	.....
G W Bergner	21222—5	12220—4	20022—3	11222—5
B Kuser	22011—4	21112—5	21021—4	11212—5

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Bergner (30)	0222110210—7	1102200021—6
Miller (29)	0012221212—8	2020222001—6
O'Brien (27)	2022002220—6	....
Wolf (27)	2220222022—8	....
Baltz (27)	0221000211—6	....
Kuser (30)	....	2212201220—8

BOILING SPRINGS VS. ENDEAVOR.

Jan. 25.—A 10-men team of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, shot a race to-day at Rutherford with a similar team representing the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. The race was at 25 targets per man, unknown angles, and resulted in a close match, the Boiling Springs team winning by 7 breaks. Scores:

Boiling Springs.		Endeavor.	
Frank Krebs	23	E Edwards	22
C F Lenone	23	Proctor	22
Neaf Apgar	22	C von Lengerke	22
W H Huck	22	Eddie Collins	20
H S Welles	22	G E Greiff	20
C C Hebbard	21	Corson	19
W J Simpson	19	L Piercy	19
G S McAlpin	18	J A Creveling	18
Thornton	18	C W McPeek	18
Palmer	15—203	E Ingram	16—196

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Jan. 21.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day, the scores given below being made by the members present. The scores do not show up well, the boys having struck a lot of hard-breaking targets. Any amount of targets were retrieved that had four holes through them, but yet were scored against the shooters. The scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Nelson	1111001011110111110001111—18	1111101111111011011111101—21
Dornin	0111101110111111011011111—20	1111101110111111101101011—20
Scott	1110110011110111011001011—17	1101111010110011101111111—19
Dawson	0001111000111011110110110—15	0011100011111001000110100—12
Moorman	....	1111011101110100111001101—17

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Nelson	0111111111111111101111101—22	1111011111101101111101101—20
Dornin	1111111011101111111111110—22	0111101111101010111111110—19
Scott	0111010111111111011111110—20	1110101001011101011101111—17
Dawson	0001101001111010110100011—13	1110011011101101001011111—16
Moorman	1110111111011101100111110—19	1001100001011000100011101—11
Stearns	0111111111111111101100001—19	1111001101100011100110111—15

No. 5:

Nelson....1111111111010111010101011—19
Dornin....1011001111101111100111101—18
Scott....1111000100101111111101101—16
Dawson....0010001001101010100110111—12
Moorman....1111111001011101110011110—18

F. M. D.

The Season at Monte Carlo.

THE following scores are from the London *Field* of Jan. 18:

FRIDAY, Jan. 10.—Up to within the last few days the shooting at Monte Carlo, which commenced on Dec. 16, had not been of much interest to home readers, for very few English shots had found their way out to the Riviera, and the £20 prizes which have been shot for three times a week will now be succeeded by the preliminary events, with £40 added, leading up to the Grand Prix du Casino. This, as stated some time ago, is rather later than usual, not being shot for until Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5 and 6, so that competitors coming out from England for the first time will have plenty of opportunity for familiarizing themselves with the ground. Up to the present time Mr. Roberts and Count Trauttmansdorff, the champions of 1883 and 1892, have done best, and Count Voss has also been shooting well, but we do not find any new names to note so far. To-day's score is appended:

Prix des Amaryllis (handicap) of £20, added to a sweepstakes of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 29 subs.

Meters.			Meters.		
30	Mr Roberts (divided first and second prizes, £33 10s.)	5	27	M Lo	3
24	Prince Poniatowski (ditto)	5	24	Mr Dolan	3
23½	M Lindes (third prize, £12)	4	26	Signor Nocca	2
29	Count Trauttmansdorff	3	25	Signor J Grasselli	2
27½	Signor Mainetto Ghido	3	24	Mr Slow	2
			24	Mr Pearce	2

Missed their second bird: M. Descharmays (28 meters), Duke of Braganza (26), Messrs. Paccard, Barry-Herbefeldt, Duferron, d'Hayes, Erskine (24), and G. Grasselli (23).

Missed their first bird: Signor A. Cesare (26 meters), Messrs. Robinson, Poizat, Brinkman (25), Messrs. Etienne, Sergueréff, Bégule, Albert, Halford and Woronha (24).

MONDAY, Jan. 13.—The fine weather which had been general all along the Riviera for the last week showed no sign of breaking, and although the steeplechases at Nice this afternoon might have been expected to attract some of the shooters, their places were taken by newcomers like M. Journu, who would appear to be in his best form, for he commenced the campaign by tieing Mr. Roberts for first and second prizes. As there was no wind the shooting was much better than it had been on Friday, and five of the twenty-eight competitors killed 13 birds in succession, Mr. Brinckman and Signor J. Grasselli being put out at the 14th round. Signor Mainetto Ghido, who is a very deadly left-hand shot, missed his 15th, and it was then that Mr. Roberts and M. Journu agreed to divide. The score is as under:

Prix des Geraniums handicap of £20, added to a sweepstakes of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 28 subs.

Meters.			Meters.		
30	Mr Roberts (divided first and second prizes, £33)	15	25	M Sergueréff	6
28½	M Journu (ditto)	15	24	Mr Slow	6
29½	Signor Mainetto Ghido (third prize, £20)	14	26	Signor Nocca	5
25	Mr Brinckman	13	25	M A Poizat	4
25	Signor J Grasselli	13	24	M Duferron	4
26½	Signor A Cesare	6	24	Mr Erskine	3
			28	Count Voss	2

Missed their second bird: Count Trauttmansdorff (29 meters), M. Descharmays (28), Prince Poniatowski (25½), Messrs. Paccard, G. Grasselli and Barry-Herbefeldt.

Missed their first bird: M. Lo (26½ meters), Duke of Braganza (26), Grand Duke Peter of Russia (25), Mr. Robinson (25), Messrs. Dolan, Lindes, Etienne, Pearce (24) and M. Begule (23½).

A Battle at Waterloo.

SUTTON JUNCTION, P. Q., Jan. 23.—A 25-bird race at bluerocks was shot to-day between the Sutton Junction and Waterloo Gun Clubs, on the grounds of the latter club at Waterloo. Both clubs having been organized late in the autumn of 1895, this was the first time the members of either club had ever faced the traps in a public match. Although it is the correct thing to say that owing to the very bad state of the weather the score was above the average, this could not be truthfully said of this match, as it was an ideal day and everything was as it should have been, and if enthusiasm and enjoyment count in an affair of this kind, it was an immense success.

The score of each team is as follows:

Waterloo.

C A Nutting....0100010000101110101100111—12
W Ashton....1001100101111011001111000—14
A Mackfarlane....1111110101111011111101111—21
J E Mackfarlane....1110100111111111110011101—19
R F Shaw....0011011111001110011011011—16
Dr J S Clark....0111100011101000101110001—13
Dr S H Martin....0100101101000000011110111—13
G Moynan....0001101111110111010111101—17
A E I Beauine....0111110100010110111101111—17
J H Sefebore....0100100011100110111101100—13
A Newell....0110101011101000111000111—14
E Graves....0010111111001110111111111—19—187

Sutton Junction.

Arthur Hibbard....1110011011101011111111110—19
A W Westover....1011111101010101111111011—19
H E Hibbard....1111111100111110101111101—20
S Draper....1011111111111111101111111—23
Dr Page....1111110011111011111111111—22
J Grocotte....0001111111110110001111111—18
J Emerson....0000000001010111011111101—12
E G Smith....1100101011110111101111100—17
D C Draper....0011001100101101010101000—11
A Hibbard....1110001111011001111011101—17
R Smith....0011001100110101010100011—12
J Clark....0110011000001011101001110—12—202

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—It may be just possible that better January weather conditions than those of last Wednesday at Wellington have come to pass, but the shooters participating in the third Boston Gun Club serial prize shoot would very much doubt such an assertion. Fifteen was the number thus engaged, and the pleasant afternoon was used to the best advantage. Even thus early in the series, with only one-fifth of the date list cancelled, considerable interest is evinced in the shooting. The programme covers fifteen weekly competitions at 21 targets, six best scores to count for twelve prizes put up by the club, a gold badge heading the list. Distance handicap, approved by all, is strictly observed, also gun below elbow until giving the call. Scores are tabulated below and the events were distributed as follows: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10 and 13, known angles; Nos. 11 and 12, same angles reversed; Nos. 4, 8, 14 and 15, unknown angles; Nos. 5 and 9, pairs:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*
Targets:	10	10	10	5	6	5	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	5	5
Howe (16)	8	8	7	3	4	4	9	3	4	7	10	7	9	4	2
Kirkwood (18)	7	6	9	2	3	..	7	2	4	6	7	5	..	4	3
Williams (15)	4	3	8	3	1	..	5	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sheffield (15)	..	..	7	3	4	4	6	4	2	8	7	8	7	5	5
Miskay (17)	..	..	6	3	3	3	9	3	5	8	8	9	..	4	..
Gordon (16)	..	..	10	5	5	4	9	4	3	9	7	6	6	3	3
Johns (17)	..	..	5	3	2	2	4	3	3	1	6	2	..	2	1
Eddy (16)	..	..	5	3	2	..	8	4	0	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams (16)	..	..	6	4	2	3	7	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones (18)	..	..	6	4	2	..	6	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Avery (16)	..	..	7	4	0	2	6	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wild (14)	..	..	7	..	2	..	9	3	2	7	..	..	..	..	3
Spencer (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	2	10	9	5	8	5	3
Parker (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	3	..	5	5	..	4	5
Gleason (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	4	..	8	6	..	4	4

Nos. 7, 8 and 9 composed prize match, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs. Totals: Gleason and Miskay 17, Howe ann Gordon 16, Spencer 15, Wild 14, Parker, Williams and Kirkwood 13, Adams, Sheffield and Eddy 12, Jones 11, Avery and Johns 10.

Frederick Gun Club.

FREDERICK, Md., Jan. 23.—At the meeting of the Frederick Gun Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, C. A. Smith; Vice-President, J. F. Eisenhauer; Secretary, M. J. Kennedy; Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary, Chas. W. H. Keefer; Field Captain, Mal Phoebus; Board of Directors, Vernon Molesworth, Wm. Kolb, E. P. Mantz, J. Roger McSherry and Louis Kline. The members of the club are enthusiastic over the prospects of having one or more large trap-shooting events in Frederick during the coming season. No date has yet been determined upon for any event, but at the proper time the necessary arrangements will be made.

CHAS. W. H. KEEFER, Cor. Sec.

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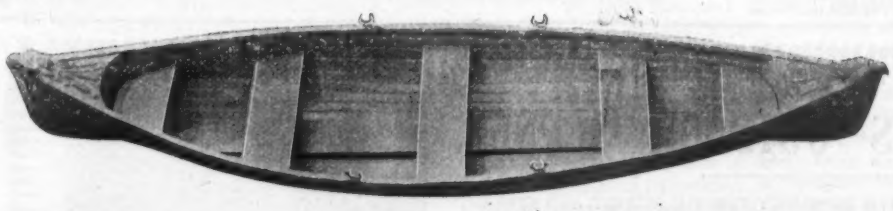

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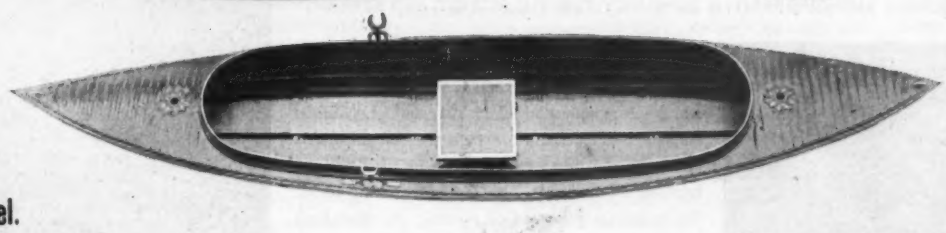

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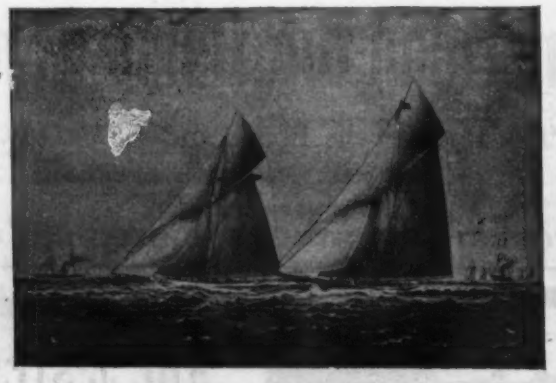

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